CHATTERBOX

1924

CHATTERBOX

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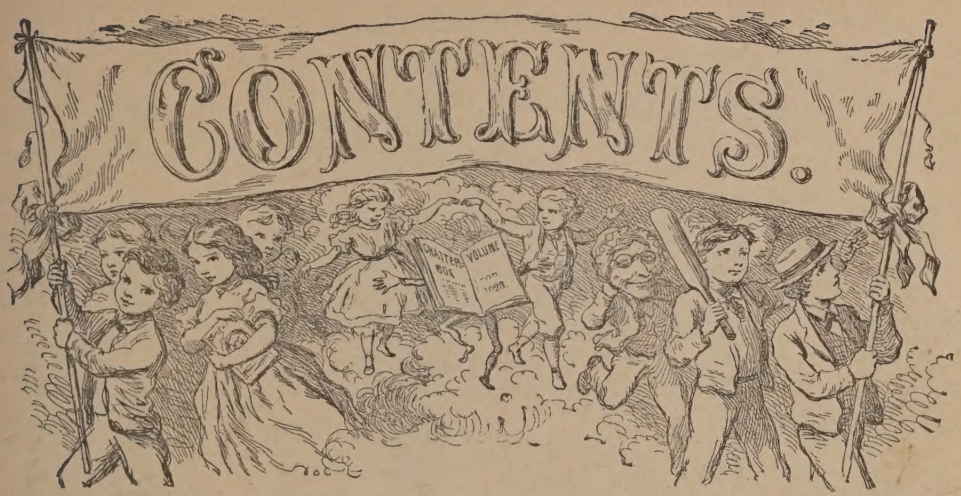

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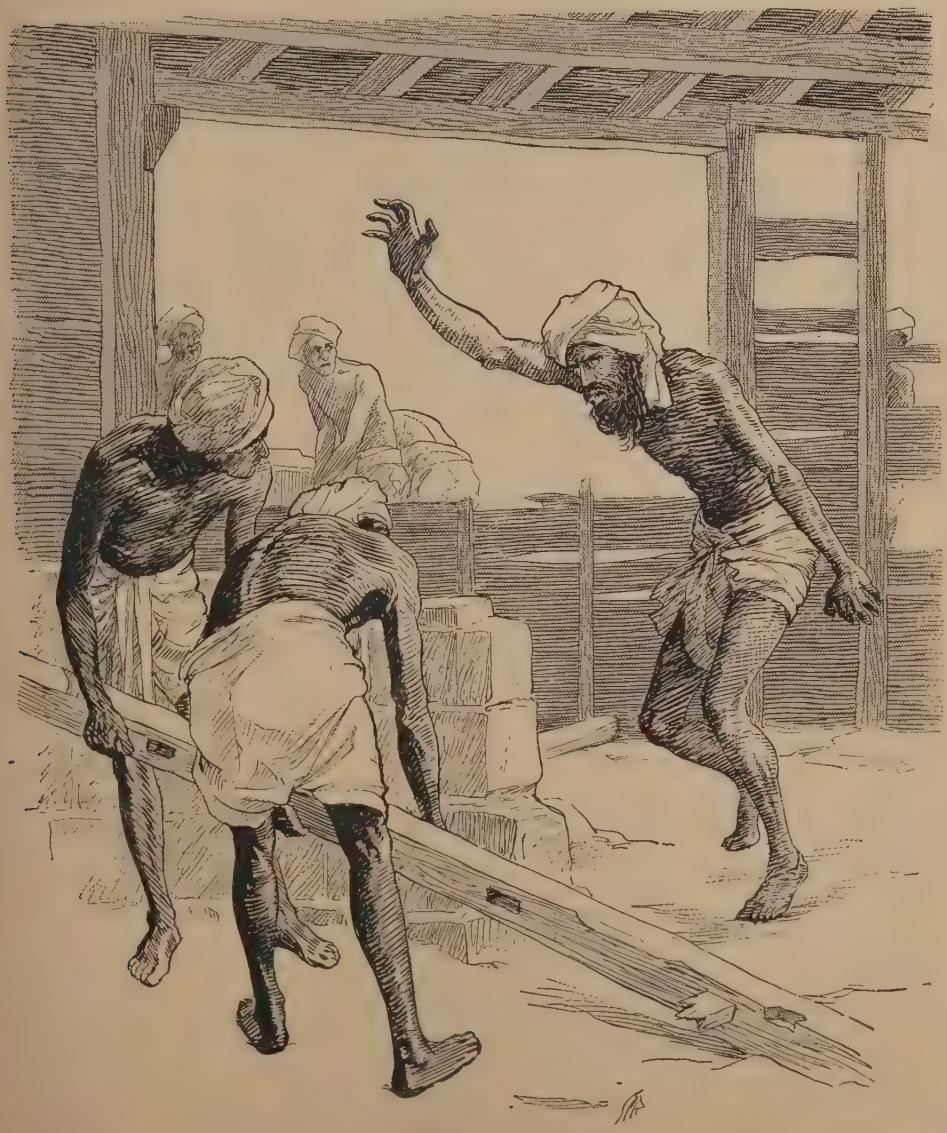


"He had prophesied that finally it should be burnt."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

LOUISA LUMSDALE, aged fourteen, surveyed her kingdom, which consisted of her father's bungalow and compound and all who dwelt therein, with a satisfied air. She had been its ruler almost since she could remember, with no one to dispute her sway. Mother, brothers, or sisters, she had none; her father was too absorbed in the study of Indian folk-lore to have time or attention to spare. Occasionally he forgot he possessed a daughter, and woke with a start to the fact of her existence. Louisa was very fond of Mr. Lumsdale, but she thought of him as younger, and certainly more helpless, than herself. She was his housekeeper and paymaster in general.

At the moment she was flushed with victory over the cook who had tried to cheat her that morning, and had been completely routed. Presently, she thought, she would pay a surprise visit to the hen-house before the man who looked after the hens could collect the day's eggs for his own use. Next, she would summon Kadru, the bearer's daughter and her own most faithful ally, and they would continue the education of Bulbo, the Persian cat, the youngest member of the household. Already Bulbo could beg, shake paws and salute, but he ought to learn to die for his country—or Louisa's.

'First the henhouse, then Kadru and Bulbo,' Louisa recited aloud. And, at that, she remembered she had not seen her father since the evening before. She breakfasted alone usually, as Mr. Lumsdale read so far into the night he often woke very late. His sitting-room was off the verandah where Louisa stood, and she tip-toed to his door which was open.

Mr. Lumsdale looked up vaguely from a wilderness of books and manuscripts, disturbed by her shadow. He recognised his daughter and smiled affectionately.

'Good-morning, Louisa,' he said. 'I trust you slept well? You wish to speak to me?'

'Only to look at you,' Louisa explained. 'Is there anything you want?'

The suggestion seemed to disturb her father. 'There was something I wished to discuss with you,' he began, and rubbed the hair on the top of his head until it stood on end.

Louisa decided she would send for the barber; unchecked, Mr. Lumsdale's hair might have reached to his heels before he realised that the length was unusual.

He looked at her helplessly. 'I have forgotten,' he admitted. 'Dear! dear! how my memory is failing. Ah, now I have it. I fear I have allowed you too much liberty, Louisa. There ought to be an older lady in control.'

Louisa stiffened. She guessed what had happened. Some one had been talking to her father, had endeavoured to impress on him what his daughter ought to do, and what ought to be done to her. Louisa often roused an interest she failed to appreciate. She valued her freedom very highly, and hitherto had resisted successfully all attempts to curtail it.

'Some one has been giving you advice?' she suggested. 'Some one you've seen lately?'

'I went for a stroll yesterday,' Mr. Lumsdale explained. 'I felt the need of gentle exercise to help me solve a knotty problem, and as, on my return, I reached our gate, a lady addressed me. Her name, she told me, was Barrington. Her husband is the new judge, and they have taken the bungalow next door. I asked her if she knew the legend connected with the house, a most interesting legend, the direct outcome of a fact. As I have often endeavoured to prove, I think with some success. Dear me! I am wandering from the point. It was not about legends I wanted to talk to you, surely?'

'Never mind,' Louisa soothed. 'I'd better go. I'm interrupting your work.' She dropped a kiss on her father's cheek, and looked over his shoulder at the book on his knee. 'What are you reading?' she asked, and Mr. Lumsdale's eyes turned eagerly to the printed page. In a moment he was completely absorbed, and Louisa was half-way to the hen-house. She paused to glance at the neighbouring bungalow, the roof of which she could see, and to shake a fist at it.

'People oughtn't to be allowed to interfere with other people. They deserve misfortunes if they do,' said Louisa.

She knew the strange legend attached to the bungalow if Mrs. Barrington did not. Once on its site had stood the hut of an old fakir, a tumble-down ruin that had been cleared away when the foundations of the newer building were dug. The fakir had crouched amidst the workmen, and, with uplifted hand, had cursed the home that was to be. He had prophesied that all who lived in it should know ill fortune, and that finally it should be burnt.

'And it would serve Mrs. Barrington right,' Louisa decided. And then she caught sight of a figure leaving the hen-house, and, with a spurt, she overtook the keeper of the hens. He had no time to hide the eggs with which both hands were filled, in the ample folds of his turban. Louisa bore off the spoil in triumph. 'I'd better put them away,' she thought; 'if I carry them about in my pocket they'll break like they did yesterday.' The breakage had been the fault of the eggs, not hers, Louisa was sure, but it had been a messy affair.

The eggs in safety, she sought for Kadru, and found her in the little room in which the lamps were kept.

Kadru often helped her father, who believed in work shared, and she was busy now polishing a brass lamp with an absorbed air, but down it went at the sight of Louisa. Kadru feared her father, who was a little too quick with his stick for her taste, but she adored her mistress. Where she led, Kadru ever followed. If Louisa called, she heeded no one else. But Kadru had brains of her own she could use on occasion; she would often criticise though she rarely disobeyed.

'I want you, Kadru,' said Louisa. 'That lamp can wait.'

What did the outside matter if the wick burnt well? That Bulbo should be taught new tricks was obviously more important than that the lamps should be polished. And, 'I want the cat,' Louisa announced.

'He was here but now,' said Kadru, and looked about the lamp-room; but Bulbo had disappeared. Around the house the two went in search of him, and could find only his footmarks in the dust.

(*Continued on page* 15.)

WINTER CHEER.

A LITTLE Wind came wailing acro-s the countryside;
'Winter—my lord—is desolate, is desolate,' he cried,
'For Summer's birds are silent, and Autumn's fruits are stored;
Earth has grown dull and dreary—and desolate my lord.'

A little voice came whispering, came whispering sweet and clear,
'Back to your lord King Winter, blow, little cavalier;
Tell him that Robin Redbreast still sings amid the snow,
That holly-trees and hawthorns in festive garments glow.

L. H.

STURDY ROBBERS.

TWO hundred years ago a great red stag stood on the shore of the Calf of Man, gazing across the narrow strip of sea called the Race, which divided the lesser island from the greater one of Man.

He was weary of the waste of gorse and sea-pinks, which he trod with many companions, and he longed for fresh pastures and freer spaces.

The Calf of Man might be a good-enough refuge for the hermit who lived in it in the old days, and the multitudes of gulls and rabbits which haunted it at that moment; but it was not his natural home.

He had been brought from the North of England years ago with some of his herd, penned like shipped cattle in a barquentine, and morooned in The Calf—a present from the landlord to his tenants.

Intently the big stag looked across the strait, and saw a blur of gold on the opposite coast. It was the first time the farmers had planted wheat there. But between the tempting field and himself ran the Race, dangerous with hidden rocks, with its tides flowing so strongly that any vessel taking advantage of calm weather to dare its passage, never got through without being driven sideways or stern foremost.

Little cared the stag for that; he knew his own swimming power. He called up his herd, and coolly, as if fording a still Cumbrian lake, he led the way through the waves, followed by his companions. Swimming strongly they stemmed the fierce current, and all landed safely on the other side, to feast at their own sweet will in the cornfield.

When discovered and pursued the next morning, they fled down to the shore, and crossed the sea to their island fastness again.

On the morrow they paid another visit to the mainland, followed by herds of fallow deer, also imported to The Calf by the Earl of Derby. In such numbers came the hairy buccaneers, and so constantly, that no cornfield or barnyard was safe from them.

It was not to be borne by the islanders. Manxmen put up with their purrs, the native swine that ran wild in the mountains. It was only at the end of the eighteenth century that the last of the race, a ferocious old wild-boar, was hunted over the high cliffs of Brada Head, after a desperate battle with dogs.

But he only destroyed sheep and lambs, and did not damage the crops as did the greedy aliens of the island, and it was not long before the Earl of Derby was given to understand that the deer's room was preferable to their company, and the Calf of Man was left to its wheeling gulls and its rabbits again.

M. K. CARRUTHERS.

A MESSAGE IN TIME.

THERE is a well-authenticated story of a pigeon which saved a boy's life. During one of the many disturbances in Morocco, an English boy of about fourteen had been sent on horseback by his father to bring back some produce from a farm some seven miles from his home.

Having delivered his message and obtained his dates, oranges, and bananas, he set out on his return ride. Unfortunately the lad fell in with a party of tribesmen, and, as the feeling against foreigners was very strong, they bound him and imprisoned him in a hut in their village to await the sentence of their chief—probably death. On the day following he was looking through the window of his improvised prison when a pigeon alighted at a considerable distance from him. The next instant he thrust two fingers into his mouth and blew a shrill whistle. The bird was a pigeon from his own cote at home, and it came to his call. He took a paper slip from his pocket and wrote upon it in pencil: 'I am shut up by the Moors in the last house on the right in the front street of Salaska. Tell Father to come at once.' He attached this billet to the pigeon's leg, and stroking the bird and speaking to it, set it once more at liberty. That night he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and at the same moment the sentry at his door deserted his station. He heard, too, a voice he knew calling loudly: 'The last house on the right! Here it is!' A minute later the door was flung open and he was climbing up into the saddle behind his father.

SEED, INDEED!

TIM says they're dandelion seeds—
Of course, I don't believe him—
If some one, some time, told him that,
They did so to deceive him.

If Tim would only wait and watch,
He'd find in twilight dimness
The goblins come to gather them
To sweep the fairies' chimneys. L. H.

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

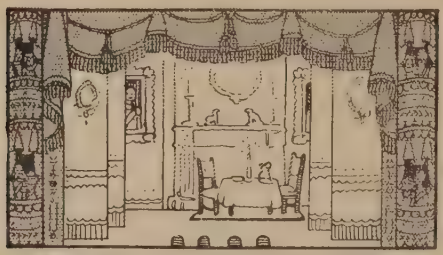
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

'Click! Click! . . . I'm a monkey on a stick,
Any one with me can play,
And my antics he'll enjoy—till he finds a newer toy;
Then, he'll bid me a polite 'Good-day.'

HOW long does a toy last? A minute, or a month, a day, or a year? If an average could be taken of the time-life of our toys, it would more than likely work out to just a few seconds. A short life and a merry one seems to be the general rule, and the little monkey-on-a-stick in the lines just quoted from a one-time popular song is a first-rate example of that brief but bright existence.

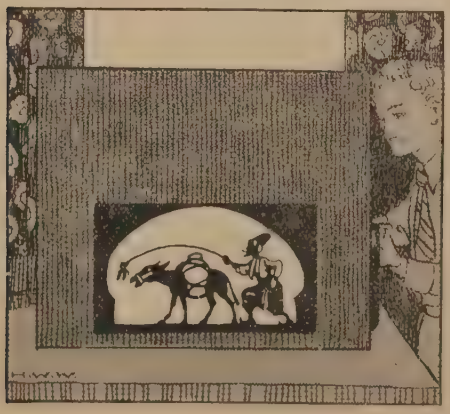
The majority of toys seldom, if ever, live long enough to be called 'old.' To most there comes a day of calamity—a sudden crash, a smash—tears, then Mother with a broom. To many, many others, because they contain little or nothing to really amuse or please, comes the 'polite good-day,' for 'a newer toy' speedily usurps their place.

Yet there *are* toys that linger long. Constant little



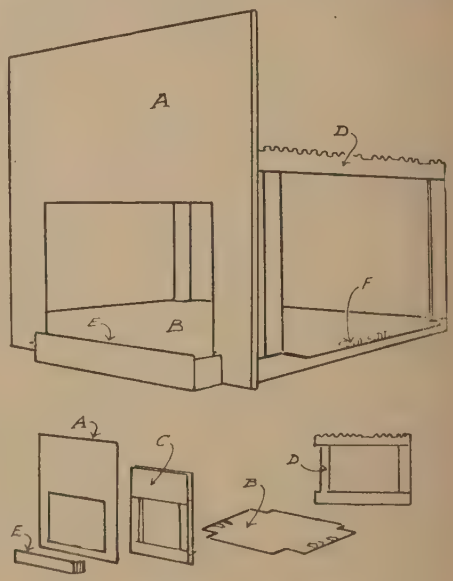
1.—The "Penny Plain, Tuppenny Coloured" Theatre of Yesterday and To-day.

friends they are with us all the day, and rest beside our bed at night. Why do we love *these* most of all? Why do we never 'chop *their* heads off' at executions and always make them kings and queens at coronations? Besides we *made those toys ourselves*; our hearts are built right into their make-up. The old rag doll never dies, the soap-box doll's-house never crumbles to pieces, that Noah's Ark we made of cardboard with its animals cut from magazines lives for ever, and there is trouble in the camp if anything happens to it.



2.—A Shadow Scene (*Ombre Chinoise*) in the Toy Theatre.

Now, your father, when he was a boy, and his father also years before him—probably made himself a little toy that gave him unforgetable pleasure. He went into a toy-shop and, for a penny, purchased a sheet of paper upon which are printed the design of a model threatre sea-front, usually complete with boxes and a band. This design he pasted to a sheet of card. Meanwhile he saved up his pennies again for another visit to the toy-man. The next time he brought home a wooden framework to which he fixed his



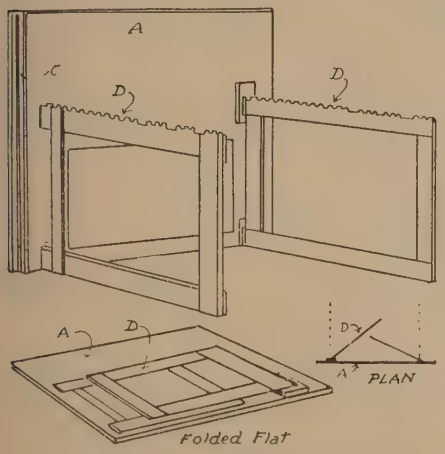
3.—The Outline of a Toy Theatre.

stage front, and so his little threatre was built. After that he bought sheets of scenes and characters with 'book of words,' a few metal slides, some oil-lit footlights, and so became his own stage manager. He could buy his scenes and actors either plain and colour them himself or already coloured, and it is from this fact that the phrase 'penny plain and tuppence coloured' has arisen and lives to this present day.

These old-time toy theatres were very wonderful things, and the scenes, especially the 'tuppenny' ones, were gorgeous affairs, no doubt so highly coloured to make up for the feeble lighting obtained by the oil-lit or little candle footlights, so also the 'characters,' the actors in these tiny dramas, the highway-men, first robbers, and pirates, to say nothing of the heroes and the fairy queens. What a joy it was for your father to cut them out, fix them into their little metal slides, and wobble them 'on' and wriggle them 'off' again when 'exeunt' (they go out) was mentioned in the book. How his youthful audience stared with open-mouthed astonishment at all the tinselled wonders of the fairy glen, and shouted with excitement and delight when Richard Trueheart knocked down the Bow Street Runner, sprang astride his coal-black steed, and dashed away to freedom. 'All

the world's a stage,' but there were many others built upon it, and not the least important, because of the boundless joy they gave, were the little 'tuppenny' coloured ones that our forefathers used to make. Have they died out? Not entirely. Their popularity has more or less faded; other excitements—toy steam-engines, motors and electrical outfits—are among the many things that have eclipsed their glory; but these toy theatres still live. There is still a little shop in Hoxton Street, London, kept by Mr. B. Pollock, that even now does business with these things. There one can get a stage-front and a stage, and old-time scenes, and characters such as your grandfather used and purchased at this very shop.

Many toy-shops now sell more or less costly model shows, and they are manufactured on the Continent as well; but so far there has been no very vigorous effort made to build them up on lines of modern art. Tastes

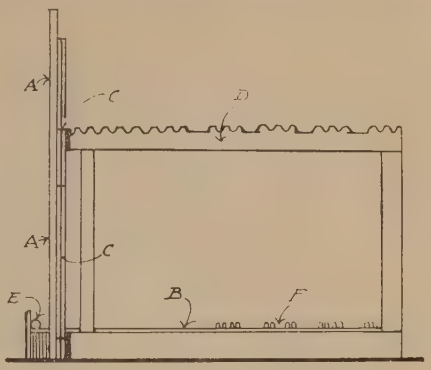


4.—How the Toy Theatre folds up: be careful to get the sides ("wings") accurate.

have altered considerably since the days of gaudy stage and scene—a good thing too—but, all the same, it seems a pity that the toy which gives so many varied forms of pleasure should fade away and become a mere passing show through lack of efforts made to bring it up to date.

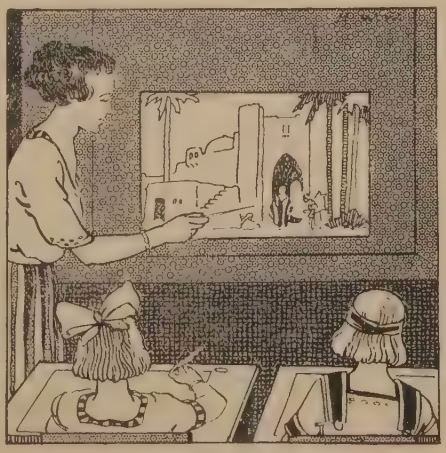
Shall *we* throw a lifebuoy out, make a rescue, and see what *we* can do to give the playroom stage a good lift up? Let us build an up-to-date affair with nothing of the 'tuppenny coloured' atmosphere about it save a stage and stage-front. Even these, down to the very decorations, we shall do ourselves. Everything from start to finish, foundation 'stone' to 'opening night,' scenic art and electrical installation will be our own work—unless Father gets keen on it, thinks of his old-time show, and wants to take a hand in the job.

At school we learn to use our hands, to draw, to paint, to measure, and to think out for ourselves. Now we will set these powers to work on our behalf, and then erect the least expensive and yet most delightful



5.—How the Slides in the Toy Theatre appear.

toy that could be made. A toy theatre, on the stage of which ACTUAL scenes can be built up with *real* stairs and proper windows, doors and archways, pillared halls or flowered gardens, scenes in sections that will allow of constant, instantaneous changes from rooms to streets, from sea to land; real stage 'properties' that can be moved about and re-arranged to suit our every wish: no pictured scenes upon a painted card, but



6.—A Lesson from the Toy Theatre.

actual things that make a proper shadow on the stage. So we shall have reality in miniature (fig. 1).

Then, with electric light, will come all the wonderful effects of night and day, deepest shade or brightest light. With colour screens we will tone our scenes to pale moonlight or rising sun, so that *our* deserts will be hot indeed, and *our* forests thick, and full of gloom, and all such things as dreams are made of.

And when, maybe, we want a change, that change is

in our power, because there are attached to our stage front two sets of sliding grooves or passages by means of which we can immediately adapt our toy into a shadow-show and have some fun in black and white, or colour, as we so desire, for colour-shows are ours to command, and afford an opportunity for many strange effects and funny situations. Your grandfather had his 'Gallanty show' in years gone by, and in India and throughout the East, similar shadow-shows are much in evidence. In Germany to-day there has come a reviving interest in this old-time form of pleasure and most elaborate shows and plays are there produced, some of their finest artists helping in the work. So in this we shall be both old-fashioned and, at the same time, up-to-date (fig. 2).

Now, in the articles that will follow, this wonderful toy theatre will be carefully described in smallest detail; what tools to have and how to make some special ones. Every step of the construction, too, will be shown as plainly as is possible and diagrams and pictures of each part or section given in the text to guide the way. How to make each scenic part, each 'property'; to build the stairs and make the windows, to make a room, and make a street, all will be shown, explained, and pictured; after that to mix your paints and colour all the things when made. Then to the shadow-show, and how to make the scenes and colour screens, with little hints on daylight lighting, silk transparencies, and many other things that go to make the show succeed. Many new and different ways of making characters and actors will be given, then the way to use electric light, the whys and wherefores, the what-to-do's and when they should be done. Finally, we will put the whole together, fix it up and have our grand, official opening night.

But to reach that goal it means that we shall have to work, and not expect to make our show in just as little time as it takes to read this article. Quite a lot of patient, careful work will be required. There are one or two other things that we shall need a good supply of, beside tools and materials, and patience and perseverance are just a pair of them.

To give us some idea of what this job will mean, that we may think it out a bit before we start, see figs. 3, 4, and 5. Fig. 3 shows a rough idea of the theatre as seen from the front left corner ('left and right' in stage directions mean left and right as you face the audience) and beneath it is the same thing dissected, or taken apart. The letters in each case—Nos. 4 and 5 included—indicate the selfsame part of the model from whichever way it may be looked at, and their explanation as given in No. 3 applies to all the views. No. 4 shows a three-quarter back view to illustrate the folding system. The frame-work is also shown folded flat and in plan.

Finally, in No. 5, we have a direct side view of the whole show once again, to indicate the position of the shadow slides more definitely. These diagrams are only rough; no attempt has been made to do them to any scale and several most important details have been omitted until the proper time shall come for their insertion. But they will give a pretty true idea of the thing in general and may serve as useful references later on.

All that has been written so far is by way of introduction. The next thing to do will be to get our tools and various materials together and tackle the task. But before that is done a few words might be said about the possibilities of this show if used in schools. With such a model, lessons could become indeed a pleasure. Geography would then be visual travelling, for village scenes and native life could be most realistically made fig. 6. So too with History and Literature. To show the scenes from favourite books before the children's eyes would mean the storing up of pleasant memories for days to come, for, after all, a thing of beauty *is* a joy for ever.

H. W. Whanslaw

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

'AN island,' cried Sydney, 'isn't of much use unless you are on it.'

'Rather not,' said Leonard, and Norma eagerly agreed. The Burnabys had come that morning for a fortnight's holiday at Windwater, one of the largest of the English lakes in Westmoreland, a delightful place for a holiday. The lake—a piece of water some eight miles long, but nowhere more than a mile and a half wide—lay in a hollow amid high hills and mountains. The garden of the hotel where the Burnabys were staying ran down to the water's edge, and as they stood in the porch that morning they could see the rocky slopes of Wirdfell, a hill two thousand feet high, rising straight from the opposite shore of the lake, while other and higher hills could be seen further to the south; and directly behind the hotel rose one of the three highest mountains in England.

Wirdfell seemed to consist entirely of rocks with small patches of grass here and there, a few scattered clumps of bushes, and a single small wood close to the shore. To the left of this wood was the island which had attracted Sydney's attention: it was obviously very near the shore, and it looked like an immense rock sticking out of the water, with a few trees growing on it.

Sydney declared that he meant to land there the next day. 'Easy enough to row across,' he said, and then he suggested that they should go at once to inspect the boats that could be hired from the landing-stage at the bottom of the garden.

* * * * *

From the door of the hotel, their father, Captain Burnaby, watched them run across the grass. He had come out at the beginning of their conversation, and, stopping to fill his pipe, had watched them quietly, smiling to himself as he heard their plans. Then he also looked across the lake at the island and stood for a minute in thought. 'A good idea!' he exclaimed, suddenly, and then turned to walk back into the hotel.

* * * * *

'What shall we do to-day?' asked Norma, as she came down with her mother to breakfast the next morning.

'I want to have a boat,' cried Sydney.

'Jolly nice to look at that island,' said Leonard.

But Captain Burnaby demurred. 'Your mother and I,' he said, 'thought of climbing the first slopes of the mountain. It practically overhangs the hotel at the back, you know. Impossible to get up just there, of course, but by taking a path to the left, and then turning back, we can get along fairly easily. The boys

can carry the lunch basket, and we ought to be able to climb a thousand feet.'

'Easy enough to climb to the top,' cried Sydney. 'I saw it out of the bathroom window this morning, and it doesn't look anything of a climb.'

His father laughed. 'Wait and see!' he said. 'We can start at half-past ten,' he added, and when that time arrived the boys were waiting impatiently in the porch, while Norma and her mother packed the lunch basket.

The climb proved stiffer than they had imagined. After crossing the road that passed the gates of the hotel drive they struck across the grass to the left, then turned to the right and started to climb the first slopes. The mountain became steeper every minute as they advanced, and they soon reached a part where there was more rock than grass. The boys carried the basket by turns, and, while Leonard had it, Sydney, always the most energetic member of the family, ran on ahead, going straight up the steepest slopes and scrambling up the small terraced cliffs of rock till he was out of breath, and then laughing at the others while they zigzagged below him, following rough and narrow sheep tracks, and trying to find the easier routes. By twelve o'clock they had all reached the summit that could be seen from the hotel windows, and then they realised why Captain Burnaby had laughed.

'I say, we *are* a long way from the top,' cried Leonard, for they had only climbed a comparatively low hill, and were hardly on the slopes of the mountain at all. In front of them the ground dipped slightly, and then rose in what seemed to be a series of huge step-like terraces, until at last the ground was lost from sight among the clouds.

'Yes,' answered Captain Burnaby, 'the top of the mountain is still about two thousand feet above us, and it would be an uncommonly steep climb. I don't think even Sydney wants to get there this morning, so I propose that we have lunch.'

Every one was quite ready, especially for something to drink, and they followed readily when Captain Burnaby turned to the right and led the way along the top of the hill which they had climbed. Then Sydney ran on ahead, and suddenly he came racing back. 'There's a topping view!' he cried. 'You can see the whole lake.' His father declared that that was an excellent place for the picnic, and they all set to work to spread out the contents of the basket. They were now on the edge of the hill, with their backs to the summit of the mountain, and the precipice which they had avoided in their climb at their feet. In front of them, and far below, they could see the hotel, looking ridiculously small and rather comical in their bird's-eye view of the chimneys, flagstaff, and roof. In front of it was the lake, like a narrow silver streak winding away to the north, while beyond it Wirdfell, although much smaller than the mountain at their backs, looked higher than it had appeared from the garden, for they could now see the whole slope up to its summit.

'I brought you here,' said Captain Burnaby, when the cold chicken and lettuces and cheese-straws had been eaten, and only the Victoria plums remained, 'so that you could get a good idea of the Lake Country. Over there,' and he pointed to the south, 'is a Pass: that is to say, a road among the mountains which is the only way to ride or drive from that direction through the hills. It is a pretty steep road, and fifteen hundred feet high at the highest point. A stream runs beside it to the foot of these hills, and then the water spreads out to fill the hollow, and so makes this lake. There is a gentle current through the lake, and then the water flows out again at the Devil's Bridge at the foot of the lake, and becomes a stream again.'

Sydney was watching the lake, and looking a little bored, as he always did when things were explained to him: he wanted to climb the hills, explore the waterfalls, row on the water. Sitting still seemed waste of time, and after all it didn't matter how the water got into the lake: the great thing was that it was there, and a topping place for a holiday.

But Leonard sat with his elbows on his knees, and his face in his hands, thinking hard, and picturing the whole scene, while Norma bubbled over with questions.

'Where does the water go then?' she asked.

'Then,' said her father, 'the stream joins a river which runs into the Solway Firth. Now,' he suggested, 'suppose you look down at the lake through the field glasses.'

Norma looked first, but it was the further end of the lake, where cloud shadows were chasing each other along the sides of the hills, which chiefly interested her, and by the time she turned to the nearer view Leonard declared that it was his turn, and as she unwillingly gave up the glasses he started to alter the focus.

'I can see the island,' he cried a moment later. 'Jolly little place.'

'Look at it carefully,' said Captain Burnaby, while Mrs. Burnaby showed Norma where to look. 'You will see that it isn't really an island at all. The water doesn't quite run all the way round it, because there is a very narrow ridge of land, an inch or two above the water's level, connecting it with the shore. So it is a kind of cape, with a very large head and an extremely thin neck—what the people of these parts call a Nab In fact, that is Hermit's Nab.'

'Is there really a hermit?' asked Norma, as Sydney took the glasses from Leonard.

'There *was*,' answered their father. 'Later, I will tell you the story. But first of all I want to tell you of a plan which your mother and I worked out last night.'

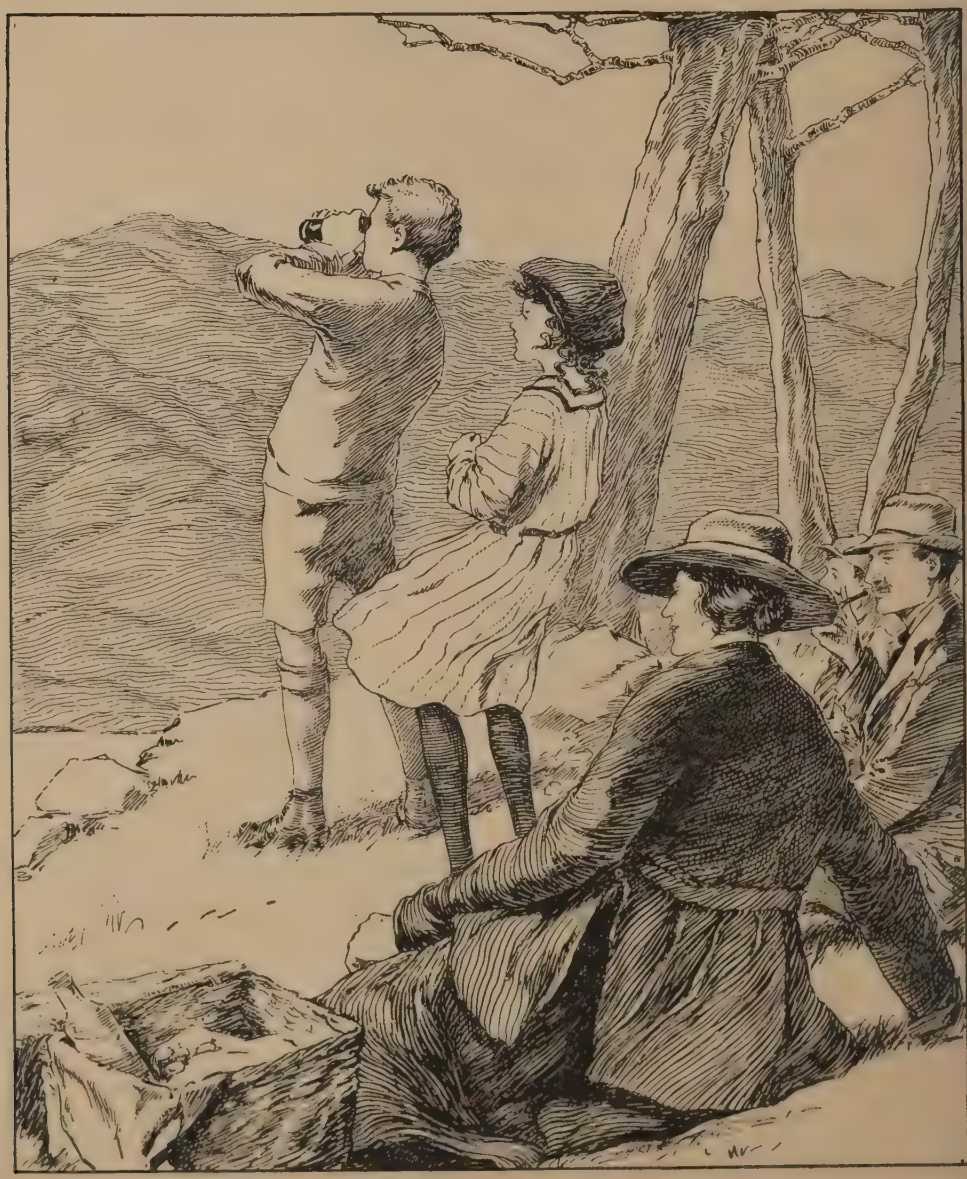
The boys and Norma were interested at once. Their father was always good at making plans of the more exciting and adventurous kind, although often they were too adventurous for Mrs. Burnaby to agree to them. But when it was announced at the start that they had worked out the plan together, it was pretty certain that something really worth while was going to be suggested.

'I have heard it said,' Captain Burnaby began, with a smile, while Leonard nudged Sydney, and everybody laughed, 'that an island isn't of much use unless you land on it. Now I would go further than that, and say that from that point of view an island really isn't of much use unless you *live* on it! Now, granting that that Nab, being only connected with the shore by such an extremely narrow ridge, is near enough to being an island to be called one, how would the three of you like to spend a week on it?'

'Oh, rather!' cried Leonard. 'Do you mean that we could live there *alone?*'

'On certain conditions,' answered his mother, quickly

(*Continued on page* 10.)



"'I can see the island,' he cried a moment later."

"He was pursued at once."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Bolton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c., &c.

(Continued from page 7.)

'YES,' said Captain Burnaby, 'there are conditions, but although your mother and I must insist upon them being agreed to, I think they are fairly simple. I shall provide you with stores, and you will have to wait until next week while they are collected. Then the most important point is this: you must not be entirely out of touch with us in case anything goes wrong, or you decide that you don't want to stay.'

'Oh, we shall stay all right,' cried Sydney.

'At any rate,' Captain Burnaby continued, 'you must agree to these conditions. I shall provide you with two flags, one green and one red, and a lamp with green and red shutters. Directly you land on the Nab you must fix the green flag to the tree nearest to the hotel, and every night you must light the lamp in the same place, showing its green shutter. If at any time, by day or by night, you want help or want to come away, you must change either the flag or the lamp, as the case may be, to red. This is not the widest part of the lake, and the Nab is less than a mile from the hotel. I shall instruct the day-porter and night-watchman at the hotel to keep watch, and your mother and I shall not forget you either; so that you may rely upon it that as soon as you show the danger signal, help will come. On the other hand, we want you to see what you can do on your own, and therefore as long as the green signals are shown by day and by night we shall not interrupt you.

'And there is one other point,' Captain Burnaby went on. 'It might conceivably happen that you would want to leave the Nab in a hurry without waiting for my boat. Well, in that case you must remember that the Nab is not quite an island, so that if you go down to the ridge you will find that by careful balancing and with one or two jumps you will be able to get ashore without wetting your feet; and then a walk of about two and a half miles round the head of the Lake will bring you home again. Now, I take it you will all agree to all these conditions?'

'Oh, rather!' cried Leonard, while Sydney nodded, and Norma slipped her hand into her mother's.

'Then,' continued their father, 'there is the question of stores. You will want food for a week, bedding, spare clothes, and a good many other things. The best plan will be for you to imagine you have been shipwrecked, and that the ship, like Robinson Crusoe's, is still afloat. Then the question will be what stores would you take from your ship? Suppose you each make a list, and your mother and I will edit the three lists with our own suggestions, and we will order the things from town. You will have to be reasonable, of course; the food, for instance, must consist of things that can keep for a week, and you will have to live on biscuits instead of bread.'

'But,' began Norma, who was usually the first to see objections, 'how about something to drink?'

'Silly!' cried Sydney. 'Ginger-beer, of course.'

'Certainly you can lay in some mineral waters,' said Captain Burnaby, 'but you will want more than that, you know. I don't think you would fancy tea made with boiled soda-water! But as a matter of fact there is a spring of perfectly fresh water on the Nab. Geologists say that the Nab is made up of several big rocks which must have once been part of Wirdfell. They must have come loose, rolled down the hill-side centuries ago, stuck in the bottom of the Lake, and then in the course of time have become welded together with earth and the grass and trees growing on them. In that case, they must have fallen into a spring at the bottom of the lake, and the water must in some hundreds of years have made its way upwards, until now it bubbles out of a hole in the rock.'

'I say,' cried Sydney, helping himself to a plum, 'do rocks ever roll down the hill nowadays?'

'Well,' was the answer, 'small stones do, but the big rocks don't come down once in a hundred years; and there is nothing that could possibly fall now. But take up the glasses again. Do you see the wood, about a hundred yards to the right of the Nab, and just in front of it a big rock on the water's edge? That was the last to fall: it came down the hill-side in 1683. It is known as the Wirdstone, because it fell from Wirdfell.'

Leonard had already borrowed a piece of paper from his mother and a pencil from Sydney, and was at work on his list of stores. 'We shall have to have a tent,' he suggested, thoughtfully biting the end of the pencil.

'Silly!' cried Sydney. 'You couldn't get a tent off a wrecked ship. We shall have to make one, of course. Out of old sails, you know.'

'I don't think you need be as realistic as all that,' laughed their father. 'I can't get old sails, although if I can find you some tarpaulins they may be useful. But anyhow, you won't need a tent. That is where the old hermit comes in. It is rather an interesting legend. About five hundred years ago a young man robbed the monastery near Kendal, on the other side of the range of hills that ends in Wirdfell. In those days, you know, the monasteries were pretty wealthy, and most of the chalices as well as their drinking-cups and special plates and dishes, were made of gold—a pretty rich prize for a thief. The old legend tells how this young man crept into the monastery by night and made off with a pretty valuable lot of stuff. He was pursued at once, but he made his way into the hills. He wanted to put as much distance between himself and the indignant monks as he could, and he tramped along till he came to Wirdfell. Then he was caught in a snowstorm. In winter, of course, the snow lies to a great depth on the hill-tops, and he found it impossible to move, so that he was in great danger of being buried altogether in the snow and smothered. Then, as often happens in these old legends—and for that matter pretty often in ordinary life to-day—when he was in great danger he began to see the error of his ways. He thought that being lost in the snow was a punishment sent to him from Heaven. He began to repent, and it seems that his repentance was at any rate genuine, because he vowed there and then that if he could escape from the snowdrift, he would turn from his evil ways and devote the rest of his life to religious meditation.

'Well, the story says that almost immediately the snow stopped falling, the clouds cleared away, the sun appeared, and in a little while the snow began to melt. The young man thought it was an answer to his prayers, and as his repentance had been sincere he kept

his vow. He came down to this lake, and looked for the loneliest spot he could find. He saw that Nab—in all probability the level of the water was higher in those days, so that it was truly an island. At any rate, that is where the man lived for the rest of his days as a hermit, and it has now been known as Hermit's Nab for centuries.

'On the Nab,' Captain Burnaby continued, 'is a cave. Originally, it was probably just a small indentation in the face of one of the rocks, or an angle between two as they lay together after falling down the mountain. But archæologists say that there is no doubt that the cave as it stands to-day was cut out of the rock centuries ago by hand. At any rate, it makes a very decent cave for you to live in.'

'How big is it?' asked Norma.

'That,' said Captain Burnaby, 'you can see for yourselves when you get there. There will be plenty of room for the three of you, and you might even divide it into two rooms, for the floor is higher at the back than at the front. The archæologists suggest that it was once bigger still, but that the rocks at one side have fallen in; they can tell from the nature of one wall that it wasn't cut at the same time as the others, and their idea is that the roof of a third room on that side gave way several hundreds of years ago, probably not long after the days of the old hermit. But the rocks are all solid now and quite immovable, so that probably that part of the cave's history will never be discovered.'

'I say,' cried Sydney, 'it's a jolly idea, anyway. You will have to cook, you know, Norma. I expect the old hermit lived on fish that he caught from the lake. But we'll have a topping time. Done with my pencil, Len?' he added; and then, forgetting his desire to climb the rest of the mountain, he hunted in his pockets for a piece of paper on which to write his list of stores.

(*Continued on page* 22.)

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

I.—FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL, our most popular winter sport, has been evolved from a game of great antiquity, for in ancient Greece a game was played with an inflated bladder or skin, larger than balls used in hand-ball games, so that it could easily be kicked. The Romans also indulged in a similar pastime, which bore some resemblance to Rugby of the present day, for handling was allowed, and it was played by two parties opposed to one another, each striving 'to throw the ball into the other's goal, which was the conquering cast.'

This game, of which we know but little, for its rules and regulations, if there ever were any, are lost in the mists of the past, was undoubtedly the parent of football as we know it, which in some form or other has been played for centuries, very likely because the necessary requisites, a large ball of any sort, inflated ox-bladder or skin, and some posts to form a goal were always easily to be obtained.

The Romans, who introduced so many new ideas into this country, no doubt brought this rude form of football with them, and long before it had become the regular pastime it now is, it was the custom in many places, particularly in Northumberland and Cumberland and also in parts of Scotland, to play a weird and wonderful game on Shrove Tuesday, though why this particular day was chosen is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered.

Probably the first distinct mention of 'football' in England is to be found in William Fitzstephen's *History of London*. Here it is stated that once a year the young men of the city went into the fields after dinner to play the well-known game of ball. This was in the latter part of the twelfth century.

Nearly two hundred years later the game received official notice. It was prohibited by Edward III., being considered one of the sports which were responsible for keeping men and youths from improving their skill at archery, and which resulted in a lack of interest in that ancient and important sport, a most serious matter in those days, for the English archers claimed to be the best, a claim which they upheld with signal success on the fields of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, so that the king was quite justified in putting the ban on any sport likely to interfere with the development of an arm so important to our national security.

However, the Shrove Tuesday games continued to be popular in the North, and were played in various ways. There were goals, and the sole object appears to have been to drive the ball through the opposing side's goal by fair means or foul, rules to restrict the game being entirely absent, so that the game rapidly degenerated into a wild romp, a mingling of fun and violence, in which everything and anything was lawful. The goals were often placed in such a way as to give the game no very defined boundaries, so that during the annual contest the town had perforce to make holiday, shutters had to be put up, and houses closed in order to prevent damage, and it was a scene of universal excitement in which, at any rate in Scotland, both sexes and all ages joined in with much enthusiasm and to the best of their ability. Accidents, sometimes fatal, occurred; indeed, so rough did the game become that James I. forbade the heir-apparent to join the revellers, describing the sport as 'meeter for laming than making able the users thereof.'

In Perth the annual horseplay, for that is what it amounted to, was between the bachelors and the married men. The single women in Midlothian played every year against the married, and usually lost to the more experienced ladies.

On the border the Scots and English played fiercely against each other, games in which many hard knocks were given and received, the national rivalry stimulating the players and inducing them to put up a very hard game, which was carried on in such a fierce way that it recalled more serious conflicts of the past.

So much violent horse-play was there that the game fell into bad repute; the opposition to its continuance became so strong that gradually Shrove Tuesday 'football day' died out, until in about 1850 it was practically extinct, though a few towns still kept up the old custom. At Ashbourne the game has survived throughout the centuries, and is played yearly on Shrove Tuesday, the scramble usually lasting until midnight. The goals, which are mill-wheels in the stream, are no less than four miles apart, there are no 'touch lines' or 'corner flags,' and the 'teams' include a goodly part of the population, who are formed into two sides, those

Greek Football.

playing 'upwards,' and those playing 'downwards.' Play rages up and down the streets, on the railway lines, and even the shallow river does not damp the ardour of the enthusiastic opponents, for the 'scrum' often takes place in mid-stream.

The rough-and-tumble game that practically disappeared about 1830 had been a popular festival entirely confined to the middle and lower classes, but it had never found favour with the aristocracy and gentry, who took no interest in the matter when every village made its own rules, and every player observed them or not, just as he pleased. It is, however, the great public schools that are responsible for the present game, as, for some thirty years after the death of Shrove Tuesday football, it was only in the schools that it was played, and the rules and modes of play were gradually co-ordinated and modified.

Two distinct games were born from the confused annual encounter, the 'kicking,' that is using the feet only, and the 'carrying,' or handling, codes.

"A rough-and-tumble sort of Rugby game."

Shrove Tuesday Football.

It was in 1860, when there was a great revival of interest in all sports and athletics, that football came into favour amongst public school and university men, and it was soon found that some universally accepted code of rules was absolutely necessary if the games were not to remain in a confused state.

Though the handling code most resembles the Roman and Shrove Tuesday scramble, for it allowed carrying, charging, tackling, and even hacking, the latter form of amusement being abolished at Rugby as late as 1877, we will deal first with the followers of the purely kicking game, for they were the first to realise the necessity of adopting hard-and-fast rules, and in 1863 formed the Football Association, which had powers to legislate.

This Association was, in the first instance, purely a sporting and amateur organization that controlled the game solely in the interests of the players, and for its own sake, as a healthy recreation.

Difficulties, however, were looming ahead. These were largely due to the institution of the Football Association Cup in 1871. For a time only South of England teams entered for the cup, and the game continued to be an amateur sport. Interest in the cup matches was

slight, spectators were few, with the result that there was little 'gate' money.

It was when the Northern Clubs began to take an interest in the competition that the popularity of the game became assured. The Northerners played so well that in 1882 the Blackburn Rovers reached the final, which was played at the Oval and in which they were beaten by a single goal by the Old Etonians. The following year a team from the North did still better, for the Blackburn Olympic beat the Old Etonians in the final, after play lasting an hour and a half. At last the North had won the cup, and they held it until 1901, though the previous year a Southern Club managed to reach the final.

With increased popularity came increased 'gates,' and it soon became evident that the amateur spirit on which the cup competition was based was being secretly violated, and that players were being paid, not merely their 'expenses,' but actually paid to play, which was utterly against all the principles of amateur sport.

The Executive made sincere attempts to stop the illicit payment of players, but it was practically a hopeless task from the very beginning, and the Association had eventually to recognise professionalism, but not until after a long and stubborn fight.

By 1890 the professional player was officially recognised by the Football Association of England, but of England only, for the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh executives still refused to recognise him, the Scottish even trying to persuade the English to agree to the exclusion of the professional from the international elevens, but without success.

The Scots held out longest against the attack on amateurism, an attitude that is really rather interesting when one considers the great number of professional players that come from Scotland in the present day. When Ireland and Wales were at last persuaded to recognise professionalism, Scotland had to give way and fall into line with the other Associations.

Since then, the professional has played an increasingly important part in Association Football, and a large 'gate' became the all-important item to many clubs, and to obtain this the team had to make sure of a good amount of wins—wins that had to be obtained, the methods not always too closely questioned, so that the advent of professionalism was not altogether a blessing to the game.

The cleverness of the professional player, however, and the combination of teams as a whole, undoubtedly increased vastly, the professional, naturally, having more time at his disposal for practice and training than most amateurs.

As regards the game itself, it is still very similar to that played when the Association was first formed. The defence has been strengthened by increasing the number of half-backs, first from one to two, then to three, and by having two backs instead of the single one considered sufficient in the beginning. To make up for this, the eight forwards have been reduced to five, thus leaving the full number of the team eleven, as before.

The game is far less individual, since long passing shots have developed, and combination is much studied, the result being a more open game, fast and attractive alike to player and spectator.

A rough-and-tumble sort of Rugby game had for years been played at many of the big schools, most of which had their own ideas and rules on the subject. Apparently there was no limit to the number of players, a hundred or so boys on each side being nothing out of the ordinary.

Rugby School developed it more than most, so that when, about the middle of last century, men leaving school formed clubs in order to continue playing their favourite game, it was played more or less according to Rugby School rules, but the rules were few and vague.

It was not until 1871 that the Rugby Football Union was formed in England, although many big clubs, such as Blackheath, Richmond, and clubs in Yorkshire and Lancashire, had been in existence for at least ten years. The Union drew up a code of rules and limited the number of players.

In March, the year that the Union was founded, the first International Match took place between England and Scotland, at Edinburgh. Ireland was first played in 1875, and Wales in 1880. It was not until early in the present century that England played France, the latest aspirant to football honours.

A certain amount of friction occurred between the various Unions, until in 1889 an arrangement was eventually come to, whereby an International Board was formed which consisted of twelve representatives, six from the English Union, and two each from the other three nations, so that now the game is played under the same rules in all parts of the British Isles.

League and Cup competitions have never had the same attractions for the majority of Rugby players as they had for the sister code; nevertheless, the Union was to be confronted with the spectre of professionalism, for many northern clubs wished to pay their players not only their expenses to and from a match, but also 'out-of-pocket' expenses—that is, paying them for any wages they may have lost by going on tour with their club, or playing in a match some distance away.

The Union flatly refused to accede to this desire, and in 1895 matters came to a head, with the result that there was a split, and a number of players seceded from the Rugby Union and founded the Northern Union, which became important in the North, though it had no success whatever in the Southern Counties.

In early days the teams numbered twenty a side, a number reduced to fifteen in 1877, and kept ever since, though the positions in the field have varied considerably. Ten forwards was at first the usual number, two halves, one three-quarter, and two backs.

The three-quarter game was greatly developed in Wales, and four three-quarters has come to be the regular number. The halves, instead of standing level, one on either side of the scrum, now have definite positions of their own, the scrum-half close up, the 'stand-off,' or 'fly-half,' standing further back, ready to receive the pass from the former.

The introduction of a wing-forward, a much-debated innovation introduced into this country by the famous 'All Black' New Zealand team, has been adopted in a modified form, and some clubs also tried, for a time at any rate, their formation of seven forwards, one 'wing-forward,' one 'half,' two 'five-eighths,' three 'three-quarters,' and one 'back,' but the only important club to persevere in this formation was the famous Leicester Club, one of the strongest in the country.

Rugby Football has greatly increased in popularity of late, and many schools, hitherto faithful to Association, have thrown in their lot with the carrying code.

W. Herbert Holloway.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 2.)

'FOLLOW the trail,' said Louisa in a hushed whisper, suitable to the occasion, and across the compound she crept, with Kadru at her heels.

Bulbo had unearthed the seeds the gardener had just planted. He had caught and killed a mouse, and left the corpse untouched!—he was a dainty feeder. And, not content, he had wandered to the very edge of the Lumsdale compound. He had left his safe and sheltered home, and had stolen through a gap in the dividing hedge into Mrs. Barrington's garden.

Louisa and Kadru, still on their own side of the barrier, looked at each other in dismay. Mrs. Barrington might be the owner of fierce ill-tempered dogs. One of her many servants might steal the cat. And Bulbo was worth stealing, a pure Persian with every point perfect.

'I'll have to go after him,' she decided. 'You'd better stay here. It'll make it more difficult if we both go.'

And Kadru was not wholly unwilling to remain behind. She had made the acquaintance already of Mrs. Barrington's ayah, and had gathered that her mistress was a lady of quick temper.

That Louisa would emerge triumphant from any situation, Kadru thought probable, but she was not quite so confident of her own powers.

She squatted down to watch Louisa out of sight, and to wait indefinitely for her return. Time was of no importance to Kadru, and she was never bored. She could wait as a dog waits, half asleep, half awake, ready to spring to her feet instantaneously; to rush to Louisa's assistance should she call.

But it was seldom that Louisa needed help. She rarely met with mishap, though sometimes on the verge of a disaster. Now she crept from cover to cover, from one group of shrubs to the next, with the skill of long practice.

She did not wish to meet Mrs. Barrington; but only to recover Bulbo with as little fuss as possible. She was hampered by the fact that she must follow his trail. But this was not complicated. Straight for the bungalow he had headed, and soon Louisa guessed his goal.

'He's after scraps,' she told herself. 'The cook has been trying to lure him away. But I shall find him in the cook-house. That must be it, close to the bungalow.'

She had guessed right in part. Bulbo had visited the cook-house, but she soon discovered he had returned therefrom. Before she reached the little building, which was connected with the bungalow by a covered way, his tracks had doubled.

At right angles they separated suddenly, and the newest trail led to a pigeon-house about fifty yards away. It had probably once been an arbour; it was so large a man could stand upright inside. The door was closed, but there was an opening for the birds.

As Louisa watched, a flock poured forth to wheel and circle in the air above, frantic with terror. That Bulbo was within, she could not doubt.

CHAPTER II.

Louisa looked round cautiously. There was no cover between herself and the pigeon-house, and every yard of the intervening ground was visible from the bungalow windows. But Mr. Barrington was probably absent at the Courts; Mrs. Barrington might be asleep, for it was mid-day, and it was hot; there were no orderlies on duty. It seemed to Louisa that there was a chance—a very fair chance—that if she were quick, she might reach the pigeon-house unseen.

She dare not hesitate much longer. The excited pigeons must soon attract attention. She was sorry for them, also. However charming she herself found Bulbo, they could not be expected to enjoy his visit.

'And I'm sure he's eating their young,' thought Louisa. 'And old pigeons seem to like young pigeons, though how they *can*——'

She left the sentence unfinished, and stooped to tie her shoe-laces lest she should trip—she never neglected small details—then she darted towards the arbour. Her hand was on the latch, and now she was inside, amidst a mass of whirling feathers and beating wings. Blindly she groped, felt something on the floor, and picked Bulbo up, a fat and unfledged squab in his mouth. It was alive still, for it squirmed as she pulled it out, and dropped it hastily into the nearest nest. The cat tight clasped in her arms, she backed outside again, and pulled the door shut.

A moment she paused to brush the dust and the ends of her own hair from her eyes. Then, as she wheeled to race home, she saw that already her retreat was cut off. Mrs. Barrington had come out of the bungalow, had advanced with a swiftness of which she scarcely seemed capable, and had blocked the way.

'Who gave you leave to come into my garden?' she asked; and slowly she looked Louisa over from head to foot. 'It's the child from next door,' she added, and there was something in her voice that was undoubtedly annoying.

Up went Louisa's chin, her eyes glared defiance. 'I didn't want to come into your garden,' she retorted, 'or get scratched by your pigeons. It was because of my cat. I *had* to come. He was inside.' She waved a hand towards the pigeon-house which was still in an uproar. She had explained quite sufficiently, she considered; but Mrs. Barrington, to her annoyance, was not satisfied.

'The cat had no business in my pigeon-house,' said Mrs. Barrington. 'It should be under proper control, and so should you. From what I have heard, I gather you are most undisciplined. Perhaps you set the cat at the pigeons on purpose? If so, it was a cruel thing to do.'

Louisa gasped; then she boiled over. She had been doubly, trebly insulted now.

'*I* set Bulbo at the pigeons!' she cried. '*I?* Why, I wouldn't hurt them for anything. I was helping them, I tell you. I like pigeons. I—I like them much better than I like you.'

She flung the last words over her shoulder. With one swift turn she had dodged Mrs. Barrington and was racing for the hedge. Bulbo, close clasped in her arms, scratched and struggled; but so angry was Louisa she did not realise what damage he was doing until she was in her own compound. Then, breathless, she dropped him into Kadru's lap, to be promptly enfolded in the latter's *sari*.

(*Continued on page* 18.)

"'Who gave you leave to come into my garden?' she asked."

"From the edge of the shadows, Louisa eyed them.'

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hubart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 5.)

'Is some one coming, Miss Sahib?' Kadru inquired anxiously, peeping through the hedge. 'Let us run to the verandah, and then we shall be safe.'

But if Mrs. Barrington had started in pursuit, she had evidently abandoned the chase. Her next move Louisa could guess. She would write to Mr. Lumsdale—she would not be the first. Not seldom Louisa found herself in an awkward position; but at least her father believed and listened to what she had to say. She would tell him all about the pigeons and Bulbo; he would acknowledge she was guiltless, and there, she hoped, the affair would end. But she was not quite at ease. Mr. Lumsdale might connect the morning's affray with his talk with Mrs. Barrington, and be somewhat difficult to soothe.

But there was not much time to be lost, and back to the house Louisa led the way. Bulbo, she gave into Kadru's care, with strictest orders that he should not be allowed to stray again.

A little time she spent removing pigeons' feathers from her hair and dust from her face and clothes. Then a murmur of voices warned her that Mrs. Barrington's messenger had arrived, and was talking to the bearer. Louisa captured the letter he had brought, and took it to her father.

'It's about me,' she explained, as soon as his attention was really fixed. 'You'd better read it, or shall I read it to you?'

Mr. Lumsdale nodded. In one hand was his pen, the other held a reference book. It was obviously more convenient that Louisa should read the letter. She slit the envelope open. An indignant glance assured her that its contents were even worse than she expected.

'Dear Sir,' (Louisa read,)

'I regret that I must complain of your daughter's conduct. She has been trespassing in my garden with her cat, and has teased and frightened my pigeons to such an extent that my sitting birds have deserted their nests, and I fear I have lost much valuable stock. Not content with this, she answered me most insolently when I reproved her.

'You cannot be aware, I feel sure, how badly she is developing, nor how greatly she stands in need of wholesome correction. Believe me, I write in the little girl's best interests. She is still young enough to be capable of improvement if rightly guided.

'Yours truly,

'Margaret Barrington.'

'Dear! dear! dear!' said Mr. Lumsdale. He looked so bewildered and upset, that Louisa hastened to console him.

'Never mind,' she soothed. 'Don't bother about her. She *likes* interfering. And if I was rude, she was rude first. And *of course* I didn't frighten the pigeons on purpose. Bulbo got into the pigeon-house, and I had to get him out. Look, I'll tear up the letter, and then you can forget it. There! It's done!'

'But I can't forget it,' said Mr. Lumsdale unexpectedly. 'At least,' he owned, 'I expect I shall, but I doubt if I ought.' He sighed and looked long and wistfully at his daughter, as though in search of something he had missed hitherto.

'You come of good stock on both sides, Louisa,' he said, slowly. 'Good, sound, English stock. You must be a credit to it, child. I should be deeply hurt if you fall below the standard to which you should attain.'

'I won't,' Louisa assured him, though rather vague as to her father's meaning. 'And anyway, I *won't* be like Mrs. Barrington. She'd make me a copy of herself if you let her get hold of me.'

She smoothed Mr. Lumsdale's ruffled hair, and talked to him for a little longer until, presently, he settled to work again. He seemed happier and the danger-point was past, Louisa hoped. But the score against Mrs. Barrington had mounted up; Louisa felt it could not possibly be left unsettled.

'I shall go to her compound as soon as it's dark, and I'll do *something* to annoy her,' Louisa decided. Something it must be that would show Mrs. Barrington that the lot of those who interfere is not easy; something that would teach her to leave her neighbours alone in future.

Kadru had no suggestions to make. Instead, she hinted broadly that it might be better to let the matter drop.

'I have heard the Judge Sahib is very clever,' said Kadru. 'That those who quarrel with him are not usually the victors.'

'You are afraid,' Louisa told her with sufficient truth to make Kadru squirm uneasily. 'I shan't take you with me, and I shan't even tell you what I'm going to do. Coward!'

And, leaving a protesting Kadru behind her, Louisa stalked away to plot and plan.

CHAPTER III.

It was a moonless night, luckily; a clear omen that all would go well, Louisa thought. She did not wish to be discovered while at work; the more mysterious her revenge, the better. It must descend like a thunderbolt, without the least warning, that it might be as impressive as possible. She slipped a dark coat over her thin frock, turned up the collar about her ears, and crammed a cap upon her head so that almost all her face was hidden. She thought at first that she would change into native dress; she had long since provided herself with a complete outfit, the counterpart of Kadru's. But she could run faster in a short skirt, and she might require all her speed.

Through her own garden she stole and into Mrs. Barrington's. So often had she been out in the dark, on many a joyous venture, that she had learnt to find her way almost as easily as does an animal. And she knew every bush, every track, on her own side of the hedge, and could have steered herself at any time, blindfold. Beyond the boundary it was more difficult; but the Barrington bungalow was well lighted, and Louisa wormed her way towards it.

The doors and windows were open for coolness' sake. In the drawing-room Mr. and Mrs. Barrington were seated, and, from the edge of the shadows, Louisa eyed them. They looked so comfortable, it annoyed her greatly.

It would be nice to throw a stone, she thought, plop into Mrs. Barrington's lap, and she measured the distance

thoughtfully. But to throw stones is undoubtedly childish. Louisa wished to prove that she was old, not young; capable of a revenge dark and sinister.

Crouched in a heap she meditated, her attention wandering a little from Mr. and Mrs. Barrington to their surroundings. That their drawing-room was pretty Louisa was forced to admit, and it was so clean. The Lumsdale sitting-room was too often dusty and untidy and always comfortless. Its condition had not troubled Louisa greatly hitherto; now, for a moment, she found herself wishing it was more like Mrs. Barrington's. But the mood passed quickly as she remembered that time was passing also, and round the house she began to creep.

Next to the drawing-room, and facing the same way, was Mrs. Barrington's bedroom. A night-light burnt within, and Louisa could see that the room was empty. Should she lock the door connecting it with the drawing-room and then, hidden, watch for the result? Very possibly Mrs. Barrington would think that a thief had shot the bolt. She might fuss and scream, and then feel very foolish. But still Louisa was not satisfied. It was not enough.

(*Continued on page* 30.)

THE WORLD OF MACHINES.

I.—STEEL AND ITS IMPORTANCE TO ENGINEERING.

IF we look at the engineering works in the world around us, we find that, in practically every case, the main material which is used is steel or iron, in some form or another. It is, in fact, safe to state that the material which has made Modern Engineering possible is steel, and that without it, none of the advances which we have experienced during the last century would have been possible. We find it in one form in our bridges, roofs and ships, in other forms in our steam engines, and in others still in the cutting tools in our machine shops. In fact, it is of universal application.

In these circumstances it is both useful and interesting to know what takes place in a modern steel works. If we visit such a works, we find that it is always placed conveniently near to a railway or a canel, on which we shall see either trucks or barges loaded with a material, looking like stone, often reddish brown in colour, which is the iron ore—the raw material from which our iron and steel are produced.

This ore is not quite in the form in which it was originally mined.

In the olden days iron ore and coal were found near to one another, and the works were, in consequence, built where they would best get supplies of each of these materials; but, in these days, most of the iron ore has to be carried some distance to the works, and it is, therefore, usually heated in a furnace in order to rid it of moisture and some other substances which are of no use to the iron or steel maker. This process is called 'Calcining,' and the ore which arrives in a steel works is usually calcined ore. It is obviously useless to pay for the carriage by railway of moisture and such other readily removable materials if this can be avoided.

The Blast Furnace.

The ore which has been received at the steel works resembles in composition and, to some extent in appearance, iron rust, *i.e.*, iron oxide but, it contains also various other compounds of iron, and in order to obtain the iron from the ore it is necessary to remove the oxygen of the oxide and to break up the other compounds. This process, which is called 'Reduction' by the chemist and 'Smelting' by the iron works, is carried on in a furnace known as a blast furnace.

The removal of the oxygen is effected by strongly heating the ore in contact with coke—the coke which is used to produce the heat in the furnace—while much of the other impurities can be removed if lime is added to the heated mass.

Description of the Blast Furnace.

Externally the blast furnace is more or less cylindrical in form and it consists of a steel outer shell, lined with heat-resisting material. On the top is a platform from which the furnace is loaded. If we go could inside the furnace we should find that it consisted of three parts—

(*a*) The bosh at the bottom—a sort of well in which the molten iron is collected under a layer of molten slag which floats on top of it.

(*b*) A wide part where the highest temperature is obtained; where, in fact, the iron ore is actually reduced.

(*c*) The upper part of the furnace, which gradually tapers off towards the top, where new charges are being heated up ready to move gently downwards into the hotter zone.

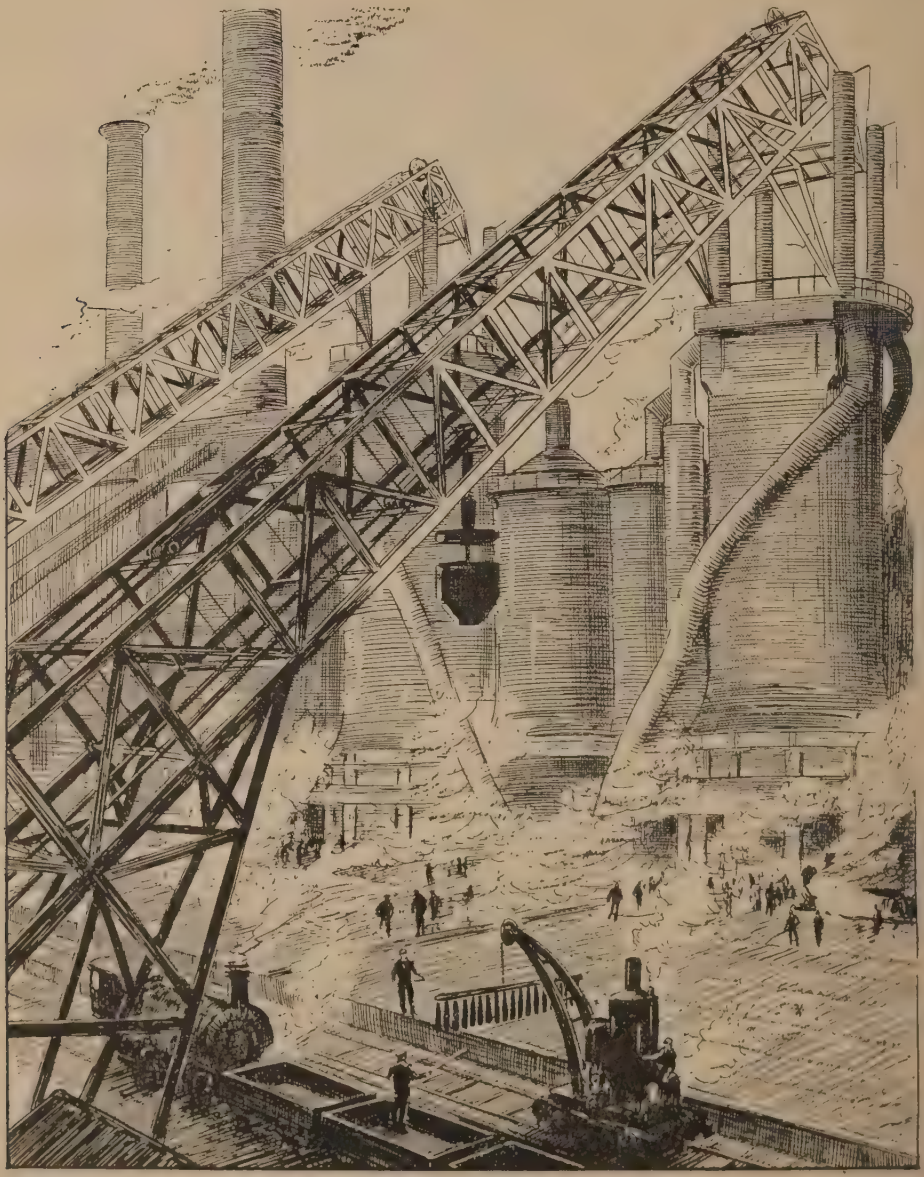
The illustrations show the exterior of a modern blast furnace, and a diagram of one in section.

The materials used in the furnace are conveyed to the top thereof by some form of conveyer or tramway and they are there dropped into the furnace through the top, which is closed by a bell and cone. A charge consisting of suitable proportions of iron ore, lime and coke—a specially hard and strong kind of coke made for the purpose being used—is taken up the tramway and dropped on the cone, which is then opened just long enough to drop the charge into the furnace and closed immediately.

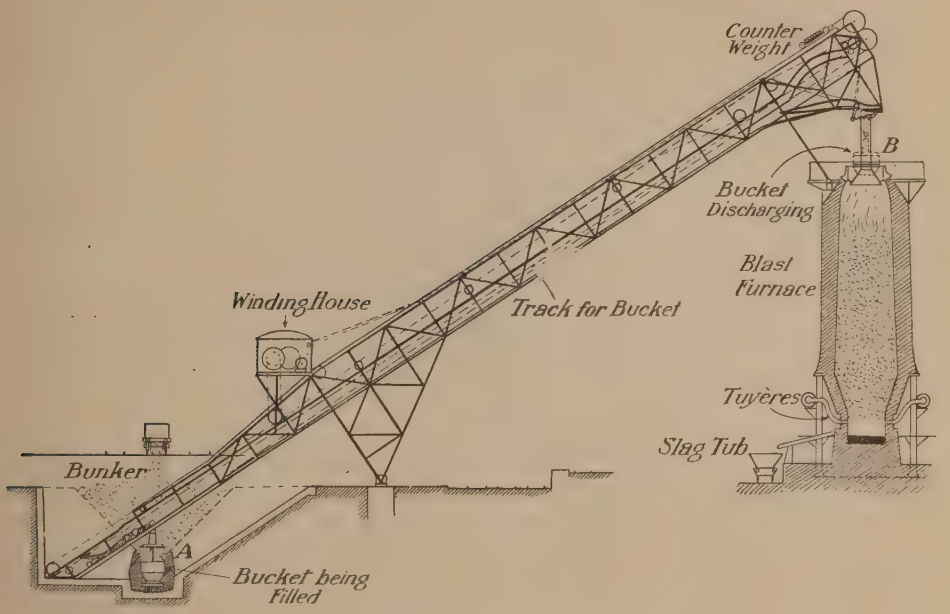
If you visit one of the steel-making parts of the country you will appreciate that modern furnaces are very large. There are several furnaces in this country over ninety feet in height, each producing one thousand tons of pig iron in a week. As such a furnace has to be supplied with from two thousand to three thousand tons of ore, with one thousand tons of special hard coke and about five hundred tons of limestone to produce this result, it is easy to see why special hoisting arrangements for carrying the charges to the furnace-top are necessary.

At the bottom of the furnace just above the bosh is a series of inlet pipes called 'tuyères,' through each of which a blast of air from the air main which is connected to a blower can be supplied to maintain rapid combustion. The tuyères are usually fitted with tiny windows of dark glass so that the very hot part of the furnace which they point into can be inspected, and they are water-cooled to prevent them being melted or burnt.

The chemical changes which occur in the furnace are interesting. Most of the readers of this book will know that, when carbon which is the main constituent of coal or coke is burnt, it produces a gas which is known as carbonic acid gas or carbon dioxide, in which



A View of a Modern Ironworks from the outside.



A Modern Blast Furnace in Section.

every atom of carbon has been joined to two atoms of oxygen; but in the blast furnace there is so much coke or carbon present, that each carbon atom gets united to one of oxygen, with the result that a very poisonous gas, known as carbon monoxide, is produced.

Now, it is evident even to the youngest chemist that carbon monoxide will, if it gets the chance, burn and become converted into carbon dioxide. This change can, in fact, be seen taking place whenever a bright, clear fire is burning in an ordinary house grate; the pale blue flames being generally due to carbon monoxide, which has been made low down in the fire itself, burning to carbon dioxide when it comes into contact with the air. The process of burning is one of combination of carbon and oxygen, and this can take place in two stages—first to CO (*i.e.* one part of carbon to one of oxygen) and then to CO_2 (*i.e.* one part of carbon to two of oxygen).

In the early days of ironworks this gas used to burn in tremendous flares, lighting up the whole country around the works. It is now, however, led off by the pipe seen in the diagram and used for such purposes as heating the blast, burning under boilers, or to drive gas-engines. There is a valve to prevent the gas coming back from the pipe and burning when the furnace is being charged.

Although we are apt to look upon gas as being very light, and we might consider this gas of little importance, yet it must be remembered that every ton of carbon which is burnt in the blast furnace produces two and one-third tons of carbon monoxide gas, and that the coke has only been about half-burnt in the process. As a large blast furnace may consume as much as one hundred and fifty tons of coke in a day, and so produce

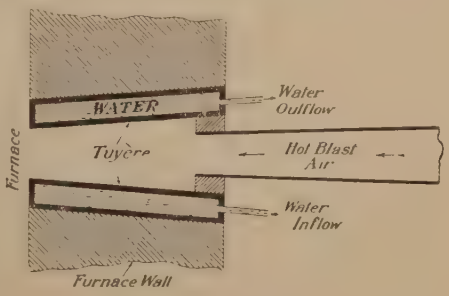


Diagram of a Tuyère.

three hundred and eighty tons of carbon monoxide (mixed with some hundreds of tons of nitrogen from the air), it is evident that this utilisation of gas effects great economy.

The Heating Stoves.

In these days the high price of coal and coke has had

one good effect: it has made us as economical as possible of these fuels, which we formerly used so recklessly, and which will, some time or another, come to an end.

We see, for example, that the ironworks now uses the gas which it formerly wasted. Another method of saving fuel is by using hot air for the blast in order that none of the coke in the furnace shall be wasted in heating the cold air. The air is heated in stoves, which —there are either two or four to a blast furnace— stand around the furnace. They consist of dome-topped cylindrical chambers, practically filled with fire-brick so spaced that the air can travel through the spaces between the bricks from the inlet to the outlet. They are worked in an alternating manner. For one period, some of the carbon monoxide gas from the blast furnace, together with the air necessary for its combustion, is passed through the stove, heating up the brickwork practically to white heat. This is then stopped, and the air blast for the furnace is passed through the now heated stove on its way to the blast-pipes or tuyères.

While this is happening another stove is, of course, being heated up. The brickwork of the stove is used to store up heat and pass it on to the blast. The object of having four stoves is to secure that in all circumstances there shall be a supply of hot air for the furnace, as, should the blast fail, the furnace would require to be shut down, and that involves heavy expenses in re-lighting.

Blast furnaces are worked continuously from one year's end to another—until, in fact, some repair of the lining is required; and when one has to be shut down for repairs the re-lighting costs hundreds, sometimes thousands, of pounds for a large one.

The Product of the Blast Furnace.

After some time the bosh will be partly full of iron and partly of slag, produced by the action of the lime on some of the impurities mentioned above. The slag is tapped off, through a tap-hole usually at the back of the bosh, into a series of steel trucks.

It is not wasted, but is tipped on to a heap, from which, after cooling, it can be drawn to make road metal. Tarmac consists of this material saturated with tar. Another hole, on the other side of the bosh and much lower down, originally stopped up with a plug of fire-clay, is then opened by means of a long iron bar, and the molten iron, referred to as 'pig,' pours out, often with much spluttering until a steady stream is formed.

In days gone by it was the practice to allow this to run into channels in a sand-bed, in front of the furnace, and from the form of these channels it derived the name 'pig'-iron; but at the present time, when it is more important than ever to save fuel in every way possible, the pig-iron which is going to be used for steel-making is not allowed to cool down, but is transferred in the molten state, in a ladle-truck carrying from ten to twenty tons, to a large receptacle known as a 'mixer,' capable of holding from two hundred to three hundred tons of molten pig-iron, where it can be kept hot by the use of gas from the blast furnace until the steelworks is ready to use it. As, however, when the blast furnace has once been tapped, it is impossible to stop up the tap-hole again until all the fron has ceased to flow, a small 'pig-bed' is made, into which any iron which the mixer cannot accommodate is diverted.

Pig-iron is far from being pure iron, for while it was in contact with white-hot carbon (or coke) it absorbed a very considerable amount of that material, and it may have picked up other impurities in the pig-bed. It is, in consequence, brittle and of a coarsely crystalline structure, so that it is not strong. It can, of course, be used for some purposes. It is melted and cast in moulds, when it is called 'cast iron'—and in this form it is very useful in the making of such things as frames for machines, cylinders for steam or petrol engines, foundation-plates, &c., where solidity rather than strength is required.

(To be continued.)

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 11.)

CHAPTER II.

IT was not until the following Monday that everything was ready. The day was fine and warm, and the boys and Norma were up early and eager to start; but their father was before them. He had risen at five o'clock, and with the help of the Hotel boatman had already made journeys from the landing-stage to the Nab with the stores which had been arriving daily during the past week.

Sydney was eager to be off at once, but Mrs. Burnaby insisted on the importance of starting on a proper breakfast, whatever Norma might manage to cook for them later. So they sat down to porridge and cream, eggs, bacon, toast and marmalade, and plenty of hot coffee, with which Leonard burnt himself in his eagerness that the meal should be finished as soon as possible.

But at last everything was done, and they all went to the landing-stage. The boat was there already, the boatman holding it against the jetty. Norma got in first, then Leonard and Captain Burnaby, while Sydney, as he sat down on the thwart, insisted on handling a pair of sculls.

'All aboard!' cried Captain Burnaby.

The boatman untied the painter, Mrs. Burnaby made them each renew the promise to keep their flag and lamp signals visible—and off they went.

'Good luck to ye!' shouted the boatman, and Mrs. Burnaby called 'Goodbye' and waved her handkerchief.

Every minute their view of the Nab became clearer as they approached it, and Sydney soon regretted that his position as oarsman prevented him from seeing it so well as the others.

'Ship your sculls, then, Sydney,' said Captain Burnaby. 'We'll be there in a minute. I want to show you the Nab from all sides before you land on it.'

It was certainly an odd-looking place, and approaching it from the water was, as Leonard declared, rather like rowing out to a ship at anchor. Its sides were smooth cliffs of rock, nowhere less than four hundred

the water's level and rising here and there to a height of eight or ten feet.

'How do we get ashore?' asked Norma, as they rowed along, with the Nab on their left. 'Isn't there a gap in the cliffs?'

Captain Burnaby stopped rowing, resting with the blades of his sculls flat on the water. 'It is only practicable to land at two places, he answered. 'It would be almost impossible to climb those cliffs, even the lowest of them, from a boat. However, at the end of the Nab nearest to the hotel, but a little round the farther side from here, is a crack in the rock which you will be able to scale without much difficulty. The only other way to get on to the Nab is from the shore, by way of the ridge.'

Close to the foot of Wirdfell, the side of the Nab turned away sharply, so that if they had not been warned they would not have guessed that it was not completely an island. But then, looking ahead into the little bay between the shore and the shoreward side of the Nab, they saw the little ridge of which their father had spoken.

It was like a narrow pathway connecting the Nab with the shore—nowhere more than a foot wide, and only a few inches above the water; while here and there it was broken and the water flowed across a gap. But it justified Captain Burnaby's description of it as a way by which with a few jumps one could reach the shore.

'I don't see that that counts for much,' said Leonard; 'the Nab is as good as an island all right! No need to remember that the ridge is there at all.'

'No,' his father agreed, 'but all the same it is there in case of necessity. Now,' he added, 'if we go any nearer we shall be aground, for the water in this little bay is pretty shallow. I shall back water and take you round to the other side.'

As they passed the lakeward end of the island a minute or two later, Norma noticed a small gap in the cliff, reaching down to within an inch or two of the water. 'Is that where we land?' she cried, and the boys immediately suggested they should go ashore at once. 'We can explore the island when we are on it,' said Sydney, and when his father had pulled the boat close to the rock he grasped a projecting corner, pressed his toe into the bottom of the crack, and after a good deal of scrambling reached the top.

'Hurrah!' he cried. 'Now the fun begins. Come along, Norma,' and lying face downwards he stretched out a hand which she was just able to reach.

Leonard soon followed, and they would have started at once to look for the cave if Captain Burnaby had not insisted that the flag and the lamp must be fixed in position before anything else was done. A single tree grew about six yards from the edge of the island nearest the hotel and in a few minutes the flag and the lamp were tied to a projecting branch. When Captain Burnaby had rowed some distance away he declared himself satisfied, and, after wishing them the best of luck, pulled away from the island.

Waving handkerchiefs and calling, 'Good-bye,' they waited till he was out of earshot.

'Now,' declared Sydney, 'we can start exploring.' The greater part of the island was covered with grass, although there were also considerable patches of rock. The surface was uneven, rising immediately in front of them as they stood beneath the Signal Tree, and then falling gradually in the centre of the island into a cup-shaped dell. The ground was strewn with boulders and two other trees could be seen: one in the dell and the other to the right, farther away.

'The first thing,' declared Sydney, 'is to find the cave. We had better get into extended order and go forward. Norma can go along the cliff on the right, and you, Len, had better cut along to the left. I'll go through the centre. Whoever finds anything will sing out. Off you go!'

In the little dell there was less grass and considerably more rock. Sydney ran across this, finding it difficult sometimes to keep his foothold on loose stones and fragments of rock. Suddenly he stopped short, seeing directly in front of him a pit in the ground about six feet square and three or four feet deep below him, while on the farther side the ground was higher, so that the wall of the pit was there nearly seven feet high. In the bottom of this pit a trunk, two small wooden crates, a pile of tins, and a heap of tools. And then, in the higher wall on the other side, Sydney saw the mouth of the cave, a dark hole in the rock some five feet high and five feet wide.

'Coo-ee! coo-ee!' he called, and then he sprang down into the pit. Disregarding the stores outside, and without waiting for Leonard and Norma, he plunged at once on his hands and knees into the darkness of the cave. A moment later his fingers touched the rock in front.

'It's a precious small cave,' he exclaimed, as Leonard joined him. 'Seems to end here, and we'll have a job to squeeze in. Got a match? Where's Norma? I say, I do wish it was bigger. Jolly dark, too. Hullo, here's a hole.'

Raising his fingers against the rock as he talked, his right hand had suddenly fallen forward into space. Still kneeling, with a hand on the edge of the hole, he stretched forward the other as far as he could, without touching anything. Then he felt around the edge. Apparently the cave continued nearly as wide as at first, but with its floor a foot higher than that of the part nearer the entrance.

'I guess this is the second room, you know,' said Sydney. 'Father said the old hermit made part of it higher. Anyhow, we can soon make sure. Haven't you got a match, Len? I had two, but I can't find them now. I wish Norma would turn up. I say,' he added, half turning round, 'you might go and give her a call.'

But Leonard had already begun to climb into the further part of the cave, and a second later his heels disappeared from sight into the darkness.

'Steady, Len,' called his brother. 'Better wait for a light. Here, I've found a match.' And clambering over the edge he crept into the hole. The floor was uneven, and once when he tried to stand up he struck his head before he could straighten his back. He could see nothing, though he could hear Leonard's knees and toes scraping the rock only a few inches ahead. Striking the match against the rock floor, he held it forward. He could see then that Leonard was a little to his left, but even the match did not light the cave more then a couple of feet ahead.

Suddenly Leonard's heels went up in the air, and his body seemed to fall forward. Sydney dropped the match, and, clutching desperately in the sudden blackness, succeeded in grasping his brother by the ankle.

(*Continued on page* 26.)

"'Hurrah!' he cried. 'Now the fun begins.'"

"'There's some one else on the island! I've seen him!'"

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb.
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 23.)

'IT'S all right,' came Leonard's voice out of the darkness, followed by a series of echoes as the noise was cast back uncannily from the sides of the cave.

'Are you all right?' demanded Sydney.

'Shall be if you let go of my leg,' came the answer. 'Get back a bit, and let's get outside. It's jolly weird. What's all this row?'

'Only echoes,' explained Sydney. 'Bound to be in a cave. What happened?'

'Oh, let's get outside,' repeated his brother. 'There's some one else in there. I saw him.'

'Saw whom?' demanded Sydney, but Leonard refused to answer till they were again in the open air.

'I just fell,' he explained at last. 'The floor of the cave suddenly went steeply down hill, and I started to go too. Then you grabbed my foot and hung me up. The floor sloped down, and a bit of light got in from somewhere, because I saw water—not much, you know, but just a little pool. And then I saw a face. 'Nonsense,' said Sydney. 'Yes, I did,' persisted Leonard. 'It was horrible, all eyes and a great big nose. And then you spoke and all those noises came. Beastly place. I say, but it *was* a face. I wonder who it can be?'

'Shadows, probably,' suggested Sydney, who believed in being practical. 'Not likely to be anybody here.'

'There was, though,' answered Leonard, indignantly. 'A beastly face. Let's keep together, anyway. We'd better look for Norma—no place for a girl, with that fellow around.'

From the outside of the cave they clambered out of the pit, and hurried across the island, slipping on loose stones, and barking their shins against boulders. But before they had gone a dozen yards they met Norma running to meet them wide-eyed and startled.

'Oh,' she cried, 'there's some one else on the island! I've seen him!'

'So have I,' declared Leonard. 'Sydney won't believe it. An awful-looking brute. It was right at the end of the cave——.'

'Where were you, Norma?' interrupted Sydney.

'Just down there,' she answered, pointing behind her. 'I heard you call, and then immediately afterwards I found the spring Father told us of, with the water running out of a hole in the rock. I tried to see where it came from, but it was all dark. Then there was a flash of light for a second, and I saw a man. He was lying down, I think, and he made a nasty face at me. Then it all went dark again, and I ran up here to find you.'

'Well,' said Sydney, 'we can't carry on here until we've found out who it is. 'It's all right, Norma; we'll look after you, but you most show us where you saw him.'

Norma led the way into a small, deep hollow in the ground, where at one side a trickle of water poured out of a crack in the rock, and found its way across to a crevice on the opposite side. 'I looked in there,' she said. 'Oh, Sydney, don't look. It's horrible.'

But Sydney was already on his knees trying to see through the hole. 'Nothing doing! It's all dark,' he said. Putting his mouth close to the hole, 'Who's there?' he called; but only a faint echo answered him.

Yet when he stepped back to the others he was smiling. 'Look here, Len,' he said 'you go back to the mouth of the cave, shin up the rock till you are standing over the cave, face the way the cave goes, and then stand up and call to us.'

Leonard did so, and appeared facing directly towards them.

'Splendid,' cried Sydney. 'Now come six paces forward.'

This brought Leonard to the top of the hollow directly above their heads, and Sydney sent up a shout of laughter. 'You splendid adventurers!' he cried. 'Do you know what you've done? You've been looking at each other. Yes, Len saw you, Norma, "all eyes and *such* a nose," and you saw his "nasty face." What a lark!'

'But,' cried Norma, 'it wasn't Len.'

'Do you think I don't know Norma by sight?' demanded Leonard. 'I tell you it *had* got a big nose!'

'Shadows,' laughed Sydney. 'I told you it was all nonsense. Look here, Norma, he and I were in the cave which ends just on the other side of this rock. He was in front. Then I struck a match, and by the flash of its light you saw him through the hole. And he saw you, with your face all mixed up with shadows from bits of rock. Of course you looked a bit out of shape, you know. But you ought to have twigged it. I'll rag you for ever about this.'

'Oh, shut up!' cried Leonard, beginning to be convinced against his will. 'If you'd been hung up by one leg upside down in a dark cave you would have seen worse things than that.'

But Sydney continued to chaff them, and the incident was not forgotten until Leonard changed the subject by suggesting dinner.

'You've got to cook, Norma,' cried Sydney. 'What can you give us?'

Leonard started to sort out the pile of tins, but Norma insisted on being quartermaster as well as cook. Rapidly she arranged the tins into several heaps, one—as she explained—for meat and fish, one for fruit and vegetables, one for soup, another for bread, and so on.

'There's plenty of choice,' she said. 'There's tongue, brawn, pressed beef, sardines, herrings; peaches, pears, apricots, dried peas; ever so many soups; sherbet——'

'I vote for tomato soup and tongue and peaches,' said Sydney. 'And see if you can turn out the ginger-beer. If you can't we had better have sherbet. But I expect the pop is in that case—we'll get it open after lunch.'

A pile of stores close to the tins contained pans of all sorts for cooking, a bundle of knives, forks, and spoons, metal plates and mugs, and a good selection of tools. Sydney took the axe and started to cut off a lower branch of the tree for firewood; but realising the impossibility of its being sufficiently dry, he eventually turned his attention to the lid of the packing-case instead.

By the time the fire was burning, Norma called to them to produce pen-knives and open tins. Then they sat down at the mouth of the cave for their first meal on the island.

'Wish it wasn't so jolly dark in the cave,' said Sydney. 'How many lamps have we got?'

'Three,' answered Leonard, who was nearest to the stores. 'Couldn't we make some wooden stands out of the packing-case wood, so that the lamps could be up near the roof and give a better light?'

'Rather,' said Sydney; 'and didn't you say that there was water where the floor slopes down at the back of the cave? That must be the spring: it must come up inside the cave and then trickle through the hole that you looked through and so out to the place where Norma saw it. Might be jolly useful, that, you know; we could get the water without going outside the cave.

'Anyhow,' he continued, 'the first thing is to get the lamps alight and decide about the cave: who is going to sleep where, you know, and all about the spring and everything. Then we can sort out all these stores and stack them somewhere, and sometime to-day we ought to finish exploring the island, so that we know our way about.'

It did not take long to light the lamps, which had glass sides protected with wire. One they placed on the edge of the higher floor, and then Sydney crawled forward with another to the back of the cave.

'Pass along the third lamp,' he called, and when Norma and Leonard joined him, they saw that right at the back of the cave the floor sloped suddenly and steeply downward, as Leonard had said, and that in the sharp angle between it and the back wall was a little pool of water, bubbling up from a spring and trickling out to the right through the small hole in the rock.

'Won't do to roll down here in the night,' said Sydney. 'Couldn't we fix up some sort of barricade at the top of the slope?'

Norma protested that there wasn't enough wood, but Sydney insisted that the sides of the largest crate would just fit across the cave, and half an hour later, when the packing-cases had been taken to pieces, they found that after a couple of inches had been sawn off the ends, the two planks could be tightly jammed into position across the back, making a barrier a foot high at the top of the slope, and leaving plenty of space above for them to climb over when they went to fetch the water.

Then it was arranged that Norma should sleep on the higher floor, while the boys had the outer part of the cave. One of the crates had contained sleeping-bags and blankets, and these, with a trunk full of spare clothes, were carried into the cave. There were two tarpaulins and these were spread out, one over each floor. One packing-case, which still remained intact except for its lid, was left outside as a storeroom, and Norma started to arrange the food and mineral waters, plates, cups, and dishes as neatly as she could. The tools were sorted into two piles and stacked in the pit at either side of the cave's entrance.

(*Continued on page* 38.)

THE LOST WINDOWS.

Founded on Fact.

WHEN the troopers of the Commonwealth rode to Ashbury, the great grey Norman church, which stands dominating the rolling cornfields, and the gently rising hills of the Cheshire plains, they stabled their horses in the aisles—as the iron rings in the pillars bear witness to this day—and they broke down the statues of the saints from their niches in porch and screen, but they did not touch the church's gold and silver, nor the beautiful old stained glass in the windows, because the villagers had got wind of the soldiers' coming long before, and they had taken these treasures and hidden them in a place so secret that no one, either friend or foe, could ever find them again.

* * * *

Many years after, workmen were pulling down the old, half-timbered, black-and-white house where Ralph Pierpoint, the sexton, used to live. Pierpoints had been buried in Ashbury churchyard since the days of the Plantagenets. A Pierpoint had served the church as sexton for nearly three hundred years, the office passing from father to son. They had always lived in the same house—rich in colouring, picturesque outside; dark, airless within, a death-trap. One after the other, the present generation of Pierpoints had died of consumption, and the old house was condemned.

The last of the race left surviving, a boy of fifteen, stood gazing with an eager intentness at the workmen busy with their task, when Squire Moreton and his young son Philip came down the road, and paused. The sight touched the Squire's heart, and he spoke with feeling. 'Why do you linger here, lad? It is but a dreary sight for you, seeing your old home destroyed.'

'Well, sir, the old house has been the death of us all, so the doctor says,' Roger Pierpoint replied. 'And even if it were not so, I should not grudge seeing it go down if the church treasures could be found beneath. It is a very likely spot to look. We have found secret recesses and passages in the thickness of the walls and more than one hidden cupboard in the thatch.'

'The ruling passion!' Philip muttered beneath his breath, and a smile passed between him and the workmen. Roger's craze to discover the lost treasure was known to all, and a joke in the village. Never was there a drain or a ditch to be dug, foundations to be laid, or ruins to be pulled down, but Roger was there, questing for the treasure, now in secret and alone, now with a few half-believing young companions, of whose party Philip himself had made one at times, and had only gained a back-ache for his pains.

'Well, it would be a very fitting thing if the last Pierpoint could discover the church's treasures,' said the Squire, good-naturedly. 'And there are two chances, are there not? The silver was buried separately from the glass, does not tradition say? Which of the two would you prefer to find, my boy?'

'Oh, sir, the stained glass!' exclaimed Roger.

'But why?' asked the other.

'Our church needs colour,' said the boy. 'The light strikes bleak and cold on the Crusaders' tombs from the long lancet windows. Ashbury windows used to be the wonder of the countryside, so the old books declare, and it is not new stained glass they are wanting now, but the old. I often close my eyes in church, and think I see them shining with the quaint Scripture figures, and the ancient armorial bearings, all rose-red, purple, and gold.'

He ceased, his burning black eyes—the eyes of an enthusiast, deep-set in a thin, delicate face—fixed full on the elder man.

But it was not of church or treasure that the Squire spoke when he took the word again. 'They tell me you are to make your home with a cousin in Manchester

now your father is dead,' said he. 'I should have thought that country air would have been better for your health. Would you like to live on in Ashbury?'

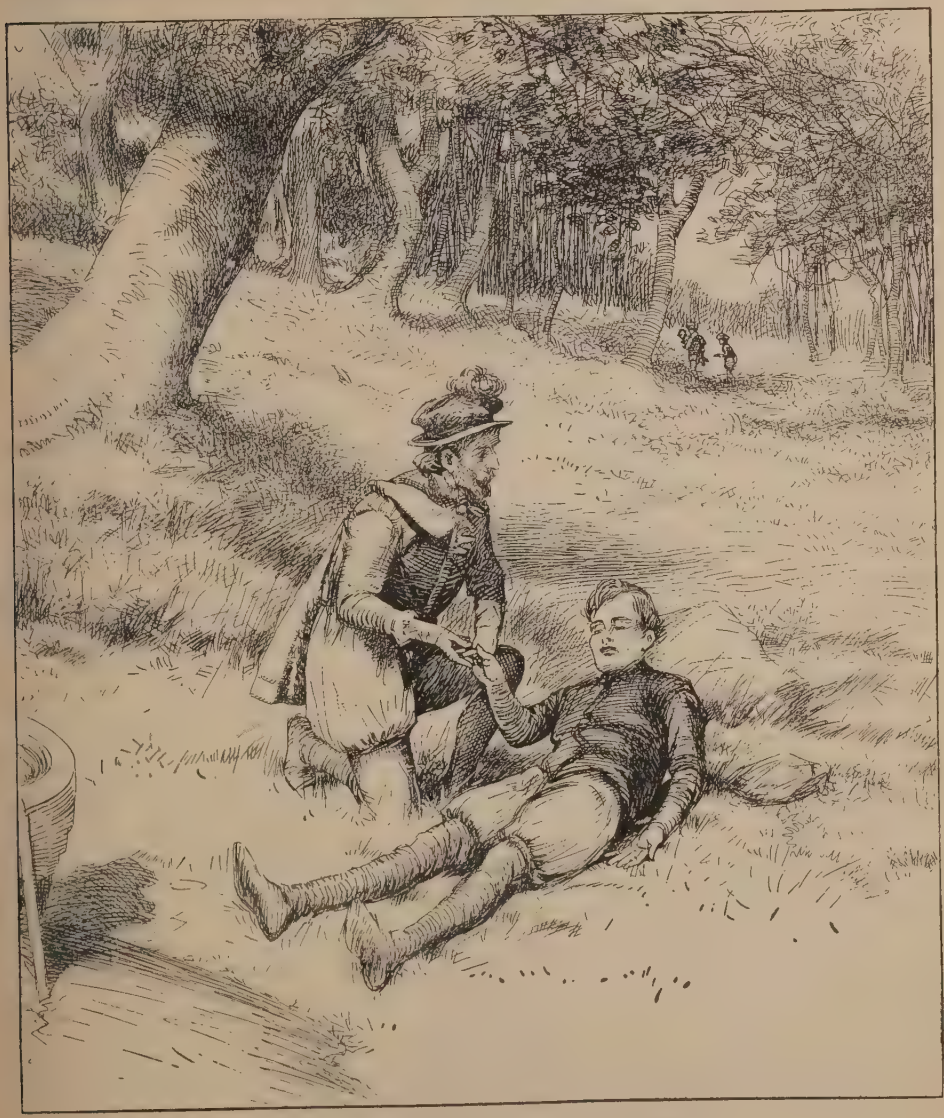
'If only I could,' the boy replied, in heartfelt tones.

The Squire stood thinking it over, and aloud: 'A very apt boy with the books, so the schoolmaster tells me, but open-air work is the life for him just now, as the doctor would bear me out. How would it be if you were to come and live at the Hall—the turret-room in the stable wing, with the window taken out? You could help the gardener in the summer, the keeper in winter.'

Yes, there was nothing Roger would like better.

"Philip over-reached himself and fell in."

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY



"'Philip is alive—you saved him,' said the Squire."

Even if there had been, Squire Moreton, high-handed, hot-tempered, warm-hearted, was not one to be denied.

* * * *

Two years passed by; Roger the orphan grew big and strong in his outdoor life. His figure filled out, his face took on warm tints of red and brown. And he was not debarred from his natural tastes either; he sang in the choir, he had the run of the library in the Hall on Saturdays and Sundays.

It was summer, and Philip Moreton was home from

school. He had brought a friend to spend the holidays, a boy as lively as himself. The two were boating with Roger on Deadman's Mere, trolling for pike in the still dark waters of the lonely lake amongst the woods, when the accident happened. Philip overreached himself whilst gaffing a heavy fish, and fell in. Strong little swimmer as he was—he had taught Roger all he knew—he had heavy wading-boots on, and he sank like a stone. The horrible seconds went by, and he never rose to the surface.

'The mere's all mud at the bottom—he's stuck in it!' cried Roger, tearing off his boots. He dived, and came up gasping, but with his wits about him. The moment for action had swooped down on the dreamer, but he rose to it.

'Take the punt-pole,' said he to the other boy, 'and hold me down till I grip him.'

Once more he plunged, sinking down through the inky depths, the long pole following, forcing him on. His hands touched the bottom and found it unexpectedly hard—there was foothold.

He crawled forward; in a moment his hand was sunk in deep mire, and there was a strangle-hold of drowning arms about his neck. Roger drew back; with both knees braced against the hard object which gave him foothold, he pulled and strove.

For hours the hideous struggle in the choking dark seemed to go on, though it really lasted only a few seconds; then, all at once, something yielded with a sucking noise. There was the ringing of a bell in his ears, the rushing of water, and the darkness gave way to a soft glory of rainbow-coloured light.

It was all a mistake about Deadman's Mere. It was the kindly church bells he heard chiming in his head, and he himself stood in Ashbury Church, looking through the lost stained-glass windows on an unknown country, which was barred somehow to him by gates. Majestically they were opening for him to enter, when his name was called loudly, insistently, by a voice that had to be obeyed, the voice of the master who had played a father's part to him. With dim regret Roger saw the gates closing, and night swirling down on him again; darkness followed, and suffering, and battling for breath.

The struggle back to life eased down at last, and Roger opened his eyes to see the sun. He was lying on the banks of Deadman's Mere, and the Squire was kneeling by his side. Roger's large black eyes rolled round, seeking the answer to the question he dared not ask.

'Philip is alive—you saved him,' said the Squire. 'We were in the woods hard by, and heard cries for help, and came just in time as the two of you rose to the surface.

'Where is he?' whispered Roger.

'The keeper is taking him back to the Hall. He came to more quickly than you did,' answered the other, 'but he would not go till you breathed properly again. You had a hard fight back to life, my boy; but I shall never forget it of you, never,' he added with emotion. 'He was fast in the mire, and you plucked him out of it.'

'I got a foothold at the bottom of the mere, and I dragged him on it,' said Roger. 'Two years ago I could not have done so; it was the strength that you have given me.'

'Well, you have given me back my only son,' the Squire returned. 'You can ask what you like of me.'

'Well, please drain the mere!' said Roger, raising himself on one elbow, a spot of red showing on either cheek, 'for the church's lost treasure is at the bottom of it. Didn't I see the lost windows shining at me all glorious through the gloomy water?'

'Why, boy, you are light-headed!' the other exclaimed.

'No, no!' said Roger, in cooler, more collected tones. 'The lost windows might have—must have been a vision, but the thing which gave me a foothold in the mud was the coffin, sure enough.'

'What coffin?' asked the Squire.

'The coffin in which the stained glass was hidden,' the boy replied. 'No harm in telling the secret now, passed down from one Pierpoint to another since the days of Cromwell. It was kept quiet at first for fear of the Puritans, and afterwards in the hope that it would give our family the better chance of discovering the treasure, for nobody but the Pierpoints knew that the church glass was buried in one great coffin and the church silver in another. My ancestor made the coffins; three other men hid them, and were killed at Naseby, the secret of the hiding-place perishing with them—till now. For what gave me foothold in the mere was one of those very coffins,' he repeated, stubbornly. 'As I think you will find!'

* * * *

Squire Moreton had Deadman's Mere drained. It took a good deal of time, and cost some money. But he counted it a small thing to do for the boy who had saved his son.

Roger's instinct was not at fault. When the waters had oozed slowly away, on the spot designated by him the bulk of a vast coffin appeared, saved from sinking in the mud by a flange of outlying rock and the trunk of a submerged tree. Inside the coffin, safe and undamaged—our forefathers knew their work—was the old stained glass which now glows with all its ancient fires in the windows of Ashbury Church.

As for the second coffin, containing the gold and silver, it must have been hidden in such another secret place, for it has never been found to this day.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hodart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 19.)

THE house beyond was in darkness, and Louisa was able to creep close until she could touch the outer wall. For a yard or two she felt her way; then, suddenly, she paused. Some one was ahead of her, more than one person.

Holding her breath Louisa stood, straining her ears to listen. She could catch the faint shuffle of feet on gravel; she thought she could outline the figures of two men. They were whispering together, and now a word or two reached her. Another yard gained, and she could hear more plainly. The whisperers had not guessed at her presence, she was sure. Indeed, she stood so close to the house, she was almost part of it.

'To-night—revenge!' Louisa repeated. 'That's what they said. I *must* find out what they are planning.'

Who could the whisperers be? Who, beside herself,

was Mrs. Barrington's enemy, and why? Almost immediately both questions were answered.

'The Judge Sahib would not listen to the tale I had prepared so carefully,' the man nearest to her whispered. 'He said I lied when he gave judgment against me this morning. Moreover, he threatened me with punishment if, again, I departed from the truth.'

'And me, also,' the other man echoed. 'In the eyes of all men our faces are blackened. They will laugh in the village at thee, Santoo, and me, Mangli. The women and the children will jeer.'

So the quarrel was with Mr. Barrington, and not with his wife. Both, apparently, could be equally insulting. But, nevertheless, there was something about the whispering men Louisa did not like. She found it easy to believe they would lie on any occasion. The dislike was purely instinctive, since both were strangers to her.

'The Judge Sahib must be taught a lesson,' Santoo argued. 'Has he not given a weapon into the hands of our enemies? And now, above all, when it is necessary that we should be held in great esteem.'

'In truth, yes,' Mangli agreed. 'And for that same reason must our revenge be very secret, or else unavenged we must remain.'

'Of that, too, I have taken account,' Santoo assured him. This will we do. We will set fire to the house to-night. See, I have planned it all. 'Twill be thought the curse has been fulfilled at last; that through some accident the fire started.'

'Perchance,' said Mangli. He was not quite satisfied it seemed. 'Perchance the people of the town may say it was the curse. But what of the Judge Sahib? What will he think? We know he is no fool, nor easy to deceive.'

'If there be no proof against us, what does it matter? And proof there shall be none. Be at peace.'

'But the watchman?' Mangli persisted. 'He whose duty it is to guard the house at night. How shall we avoid him? He may be very zealous. The Judge Sahib would not keep a servant who was idle.'

'I have spoken with the watchmen already. "Thou hast a hard master," I said to him. "I have heard that no rest is permitted thee. Drink, friend, from this bottle of mine, and forget thy troubles for a little while." We drank, and chatted together very pleasantly. He is of our caste. And, when I left him, I left the bottle behind me; it was already half empty. I think he will sleep sound to-night; or such watching as he does will be done with half-shut eyes.'

'And we?'

'We shall creep close to the house when we are sure the way is clear, and into the thatch we will thrust a glowing coal. We will carry it in an earthern pot, its light safely shaded.'

'And afterwards?'

'Before the thatch has blazed we shall be hidden, having first chosen a hiding-place. Later, we will mingle with the crowd and watch the house burn. We will be very zealous; we will proffer our aid. We will talk mournfully of the legend. We will lament loudly that such misfortune should overtake one so great. Would that he might burn with his house,' ended Santoo, vindictively.

'The Judge Sahib is not of those who are easily snared,' said the gloomy Mangli. 'Moreover, from such a house it is very easy to escape. He, or the Mem Sahib, will surely wake in time. But, on the whole, thine is a good plan. I am hungry now. Let us go eat, that we may be ready for the work that lies before us.'

Shuffle—shuffle—Louisa listened as the two crept away. They had grown less cautious as they talked, sure, apparently, that no one listened. Louisa waited till all was quiet; then back to her observation-post, opposite the drawing-room, she crept. Mr. and Mrs. Barrington had not moved in the interval; she considered them anew.

How little they guessed with what they were threatened. How little they dreamt of what the night would hold, that all they possessed would soon be destroyed. Louisa had seen more than one thatched bungalow burn; the end had always been the same. It had come very quickly, for the flames were invariably so fierce it was impossible to cope with them. Of the contents of these bungalows practically nothing had been saved, though in every case the occupants had escaped unhurt. As Mangli had said, it was not likely Mr. and Mrs. Barrington would be injured; but she dared not leave their fate to chance, of that she was already uneasily aware. Louisa frowned and wriggled impatiently.

'It's *too* bad,' she said. 'Just when I wanted to be revenged. I wish I hadn't heard those men talking; then I shouldn't have known. No, I don't. They were worse than Mrs. Barrington. Besides——'

She could not ally herself with another race against her own people. Mr. Lumsdale, she was certain, would not count such conduct to her credit. She looked again at the two in the drawing-room. Mrs. Barrington was laying down her book. Louisa was near enough to hear her speak.

'It's almost bed-time,' she said. And Mr. Barrington answered, 'I've had a tiring day. I'm half asleep already.'

She must warn them, and warn them quickly; but could she make nothing of the warning? In any way turn it to her own use? Suddenly Louisa smiled, and back to her own house she sped. Watched by Kadru, a-quiver with curiosity, she began to print large letters on a slip of paper.

'What is that, Miss Sahib?' Kadru questioned. 'What do you write?'

'A warning,' said Louisa mysteriously. She had not time to tell Kadru of all that had occurred. Besides she was still displeased with her follower; not yet would she restore her to confidence. 'Beware,' Louisa read aloud. 'To-night you will perish in flames. One you have wronged.' She blotted the piece of paper.

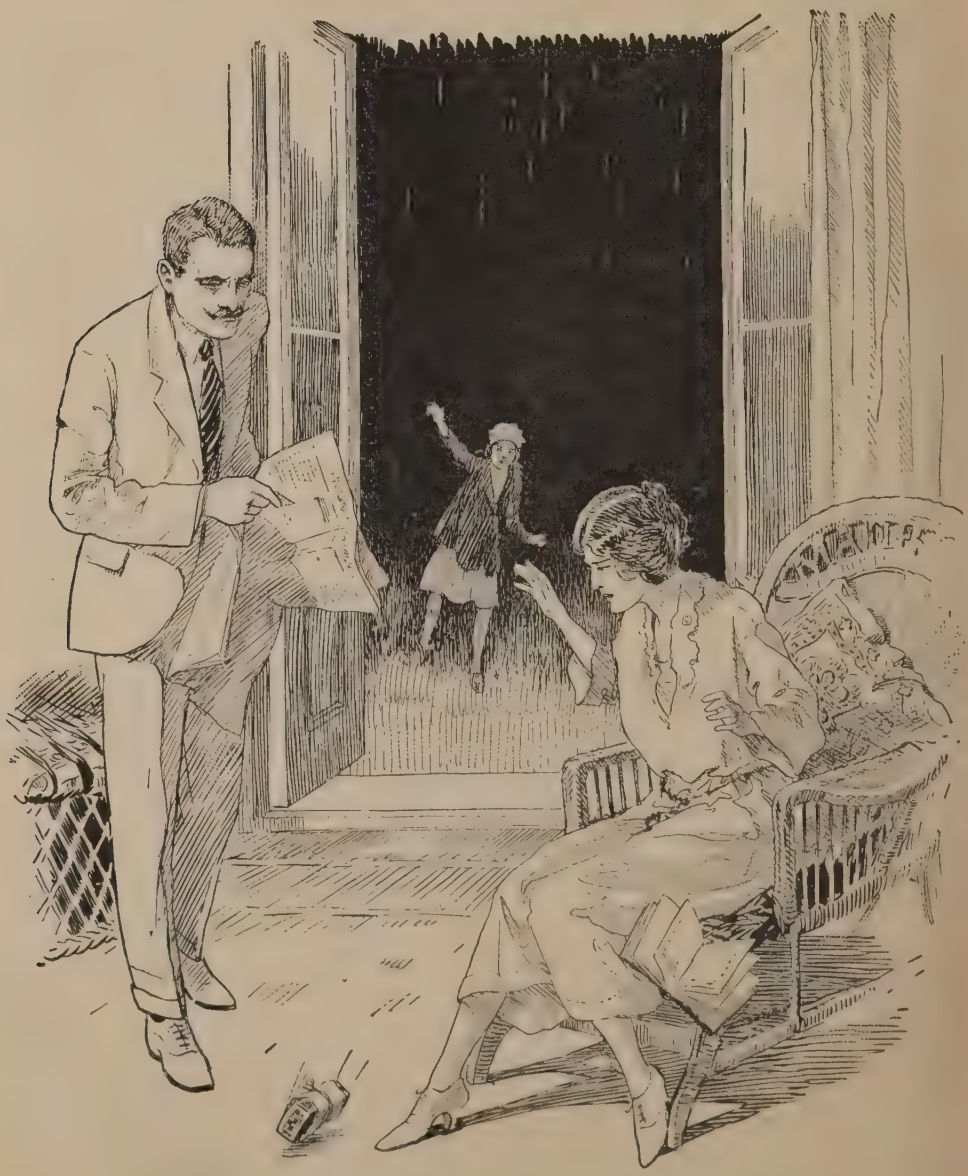
'That will do,' she decided. 'It ought to have been printed in blood, but there isn't time. It would take such a lot of blood and it comes so slowly when you prick.'

She caught up a small but heavy silver box from her dressing-table, tied the paper firmly round it with a bit of tape, and back she ran again. Mr. and Mrs. Barrington were still sitting in the drawing-room. Louisa weighed the box in her hand.

Plop! She had thrown it, and it had fallen just between them. It was most satisfactory. Mr. Barrington jumped and so did Mrs. Barrington. Something, Louisa thought it was the lamp-chimney, cracked.

Louisa smiled again. '*That's* all right,' she said. 'That's a revenge of kinds. It's better than nothing, anyway.'

(*Continued on page* 34.)



"Plop! She had thrown it, and it had fallen just between them."

"Rescuing what they could from the flames"

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 31.)

CHAPTER IV.

PLEASANTLY excited, Louisa returned to her home. So many adventures had come her way in the past, that one more or less did not affect her greatly. One glance into her father's room assured her that he was happily employed. He did not hear her come nor go. But Kadru was waiting, expectant, in Louisa's bedroom. The moment to forgive her had come. Unfortunately, she was not as much impressed by the recital as Louisa could have wished.

'If you had told the whole tale to the Judge Sahib,' Kadru argued, 'he would have set an ambush for the men and caught them, and to you would have been great honour and glory. Now, doubtless, so close a watch will be kept that they will be afraid to venture near.'

That possibly Kadru was right Louisa was forced to admit. It was annoying. She had begun to picture Mrs. Barrington arriving on the following day, humbly grateful, having guessed of course, with the aid of an uneasy conscience, from whom the warning had come. Louisa herself would be haughty, but would gradually unbend. She had even planned she would have the sitting-room swept for the occasion. But, if her warning were considered a piece of mischief merely, if Santoo and Mangli were not forthcoming, Mrs. Barrington might descend on her in a very different mood; and it would be difficult for Louisa to prove that she had acted in good faith.

But Louisa did not hold with meeting troubles halfway. Kadru brought her her supper, and she went peacefully to bed to enjoy a well-earned rest. Kadru, when she too had supped in the little verandah that opened off Louisa's room, spread her wadded quilts at the foot of the bed and there lay down. Thus every night she slept on guard; that there was nothing to guard against did not matter to Kadru. Who could tell what might not happen? She was ready for any emergency.

It was Louisa who stirred first, however, vaguely aware of something unusual. Generally she slept without moving from bed-time to dawn, and was then wide awake on the instant; now, drowsily, she grew aware that dawn had come apparently in the middle of the night. No birds were chirping; it could not be the true dawn. A moment, and she was leaning over Kadru, to shake her vigorously. The light with which the room was filled was far too red for that of the rising sun.

'Kadru, Kadru!' Louisa called urgently. 'The Judge Sahib's bungalow is on fire, after all. Look! look! Listen to the noise! Oh, hurry! Wake, wake!' She sprang out of bed as she spoke, and Kadru sat up, blinking.

A moment, and she had grasped the situation. 'Put on the clothes that are like mine, Miss Sahib,' she urged. There will be Indian women and children in plenty watching, but not at this hour many white folk. 'Twere better to go disguised.'

Louisa nodded. This was certainly not the moment to claim recognition from Mrs. Barrington, who evidently had disregarded the warning. No doubt she regretted the fact deeply, but while her house was burning would be able to think of little else. Louisa would go as a spectator merely, keeping modestly in the background.

It was a huge fire; sky-high, it seemed; the bungalow was blazing. As a fire there had to be, it was nice it was a big one, Louisa thought. Both she and Kadru were somewhat afraid there would be nothing left to burn when they arrived. But they did not waste much time in preparation; within five minutes of Louisa's wakening they were through the hedge and in the Barrington compound.

It was almost as light as day. They could see that all around the bungalow, at a safe distance from the fire, was an eager, chattering crowd. From all the neighbouring compounds, men, women, and children had flocked to the spectacle. Half-a-dozen native policemen were keeping order, after a fashion. Some of the Barringtons' servants, headed by their master, were rescuing what they could from the flames. On guard over a heap of furniture, china, and clothes in the middle of the lawn, stood Mrs. Barrington. She was behaving well, Louisa admitted. She was very calm, and called to a man with a pail of water to damp the roof of the pigeon-house, lest a stray spark should set it ablaze.

(*Continued on page 47.*)

'MOVING PICTURES.' *

VIOLET was thoroughly tired of pictures. I do not mean cinemas, but real ones—the sort that clever people call Old Masters.

The little girl had a new governess who wanted to do something which she called 'moulding Violet's artistic taste.' It meant that about three times a week they went to the National Gallery, or the Tate Gallery, or the Wallace Collection, or the South Kensington Museum, or wherever Miss Singleton could possibly find any pictures, and stood in front of the oldest and brownest, whilst the governess gave little lectures and talked about periods and styles and schools, and Violet tried very hard not to yawn *too* widely. And all the pictures that Violet liked, Miss Singleton made her hurry past and said they were Bad Art. So the little girl tried not to look at them at all.

It was a cold, foggy, ugly morning. They were going to the National Gallery to study the Umbrian School. Violet did not know what it was, but the pictures which they stopped to look at seemed to her duller and more uninteresting than ever that morning. Miss Singleton droned on and on, and at last Violet felt that she could bear it no longer.

She waited until her governess stopped in front of the ugliest picture of all, and began reading aloud from a dull little book, peering at the small print through her eye-glasses. Violet knew that Miss Singleton would not look round until she had got to the end, so she just slipped away, and ran as softly as she could across the polished floor into the next gallery.

There was no one there, except a curator in uniform asleep on a chair by the door. A blister on her heel was aching horribly badly, and she hobbled to the red velvet sofa in the middle of the room. But she could not stay

* Most of the characters in this story are to be seen in famous pictures at the National Gallery, London.

there—Miss Singleton would find her at once, and drag her away to another Umbrian. So Violet crawled right underneath the red velvet sofa.

It was very dusty and stuffy under there, but beautifully warm, because it was near the hot-water pipes. And it must have been the dustiness, or the stuffiness, or the warmness which made Violet go fast asleep. She slept so soundly that she never heard whether Miss Singleton called her or not. She seemed to sleep for hours and hours, and, when she woke up at last, the little girl could not imagine where she was.

At last she remembered, and crawled out from under the red velvet sofa. Miss Singleton had gone, and the curator by the door had gone, but, all the same, the big gallery was not empty. The place was quite light—a pretty soft yellow light, not the ugly, foggy one, and everywhere were children, boys and girls, and quite tiny babies who could barely toddle. They were running and dancing and laughing and playing games together and singing and whistling, as they slid upon the lovely slippery floor, which Violet had always thought was the very best part of the National Gallery. All of them were dressed in very funny clothes, and suddenly Violet decided that it must be a fancy-dress ball.

At that moment two little girls came running up to her, hand in hand, and stood still to stare, with very bright eyes. They were about Violet's age, and very pretty, but *so* queerly dressed! Their hair was all dragged back and screwed up on to the tops of their heads, and they wore long trailing dresses of satin, and muslin aprons, and grown-up-looking tight little bodies, with short sleeves and low necks.

'Who are you? And where do you live?' Violet asked at last, rather shyly, and both the little girls answered together, making little bobbing curtsies as they spoke.

'An't please you, Mistress, our names are Jane and Jemima, the daughters of Mr. Gainsborough, the painter. And we live *there*.'

Both of them pointed at once towards the wall of the gallery, and there Violet saw a big, faded gilt frame—empty.

She stared at the little girls in surprise. 'Do you mean you live in the *frame*?' she said. 'Are you just pictures?'

'Indeed, no, Mistress!' The little girl called Jane tossed her head. 'We are just as real as you. Oh, see, sister, there is the butterfly which Papa bid us try to catch in the garden!'

They ran away, still hand in hand, and, while Violet was still staring after them, she saw another quaint little couple approaching. It was a boy and girl this time, both with round, rosy faces, light brown hair, and very blue eyes. The little boy had yellow trousers buttoned up over his brown coat, a white ruff round his neck, and a very large black hat. His sister wore a white dress trimmed with green leaves, and bright yellow shoes.

'I am Master Frederick van Diest,' the boy said in a solemn voice. 'I can't play very nicely to-day, because they made me put on my best clothes for Mr. Hoppner to paint me. But I have my whip here. Shall we have a game at whip-the-top?'

'I am Miss Louisa van Diest,' the little girl said in the same grave voice; 'and this white dress is vastly tight and stiff under the arms. But I have my whip, too, so we will try to play.'

Violet felt that it would be rude to refuse, so she climbed down from the red velvet sofa, and watched whilst Master Frederick and Miss Louisa solemnly whipped a top. But the game came to an end rather suddenly when Master Frederick struck another boy on the leg by accident instead of hitting the top. This other boy was tall and beautifully dressed in velvet and silk, with a little velvet cap. But Violet was really frightened when he pulled out a shining sword, and spoke very fiercely.

'Dog of a Dutchman, I'll have your blood for that insult! Draw, and defend yourself!'

'I haven't got any sword—only a whip,' Master Frederick said, stolidly. 'And there is no need for you to be so vastly vexed.'

'I am furious! I am enraged! I will kill you!' the other boy cried, and Violet was just going to try to interfere when she heard another voice beside her.

'Doan't 'ee trooble, Mistress. Yoong Mester woan't do no harm. 'Tis naught boot his quick way. Eyetalian, he be—Rossi, Oi think he do be carled. There, he's smiling loike!—they'll be fine friends now. Here be moi sister and little broother—Mester Gainsborough, he did see us and drawed our pictures loike.'

Violet twisted round and saw that a very ragged, red-haired boy was standing near, carrying a bundle of sticks. A tall girl with black hair stood beside him, holding a very fair, pretty child, and all three were smiling pleasantly. Beside them stood a little fair-faced girl, with pale golden hair, who wore a blue dress and carried a large green apple. Her mouth was quivering and she seemed ready to cry.

'She's a Grooze, she is,' the ragged Gainsborough boy said. 'That's her sister—the tall mistress, wi' dark hair, and the pink and white veils all round it. They're always sad-loike, because we doan't understand their Frenchy talk. You speak to 'em, Mistress—they'd take it kind-loike.'

Violet wanted to be polite, but she could not remember any interesting French—only things about gardeners and pens and female cousins. So she just said, very shyly, to the little girl with the apple, 'Bonjour, Mademoiselle. Parlez-vous français?'

It seemed a very silly thing to say, but both the little Greuze girls were delighted. They laughed and nodded and said, over and over again, 'Oui, oui, oui!'

Then they ran up to Violet and clung to her arms, talking very quickly in French, although she could not understand one word. She was rather glad when a pathetic little voice said, 'Do come and talk to me. I'm *so* weary of being painted.'

On the edge of the red velvet sofa a small figure was sitting, dressed in a little white shirt, with bare feet. There was something rather mouse-like about the pointed face, the big eyes, and the soft brown hair.

'Please, are you a boy or a girl?' Violet asked, shyly.

'I really don't quite know,' the small figure said, 'Sir Joshua has painted me as both so often. I am just a Reynolds child. But I think I'm a girl most times—only I'm called different names. Once I was the "Age of Innocence" and another time "Robinetta" and "Musinella." And once I was "John the Baptist" and now I'm little "Samuel," and once I was just faces with wings. Sir Joshua likes painting pictures of me, and I love him—but I *do* get tired sometimes! I would like to run away from the studio and play with my little cousins and their big parrot!'

"Violet decided it must be a fancy-dress ball."

The little Reynolds child pointed to where three merry, brown-eyed children were tumbling about together on the ground. One of them was quite a tiny baby, and he was pulling the long tail of a great green and blue macaw. The macaw squeaked loudly, and from the other side of the gallery came an answering shriek. Violet turned to look, and saw a little girl holding a dark-grey parrot on her wrist. She wore a blue satin dress, although her feet were bare, and her fair hair was in little tight curls all over her head

"Dragging a wicked-looking goat behind her."

'My parrot doesn't like cherries,' she said, anxiously; 'but Sir Peter Lely *said* that I was to feed him with them. Many times he said that, when he came to paint me in the garden of Madame, my good mother.'

'My kid will eat anything!' called a laughing voice, as a pretty fair-haired child ran up, carrying an earthern pitcher in one hand, and dragging a wicked-looking goat behind her. Her feet were bare, and her ragged brown

dress was looped up over a red petticoat. 'Oh, he's such a wicked beast! He gobbled up the best brushes of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great artist, who painted our picture—aye, and a tube of blue paint, to boot!'

'You should not bring such wild creatures here!' It was a prim little girl who spoke, with a toss of her two long plaits of brown hair, which were tied up with blue ribbons. 'I have nothing for a pet except my dear, gentle little bird!'

'Proud Miss!' The child with the kid laughed, and the other little girl looked very stiff and offended, in her black and grey dress, with necklace and earrings of filigree silver.

Altogether, Violet did not like her, but she did *want* to make friends with a dear little girl, who was sitting quietly in a corner, all by herself. She had the loveliest red hair and a bright green dress, and her eyes were the biggest and the blackest you ever saw. There she sat, not talking to anybody, but eating bread-and-milk, like little Miss Muffet, out of a huge basin.

She smiled at Violet over a big spoonful, and the little girl jumped up to go to her. But just at that moment all the children joined hands and danced round in a ring.

'Come and play with us!' they called to Violet. 'We can play just as well as you! Don't call us dull any more—come to see us—come to talk to us! We *love* to see you, even if we can't always answer when you speak to us! All we pictures were children once—just like you—just like you!'

The little Gainsborough girls caught Violet by the hand, and she danced with them, faster and faster and faster. She had never had such a jolly, merry game in her life as that. Round and round they ran, and Violet had quite forgotten all about Miss Singleton, and the Umbrian School, and everything, when suddenly a wee baby crawled out almost from under her feet.

It was the most perfect darling you ever saw—so tiny that it could not walk at all, and it really seemed as though it ought to be in long clothes. Its dress *was* long—but instead of being white it was of green satin. The baby wore a big felt hat on its small head, and a white stiff ruff round its fat neck, and it had the dearest, sweetest face—at least, that is what Violet thought, because she simply adored babies.

And this one really seemed as though it would be trampled on. It was tumbling about in the most dangerous manner under the feet of the other children, and they took no notice, even when Violet tried to pull them out of the way.

'Oh, it will be hurt—the darling!' she cried, and fell on her knees to protect it.

All round the children whirled and danced, faster and faster, laughing and singing. Violet looked round and found that she was quite close to the red velvet sofa. Still holding the fat Vandyck baby in her arms she crept right under, and cuddled it up close.

'There—now we're quite safe, you precious pet of a thing!' she said, and the baby crowed and laughed and tried to pull her hair.

Outside the other children were still dancing and laughing and singing. 'Come again soon, Violet!' they cried. 'Come and see us soon, Violet!'

The children's voices seemed to get louder and older. They were still calling—'Violet—Violet ——!'

'Yes—I'm coming!' Violet cried, and began to scramble out from under the red velvet sofa. And as she did so, she saw that all the children had suddenly vanished. The baby had gone, too, and there was nobody in the gallery except the sleepy curator—and Miss Singleton.

Miss Singleton was standing by the sofa, and as Violet crawled out, she gave a cry of astonishment. 'Violet—you naughty child! Why did you crawl under there? Just look how dirty you are; and why didn't you answer when I called you?'

'I—I didn't hear,' Violet stammered, and Miss Singleton looked at her sharply.

'The fact is, you were asleep!' she said. 'You're hardly awake now.'

'I *am* awake. I *wasn't* asleep!' Violet began indignantly, but then she stopped. After all, it was no use trying to explain to Miss Singleton. You simply couldn't.

And Miss Singleton never understood why from that day Violet was always delighted to go to the National Gallery. She thought that she had formed her pupil's taste at last. She never knew that Violet went to search for and smile at all those new friends of hers, who had lived ever so many years ago.

And sometimes they seemed to smile back, as though they were quite pleased to see her. They will do just the same to you, if you go to the National Gallery and find those particular pictures, and stand in front of them a little while. For all those children and heaps more *live* in the Gallery—every one of them!

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 27.)

BY the time the cave was ready and the boys had cut rough standards on which to hang the lamps, one at the entrance, one on the edge of the higher floor, and one at the back, it was time for tea, and Norma lighted a fire at the top of the pit.

'Dinky little cave,' said Sydney as he came back from filling the kettle. 'You'll have just about enough room to lie down in, Norma.'

'And your feet will stick out into the pit, if you're not careful,' retorted Norma.

'I wonder which room the old Hermit used,' said Leonard, passing his cup to Norma for a second helping of tea. 'And if he cut the place out of the rock, why didn't he make it all on one level?'

'Expect he got tired of the job,' said Sydney. 'Pretty stiff work, you know, and I don't suppose he had anything special in the way of tools. Anyhow,' he added, 'let's go and get our bearings now and make sure of the lie of the land.'

They found that the island was more or less pear-shaped, the end facing the Lake being blunted and that towards the shore running into a point where it joined the ridge. It was about a hundred yards long, and sixty wide at the broadest part. The pit was a little to the left of the middle, as they faced the shore, and the cave ran underground more or less in the direction of Wirdfell. The dell, which they had first noticed, started halfway between the Signal Tree and the middle of the island, ending abruptly with the higher ground over the cave; and the shoreward half of the

island was altogether higher than the lakeward side, the top of the cliffs there averaging seven feet from the surface of the water.

'I tell you what,' said Sydney, when they had walked over the whole island, 'we ought to give names to the different parts. There's the Signal Tree, that's all right, and the Pit Tree, but the others ought to be called something. How about Lone Pine? Then there is the Dell, and our Pit and the Cave. And all this higher part might be called—well, I don't know—how about calling it the Mound?'

'Look here,' said Leonard, 'why shouldn't we settle it all properly? Fellows always do when they go exploring, and we can give all those names, and call the cave Burnaby Cave, you know, after ourselves. And then, Norma can draw a bit, so she might make a map, like travellers always do, and put in the trees and the cave, and all the names and everything.'

Norma was delighted with the idea, and she started at once, climbing the Pit Tree, a rather squat oak, to get the best bird's-eye view. By the time she had finished a rough drawing the sun had set, and the boys insisted on her coming down to prepare supper. They had pressed beef, and bottled peas, and biscuits and marmalade and ginger-beer, and by the time the meal was finished darkness had set in, so that Sydney suggested that they should get to bed so as to be up early on the morrow. 'Pity you can't swim, Norma,' he said. 'Leonard and I are going into the water before breakfast.'

'Don't forget the lamp,' cried Leonard suddenly. 'We don't want a boatload of people coming over from the hotel to see whether we are still alive, you know. And we'd better make sure it will burn all right and not get hidden by the leaves. Come on, Sydney, I'll lend you a hand.'

Sydney was confident that he could light the lamp without help, but Leonard insisted on coming, with the result that they argued for ten minutes as to whether they should move the lamp to a higher part of the tree. Eventually, however, they agreed to leave it in the spot chosen by Captain Burnaby, and then they made their way back to the cave, quickly undressed, and scrambled into their sleeping-bags.

CHAPTER III.

Norma found it difficult to sleep. First she lay with her feet towards the boys, but the low cave seemed stuffy, and soon she turned around. Lying there on her side she could see Sydney's feet near the entrance, and by the boys' regular breathing she knew they had already fallen asleep. It was a moonlight night, and for some time she watched the earthen floor of the pit with shadows of the oak-tree across it. But she could not feel comfortable, for a folded tarpaulin, a sleeping-bag, and two blankets beneath her did little to lessen the hardness of the rock. She tried one position after another, and finally got up to fold the top blanket three times under her, and then lay down again diagonally across the cave where a slight depression helped at least to make the ground seem smooth. Even then she was kept awake by the noise of the water trickling from the spring through the small hole out of the back of the cave. 'Trickle, trickle, splash!—trickle, trickle, splash!' it seemed to go hour after hour, so that it was long after midnight before the irritating sound became a monotonous lullaby and sent her to sleep.

She could not tell what awakened her, but some time later she sat up with a jerk, startled with the feeling that she was not in her pink-papered bedroom at the hotel. She put out a hand to the left, where she should have been able to touch a picture, but met nothing till her finger-tips reached the cold rock. Then she remembered the island and the cave, the spring, and its trickle of water. There it was still. 'Trickle, trickle, knock; splash, trickle, knock; trickle, splash, knock; trickle——'; but surely that was not how it had gone when she had lain awake before? It was dark now, and turning her head, she could not see the moonlight nor the boys' feet—everything was pitch black. But the noise? 'Trickle, trickle, knock.' That was not how it had gone! The knocking came regularly. Scrambling out of her sleeping-bag she crawled back to where the wooden barrier had been put up that afternoon. She was certain then that the knocking did not come from the water. She pressed her ear first to one wall and then to the other. On the left wall she could hear it clearly; it was as if some one was hammering regularly on the other side of the rock—like when the people next door at home put up pictures, she thought.

What could it be? Norma was certainly startled. Crawling carefully in the darkness she peered down to the lower floor of the cave. 'Sydney,' she whispered, breathlessly. 'I say, Sydney!' Her brother's regular breathing continued, and it was not until she let fall a corner of her blanket across his face that he sat up.

'Hullo! What are you doing here?' he demanded. 'Oh, I know,' he went on. 'But what's up?'

'I don't know,' Norma whispered, finding it impossible to speak aloud in the face of a mystery. 'There's a strange knocking. Through the wall. I can't make it out.'

Sydney was now wide awake, and he remembered the morning before. 'More shadows!' he said. 'Another man with horrible eyes, I suppose.'

'Oh, do be nice,' cried Norma. 'Sydney, there really is a noise—besides the falling water. Come and listen.'

Unwillingly, but with a feeling that as leader of the party he could hardly refuse, Sydney climbed up to Norma's part of the cave, rousing Leonard as he did so.

Norma led him to the wall, and showed him where to listen. 'Funny thing,' he cried a moment later. 'Sounds like knocking.'

'That's what I said,' answered his sister.

'Yes, but you say lots of things,' he declared. 'We'll have to look into this. Tell Len to light a lamp, and you get some clothes on.'

Ten minutes later they all stood outside the entrance of the cave. Sydney, holding the lamp in one hand, picked up the axe with the other as a suitable weapon, and Leonard, following suit, chose a heavy hammer from the pile of tools.

'Now,' exclaimed Sydney, 'we'd better keep together. The other side of the rock must be over there to the left. I'll go first, then Norma, and Len can bring up the rear. And keep your eyes open behind you, Len. If there really is any one else on this island, we had better see him before he sees us. Mind how you step, and don't make a row.'

(*Continued on page 42.*)

"'We'd better keep together,' exclaimed Sydney."

"He jumped excitedly to his feet."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 39.)

It was not easy in the darkness to avoid slipping on loose stones, for the light of the lamp gave little help, at any rate, to Norma and Leonard. The moon had now set, and the sky was overcast. The sound of ripples as the water of the lake moved with the wind and broke against the cliffs of the island was all that could be heard. The island seemed lonely, and very far from the rest of the world, and instinctively the three kept closer together, Norma reaching out to touch Sydney's coat, and Leonard, with a tight grip on his hammer, repeatedly turning to peer into the blackness behind and on either side.

After going a few paces, Sydney held up his hand for a halt, and set down the lamp. They listened carefully, but not a sound could be heard, nor, except for the long shadows of rocks in the low light of the lamp, could anything be seen.

'The sound must have come from just about here,' Sydney whispered. 'Let's put the lamp down behind this rock, and Len and I will crawl about and search. Keep within call, Len, and sing out sharply if you find anything. Norma, you had better stay here and see that the lamps keep alight.'

But Norma wanted neither to lose the adventure nor to be left alone, and when Leonard dropped on to his hands and knees and set off, peering cautiously round boulders and hurrying across the clearer spaces, she kept close at his heels.

The island at the spot where they had halted was smoother than elsewhere, and in moonlight they would have had little difficulty in seeing clearly for some distance. As it was, they pressed on, finding nothing, and in a very few minutes Sydney had lost touch with the others. Nor could he see the lamp. It was exciting to be crawling across the lonely island in pitch darkness, with the knowledge that behind any rock he might find some one who, he assumed, would not be too glad to see him, and he kept his weapon well to the fore. But in half an hour the search grew monotonous. He had covered most of the island without meeting his brother, and he began to wonder whether Leonard had given up the chase. Beyond knocking his head unpleasantly hard against a sharp rock, he had met no sort of adventure, and it was with relief that he suddenly came again into sight of the light of the lamp. He hoped that he would there find Leonard and Norma, and he meant to suggest abandoning the search, and going back to the cave. But when he reached the lamp and found Leonard stretched out at full length on the rock, apparently asleep, with Norma sitting beside him, he felt extremely indignant.

'You slackers!' he exclaimed. 'When did you knock off work? I've been hunting all over the place, and you go to sleep. You are a rotter, Len!'

But his brother did not reply, and Sydney leaned down to shake him into wakefulness. Leonard was lying half on his side and half on his face, with his head flat on the rock. Suddenly he sat up, causing Sydney to step quickly backwards. Leonard pointed towards the ground. His face was lit with excitement, and his eyes sparkled with triumph. Yet when he spoke it was in a whisper.

'I'm more awake than you,' he declared. 'While you've been wearing out your trouser knees I've done a bit of thinking. I soon found there wasn't any one close at hand, and then Norma and I came back to work it out. Always the best way to do things, you know.'

Sydney grunted. He believed in action and thought Leonard's craze for 'brain-waves,' as he called them, rather a waste of time.

'The end of our cave, where we heard the knocking,' continued Leonard, 'is only a little to the right of here. It is pretty certain that a noise like that wouldn't carry far through this rock, and for that matter the roof of the cave is pretty solid, so that the noise isn't likely to come from up here on the ground. If it doesn't come from here, it follows that it must come from inside the rock. So I lay down and listened. And you can hear it almost as clearly here as you could in the cave. Norma has heard it too.'

'Nonsense!' cried Sydney, 'it couldn't come from the middle of the rock.' But all the same he lowered his voice to a whisper and lay down to put his ear to the ground.

A second later he jumped excitedly to his feet. 'By George!' he cried, 'you *can* hear it there. Jolly funny thing, though.'

'Len says there must be another cave,' said Norma, 'only I don't see where the entrance could be.'

'Rather not,' said Sydney. 'I've crawled all over the island, you know, and I bet I should have found it if there had been anything of that sort.'

'Still,' Leonard insisted, 'there must be a cave if there's a man underground making that noise. Only it doesn't follow that the entrance is on the island. It might be somewhere on the shore, with a long tunnel under the water.'

'Or,' cried Norma, 'perhaps we have never really found the end of our cave.'

Sydney sat down on a rock to consider the problem. He felt that it was necessary to take command of the situation. All very well for Leonard to go on putting up theories, but they had got to make certain. You could prove anything by talking, or Leonard could, anyway, but the thing was, if there was really another cave they would have to get into it and discover who was there as soon as possible.

'Look here,' he said, 'if it is just an extension of our cave, the fellow who is making all that row, whoever he is, must have been there all day and all night. And he must be pretty deaf, if there's no rock between the two caves—I mean, if it's all one cave—or he would have heard us. He wasn't knocking in the daytime and we were making a fairly goodly row fixing those lights and the two planks across the back of the cave.

'Anyhow,' he continued, 'we've got to clear this up. We had better go back to the cave at once, light the lamps, and have a really thorough search to settle Norma's point first. If there is any kind of opening at the back of that cave, we'll find it. If there isn't we'll go ashore in the morning and tackle Leonard's idea about an underwater tunnel.'

The others readily agreed, and on reaching the mouth of the cave, they lit all the lamps. The back part of the cave was just large enough for all of them to crawl in at once, yet distinctly too small for them to move

about. Sydney, however, climbed over the boards and swung himself down to the level of the spring. The others then had plenty of room and they both examined every inch of walls, floor and roof, both with eyes and with fingers, until they were satisfied that there was not even the faintest crack.

Meanwhile, Sydney, standing with one foot in the little pool of the spring and the other insecurely on the slope down from the cave, explored the backmost walls. It was soon clear, however, that the small hole, about six inches long and three wide, through which the water trickled out into the Dell and through which Leonard and Norma had seen each other the previous day, was the only break in the rock. And this led to the right, while the noise had distinctly come from the left.

To make certain of this, Sydney put his ear once more to the left side of the cave. But he could now hear nothing. Everything was as still as though he was touching solid rock. He clambered back quickly to tell the others of this development.

'Norma!' he cried. But Norma, sitting down on her pile of blankets and leaning against the cave-wall, had fallen asleep. Looking at his watch, Sydney saw that it was a quarter to four in the morning, and he realised that they had been up for nearly five hours in the night.

'Jolly sleepy, myself,' he exclaimed, and Leonard readily agreed. By this time the sky had lightened and the few clouds overhead were tinted a delicate pink. The water of the lake was still and clear, reflecting the slopes of the mountain and even the pink of the clouds. But the boys were too weary to watch the sunrise, and, their energy having come to a sudden end, they roused Norma to persuade her to lie comfortably in the sleeping-bag and almost immediately fell asleep themselves.

(*Continued on page 54.*)

A NOVEL BURGLAR-ALARM.

HERE is a parrot story which will bear telling. A couple of burglars broke into a lonely mansion in the North-West Riding of Yorkshire. They had taken the precaution to poison the watch-dog, but they had reckoned without the parrot. The master of the house was an elderly bachelor and he made this parrot his constant companion, even carrying his cage upstairs with him when he went to bed.

The safe in which the burglars hoped to find valuables was downstairs, but the burglars sought the gentleman's bedroom for the purpose of decamping with his trousers, in the pockets of which they expected to find his keys. Quite unexpectedly the old man sat up in bed and made some kind of startled remark. 'Give him a crack,' said one of the ruffians, and his companion was just about to settle the old man when he heard a click, as of the cocking of a pistol. The next moment his ear was gripped as in a vice, and a voice echoed through the room: 'Go away, you bad man.'

The burglars were so frightened that they fled in alarm, but the click was caused by the parrot unfastening his cage door—a thing he had done daily for years—and the attack upon the burglar's ear came, of course, from the same source.

FLIGHT.

EARLY this morning, on the rose-clad eaves
That jut across my window, stood a wren;
She sought her breakfast 'mid the scented leaves,
Trilled out a sudden melody, and then—
Glancing above, below, to east and west—
As arrow shot from bow, sped to her nest.

Ah, mighty atom! What avails
Men's wealth of science (and machines!)?
'Tis wrens, with brown, tip-tilted tails,
Who understand what flying means.

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE INTRUDERS.

'THIS pond,' said Mother Goose, 'was made
That goslings might enjoy a wade,
And—when full-flowing to the brim—
Their mothers might enjoy a swim.'

She cackled loudly in alarm,
For new arrivals at the farm—
One duck, six ducklings, and a drake—
Were waddling towards the tiny lake.

'Tut-tut,' the waddlers quacked, 'tut-tut,
Those airs and that conceited strut
Will never bring you any good—
Be off with your offended brood.

This pond is big enough for all.'
Then straightway every yellow ball
Marched boldly to the water's edge,
Plunged in—and stood upon their heads.

THE LAST OF THE SAILING THREE-DECKERS.

THE stately old sailing-ships of the British Navy, as used in the days of those famous Admirals, Lord Nelson, Earl St. Vincent, Hood, Kempenfelt, and others, were replaced by steam-driven ironclads early in the reign of Queen Victoria.

Built of fine old British oak, they proved unsuitable for the more modern weapons of warfare, and their picturesque sails had to give place to the swifter moving power of steam. The last of these sailing three-deckers was named the *Queen*, in honour of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. Built by Sir J. Symonds, and launched at Portsmouth in 1839, she was a magnificent vessel, carrying one hundred and ten guns and a complement of about nine hundred men.

Her smartness was highly commended at the great Naval Review held at Spithead in March, 1842, and also at the later reviews in 1845 and 1853.

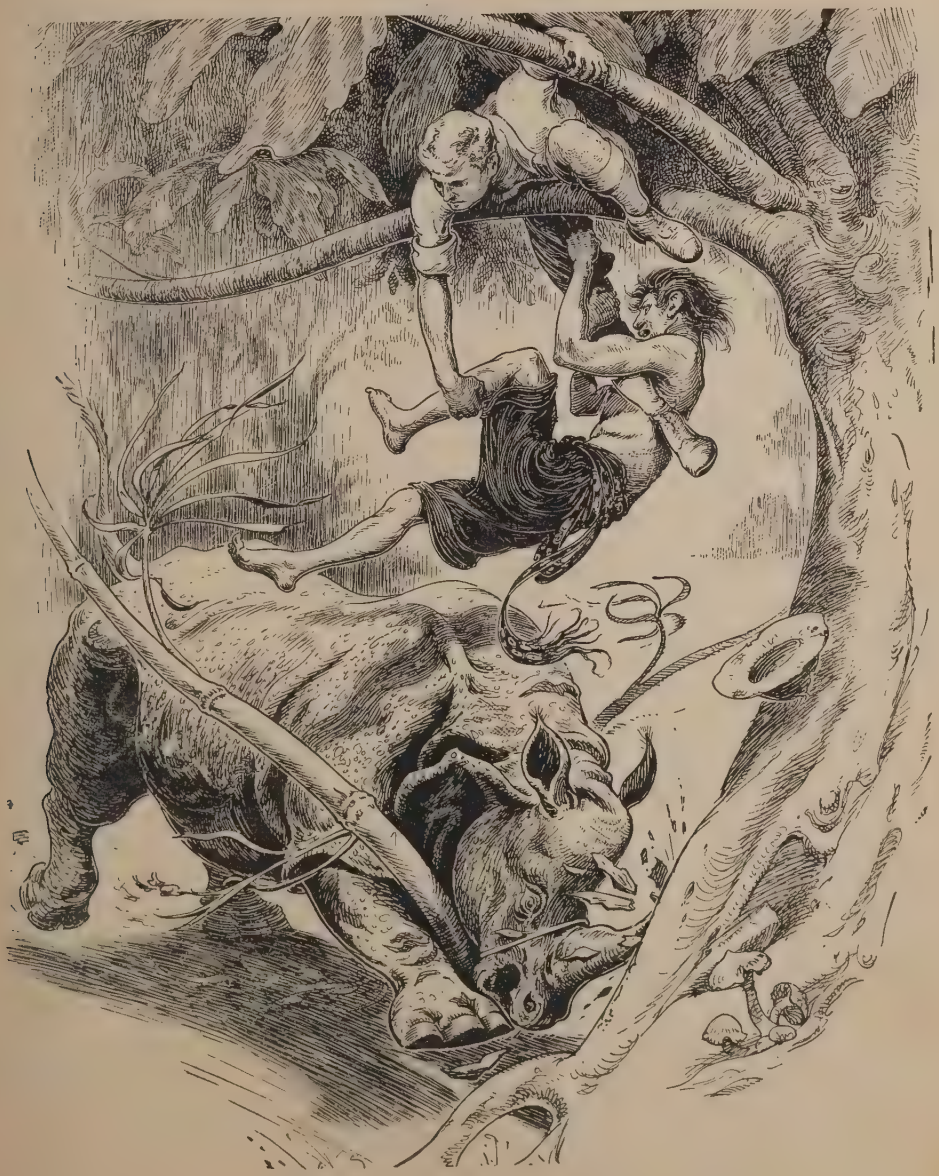
In the illustration she is shown in all the splendour of Review decoration, with her yards manned.

After much useful service, she met her fate in the great naval attack on the Russian sea-forts in 1854, when she had gone to the aid of the inshore squadron before Sebastopol. Her mighty timbers were set ablaze by the powerful shells hurled from the forts.

Her gallant action in this engagement was recognised by the Admiral in command signalling: 'Well done, *Queen!*'

A. C.

H.M.S. *Queen*—the last of the Sailing Three-deckers.



"With one desperate effort he leapt and just managed to grasp Roy's leg."

THE RHINO 'SEES RED.'

'LOOK here, Nabbi, couldn't you for once not wear those scarlet trousers of yours? You know they are a regular danger signal, and if we *do* come across any rhinos to-day, I shouldn't like to answer for the consequences.'

The speaker was Roy Shelton, a tall, fair boy of eighteen. He and a party of friends were camping in Siam and hunting big game. To-day was an off-day. They had pitched their camp in a clearing in a big forest late the night before. Their guides were resting, and Roy had arranged to take his servant Nabbi (short for a long and unpronounceable Siamese name) with him to look for water.

The camp was in a promising place, but so far no stream had been discoverable within easy distance of it, and, if their reconnoitring expedition proved unfruitful, it would necessitate another move before nightfall.

Nabbi looked rather forlornly at the offending garments. 'Me hunt good and often in them, Sahib. Me very fond of them. They quite new for daughter's marriage. Big *tomasha* (display). Me not afraid.'

'Oh, well, if that is the case,' said Roy, laughing, 'you can please yourself; but if we meet a rhino, and he "sees red," don't blame me, that's all!'

'Very good, Sahib.' And Nabbi went off to collect the day's food from the cook, with the air of one who had settled the matter quite satisfactorily.

* * * * *

After walking through thick undergrowth for an hour or so, they came to an open space, and decided to sit down and refresh themselves before going any further.

'Thank goodness we've got that bit over!' said Roy, mopping his brow. 'Whew! I feel quite exhausted!'

While he rested, Nabbi wandered a little way off, searching for water, but came back presently, saying there was none to be seen. However, he thought he could distinguish a track of some large animal on the ground and said that if they followed that, it might very likely lead them to a stream or pond of some sort.

'That's all very well,' said Roy; 'but, supposing it only leads us to this animal, or even a whole herd of them—what then?'

Nabbi shrugged his shoulders. 'Sahib want water. Nabbi help him find it—that's all.'

'Oh, well, we'd better risk it. But what animal do you suppose it is?'

They examined the hoof-marks carefully, and Nabbi came to the conclusion that they were those of an Indian rhino, a one-horned variety that frequents the forests and swamps of Siam.

After plodding on for some miles, and finding nothing in the least resembling water, Roy's heart began to misgive him a little. It was so hot, and he did not want to run the risk of being overtaken by darkness. He decided they had better give up their quest and return to the camp.

'We seem to have come a long way,' he said. 'Don't you think we'd better go back? Anyway, we have lost the animal's tracks; I haven't noticed any for some time. Have you?'

So, very reluctantly, they turned round and started to retrace their steps.

Presently they came to a place where two paths crossed, and neither of them could remember which was the one they ought to take.

After a short consultation, it was decided that Roy should climb a tree and try to find their bearings, while Nabbi went a little way down each path in turn to look for the hoof-marks which had guided them.

Roy was agile as a monkey, and the very real fear of losing their way in that lonely forest made him climb to the topmost branch of the tree in an incredibly short time.

There he paused to take breath and to look about him. It did not take him long to recognise, about two miles away to the right, the clearing where the forest they were in abruptly ended and where they had called their first halt.

Delighted at the thought of their safety, he was about to descend, when, turning to look again in the direction from which they had just come, he thought he could discern, not many miles distant, a long, thin silvery line, which he felt sure must be a river.

'What a pity we didn't think of this tree business sooner!' he said aloud, in high spirits over this latest discovery.

He gave a loud 'Hooroop!' and called to Nabbi to come back; then, carefully swinging from branch to branch, started his descent of the tree. He was just preparing to jump to the ground from the lowest branch, when the whole earth seemed to shake, and he heard a terrific crashing and pounding and angry snorting. White with fear, he looked down and saw Nabbi racing along the path for dear life, hair and scarlet sash flying, a huge Indian rhino, head down, ready for the charge, literally at his heels.

Roy saw there was not a moment to be lost. Quick as thought he stretched out his right leg, hanging on like grim death with the other, and clutching at the branch above him with his left hand.

'Jump for your life, Nabbi!' he shouted wildly; 'jump for your life and hold on to my leg. It's your only chance. Oh, for God's sake, be *qui-ck!*'

Poor Nabbi had hardly an ounce of breath left in him, but he wasn't a native for nothing. With one desperate effort, he leapt into the air and just managed to grasp Roy's dangling leg and to be hauled up by him, before the enraged animal, deprived of his prey, butted headlong into the trunk of the tree.

The impact half stunned him, but, with a roar of pain, he turned aside and continued his mad career, snorting horribly as he went.

Not until he had disappeared into the heart of the forest, and could be heard no more, did the two fugitives dare come down from the tree and continue their way home.

* * * * *

'And Nabbi has at last consented to get rid of his scarlet trousers,' said Roy, having told his story as they all sat round the camp-fire that night.

B. WORTLEY.

THE LADYBIRD.

THERE'S a little red 'bird' that we see in the summer,
A bird without feathers, a beak, or a tail.
We all of us think her a welcome newcomer;
We say, 'Bring us luck and be sure you don't fail.'

Her wings 'neath their covers are hidden completely;
You'd hardly believe she had any at all,

For when not in use they are put away neatly;
She always remembers to fold them up small.

Her legs, as you see, are not birdlike in number,
For surely no bird in the world has got six!
And when she composes herself for a slumber,
Her head 'neath her wing would be awkward to fix!

Yet, though she is only a little red beetle,
Our forefathers loved her and we do the same:
But we, I am sure, if we puzzled for ever
Could never have thought of a happier name.

We've looked at your wings and their covers so pretty,
Curved over your back like a sheltering dome.
So now, as we say in the nursery ditty,
Oh, Ladybird, Ladybird, fly away home!

E. M. Haines.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 34.)

TO save the bungalow itself, or any part of it, was hopeless. The thatched roof came low down over the walls like a cap; the thatch was tinder-dry. Water could only be fetched in buckets from the well; there was no more than was sufficient to prevent the fire from spreading. On the roof of the servants' quarters stood men, buckets in hand. By the stables there were others.

Luckily there was no wind; the sparks were not drifting far. With a crash, the roof-beams gave, and the rescue party withdrew to safety. Mr. Barrington began to talk to a police inspector, who took out a note-book and began to write at length.

'That's about my warning,' said Louisa to herself. 'I wonder whom they suspect. I shouldn't think they guess it was Santoo and Mangli. Mr. Barrington must judge heaps of cases every day, and heaps of people might have a grudge against him. They'll be thankful when I tell them what I heard, and they've only got to do the arresting.'

She looked round to see if by any chance she could identify the criminals amidst the watching crowd, but of course it was impossible. Mr. Barrington would know who they were when he heard their names, but to her (Louisa) they were shadows only. Their voices, she thought, she might recognise, for both had been peculiar! Mangli had lisped slightly, and Santoo's tongue had seemed too big for his mouth.

'As if he were eating and talking together,' thought Louisa; and, almost on the moment, from just behind her, came the gobbly voice. She reached out, and caught at Kadru's hand to press it in warning. She dared not whisper even, but she hoped that Kadru might understand. They would let the two men talk until, to her at least, they had betrayed themselves completely; then, with Kadru as witness, Louisa could denounce them openly.

It would be a splendid moment. She would stand in the glare of the fire and let the *sari* slip from her head to show who she was.

'Those are the men!' she would cry, pointing scornfully; and, at that, she pressed Kadru's hand again, and Kadru returned the pressure, to prove that she was ready for anything and everything, though entirely at sea for the moment. She stiffened slightly as Santoo spoke.

'The gods have been very good to us, brother,' he murmured. 'We must make a little offering in the village temple when we return home.'

'Good in truth!' lisped Mangli. 'Ah, what a sight is here. How gloriously the flames leapt up as the roof fell! And but little has been saved. Dost thou see? Look how small is that heap upon the lawn, compared to all that the house contained. The most of the goods have been burnt; the loss to the Judge Sahib will be heavy. Perchance it may teach him compassion? Or will it seem like a judgment, and teach him to be humble?' At which Mangli chuckled.

''Tis strange how fast a fire does its work,' he said. 'Few things are so sure. No other weapon so useful for those who would revenge themselves.' And it was Santoo's turn to laugh.

'So I have always held,' he remarked. 'But, hearken, brother. I have excellent news. I have talked with some of the house servants, and they say that, already, the author of the crime is known.'

'The author?' Mangli questioned anxiously, and almost Louisa swung round in indignation. She could guess what was coming. Santoo, not content with the harm he had done already, had evidently been trying to fix the blame on innocent shoulders. Before she had decided how she should act, Santoo was speaking again.

''Tis the child from next door,' he announced. 'The daughter of Lumsdale Sahib. Against herself she gave evidence. She flung a paper into the Judge Sahib's house on this night on which she had written, boasting of the vengeance she would take. The orderly heard the Judge Sahib read the writing to the Mem Sahib. He understands their language though they know it not. Thus he acquires much profitable news.'

'But if they were warned, why then did they not watch? We know no guard was set,' Mangli admitted, incautiously. It was the first slip he had made, and Santoo answered quickly to cover it.

'They did not believe. They thought it was a childish threat. The Judge Sahib laughed as he read, and spoke of the legend. "She has learned it from her father," he said. The Mem Sahib laughed also, though she was angry.'

'But how did they know that it was the child who wrote? Did she sign the paper with her name? 'Twas strangely foolish.'

'She did not sign it, but it was tied around a box; a little silver box on which her name was cut. The box was evidence enough. Moreover, she had quarrelled with the Mem Sahib earlier in the day. There is bad blood between them, and she wrote of revenge.'

'Wah!' said Mangli, satisfied at last. 'This is good indeed.'

'It is, indeed, good. And didst thou see but now the Judge Sahib and the Inspector talking? No doubt they were arranging to arrest the Miss Sahib in the morning. Very great is the crime she has committed. Very long the imprisonment she must consequently suffer.'

(*Continued on page* 50.)

"Almost Louise swung round in indignation."

"The blankets were still warm; he had not been gone long."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 47.)

CHAPTER V.

It was a gasp from Kadru that made Louisa realise she had actually heard aright. It was Kadru's tug at her hand that made her run, after one swift glance at the two men, illumined by the flames that stamped their faces on her memory. Only when she reached the boundary hedge did she halt. She would not give way to panic. All could not be lost in a moment, her victory turned to ignominious defeat. She would go back. She would explain. She would single out Santoo and Mangli, just as she had planned. But Kadru clung frantically to her mistress. She would not let her go.

'Think, Miss Sahib, think,' she urged. 'What proof hast thou? There is the writing; there is the box to bear witness against thee. There is the morning's quarrel, all as those bad men said. And on thy side, what? Who will listen now to the talk of a plot overheard in the dark? Nay, they will judge thee yet more guilty if thou dost speak of it. They will call thee liar also. The Mem Sahib would not believe before when much was in thy favour. Why, therefore, should she believe thee now?'

Why, indeed? All at once it seemed to Louisa that Kadru's arguments were overwhelming. All at once she felt as if the prison walls had begun to close around her. She would be caught. She would be shut away from all the outside world for years, and years, and years. She, who could not bear imprisonment for an hour, who fretted at the least restraint. Not a moment must she lose; somehow, she must escape from a fate so awful.

'What shall we do, Kadru?' Louisa questioned, for once at a loss, too scared to think clearly. 'Quick! What shall we do?'

'We will ask my father,' Kadru answered, puffed up with pride that her mistress should appeal to her, but not quite certain she could deal effectively with an emergency so great.

'We'll find him at once,' said Louisa, beginning to run again. The bearer had helped her out of many a scrape in the past. She knew he would do his best to help her now, and to whom else could she turn in any case? He was resourceful and shrewd, moreover; very reliable in his own fashion.

But to find him was not easy. Sometimes he slept in the lamp-room. It was empty. Sometimes in his room in the servants' quarters; that, too, was deserted. But on the narrow native bedstead lay his bedding in a tangled heap. Kadru laid a hand on the blankets they were still warm. He had not been gone long evidently.

'He is watching the fire,' Kadru consoled. 'But there is little left to see, Miss Sahib. He will soon return. He is old. He does not like the cold night air.' And as she spoke the door opened, and the bearer appeared, shivering. He stopped on the threshold to cough, and to stare in amazement at his mistress and daughter.

'The Sahib is ill?' he asked, anxiously, as he sought for a reason for this visit.

'It is I who want you,' Louisa told him. She had forgotten her father till the bearer spoke; now she wondered if he had been disturbed. It was more than likely he had never realised the neighbouring bungalow was on fire; at least he did not know of his daughter's peril, and should not if she could help it. Quickly, Louisa told her tale while the bearer listened with growing concern. The sum of it was certainly alarming.

'The Miss Sahib must hide, and hide at once,' he urged. 'We must make the most of the hours till the morning. Perchance we can prove her innocence later, but time we must have. The Miss Sahib safely hidden I will work for her. The Sahib would die of shame if they take her to prison. Speak not, Miss Sahib. I would think.'

And, while Kadru and Louisa watched him anxiously, he crouched upon the floor, his hands pressed to his forehead, his eyes fixed on the wall opposite as though it could help him. From time to time he muttered to himself.

'Not too near,' he murmured, 'lest the police find her easily. Not too far, that I may be in touch with her. Ha! I have it.' He turned to Louisa. 'Thou shalt go to my sister, Miss Sahib,' he told her. 'She lives in the village of Faridpur, ten miles from the river. She is a widow, old and wise. She doctors all the village, and is the friend of all. Dressed as thou art, thou wilt be safe. She will say thou art her niece, a cousin of Kadru's.'

'Yes, yes,' Kadru echoed. 'My aunt will hide the Miss Sahib. She is clever. She will know how to answer the police if they come—how to turn them aside from the track.'

'And, also, she is trustworthy,' the bearer affirmed. 'If a reward is offered for the Miss Sahib, she will not be tempted as might another. Kadru shall act as guide; she knows the way to Faridpur well, and then she shall return to be my messenger. Let the Miss Sahib collect at once such things as she needs, and I will prepare a parcel of medicines I have to send. I purchased them lately in the bazaar with money my sister provided.'

He opened a box that stood in a corner of the room while Louisa and Kadru sped to the bungalow. Their preparations were of the simplest. The blankets from Louisa's bed they would take, for Kadru's aunt would have no spare bedding. And a couple of cooking-pots, and a mug for water, and all the money Louisa possessed. Unluckily there was not much. Only that morning, she had paid the servants' wages as well as the cook's account. There was more in a box in Mr. Lumsdale's room to which she had the key, but to fetch it would inevitably disturb him. He was still awake and reading, for the lamp was alight in his sitting-room.

'If he doesn't know I'm gone, very likely he won't miss me,' thought Louisa. 'There was that time we went birds'-nesting, Kadru and I; and that other time when we went to look for buried treasure. We were away for days, but he never noticed. He'll think I'm somewhere about the house very likely, and forget when he saw me last until I'm back again.'

Kadru was busy rolling up the blankets, and along the verandah Louisa stole to look into her father's room, and say good-bye in silence to the silent, absorbed figure.

Her short-lived panic was passing. She was finding her feet again. That a reward might be offered for her capture was really thrilling. To live for awhile in a native village could not fail to amuse her. She had

planned already that she would help Kadru's aunt. She had often dosed her father's servants with, apparently, no evil results; as far as she knew, at any rate, she had killed no one.

'I'll take some of the medicines from our medicine chest,' Louisa planned, 'as well as that parcel of the bearer's. Some quinine, and those white tablets, and some ointment, and some fizzy stuff. It *will* be fun. I hope the servants will behave while I'm away. I'll tell the bearer to let them know they'll all be fined when I get back if they're a nuisance.'

For how long she must hide it was impossible to guess. But, at least, she knew the bearer would work hard in her cause, and do all that was possible to bring their guilt home to Santoo and Mangli. He would let no chance escape him. Louisa kissed her hand to her father's back, and rejoined Kadru. Kadru had just remembered her mistress would need a brush, a comb, a tooth-brush, and a cake of soap, and now announced the outfit was complete.

'The rest we can buy in the village,' said Kadru. 'The Miss Sahib will need a change of clothes, so that one set can be washed while she wears the other. We must not load ourselves too heavily now. This bundle I can carry easily on my head.'

She swung the bundle into place, obviously in a hurry to be gone. So frightened did she still seem that Louisa grew alarmed again. It was a relief when the bearer appeared, his parcel of medicines ready. He gave them into Louisa's care, and she added them to her own.

'There are charms as well as medicines in the parcel,' the bearer explained. 'Charms against the evil eye. Amulets, also, to protect the wearer against sickness, or the evil spirits. May they help the Miss Sahib too! And I have put some dye for the Miss Sahib's skin; she had better use it ere she reaches the village. Is everything that will be needed in the bundle, Kadru? 'Twould be well to add a loaf of bread lest the Miss Sahib hunger later. And here is a lantern and matches. I have filled the lantern with oil.'

All was ready now. Outside the night waited, and into the night went Louisa and Kadru. The bungalow still smouldered. It helped to light them on their way.

(*Continued on page* 62.)

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

II.—TURNING THOUGHTS TO ACTIONS: TOOLS AND MATERIALS.

BEFORE an army goes to war its generals and commanders must overhaul its stock of tools, its war materials, to see that everything they have is all in trim and good condition. Otherwise there might be scarcity when things were needed most, or faulty tools that did more harm than good.

This duty, too, is ours; before we make a start to build, we must see what tools we have, or what we lack, and what materials will be required. To attempt to make this thing with tin-tacks and a pocket-knife will be to ask out loud for failure in its worst degree. So now for the tool-box first of all, and there are the tools that we should have: A little tenon, or a dovetail saw, and a fret-saw handle, with a bunch of saws. If we have a fret machine so much the better. Then, a nice light hammer, a pair of pincers, a drill, or gimlet—the Archimedean drill as used in fretwork is the type required. Most of us have these little fretworker's outfits, and nearly all the tools just mentioned, except the tenon saw, are in them and will do splendidly if actual carpenter's tools are unobtainable. A small smoothing plane is also a most important asset because it enables a nice 'finish' to be made to what might otherwise appear as a somewhat crude affair; and, after all, a 'fine finish' is the very thing that we should strive for most, and neatness of work coupled with accuracy of detail are the two chief ways to accomplish it. Chisels will hardly be required, though if you have some and can use them, some need may rise to necessitate your doing so. The last item on the tool list is a screw-driver, and as the screws that we shall use will be fairly small ones a moderate-sized 'driver' will be sufficient. A broken knife-blade carefully used makes an effective screw-driver when the real thing is not to hand (fig. 1). So much for the carpentry tools, to which, of course, must be added a supply of half-inch and three-quarter-inch carpenter's 'pins,' (fine nails) or even cabinet-maker's pins if you can get them, and two or three dozen half-inch *flat-headed* screws, steel for preference as the heads are not so likely to get broken or forced out of shape if they happen to be driven into hard wood, and brass screws have a nasty habit of breaking off when half-way in.

The next department to engage our attention will be the tools connected with the scenery and show-work in general, and as cardboard will play a very large part in the whole affair a good, strong, sharp pair of scissors will be the first item; also a smaller pair with *short* blades may be very useful. If you can, get scissors with extra large finger and thumb rings, or handles, because unless you give your fingers plenty of 'play' when at work they will very soon have blisters on the sides from the tight-fitting rings. A sharp pocket-knife, and a stencil cutting knife will also be required. Now one of the finest knives for stencil cutting is a discarded safety razor blade, and holders for these can be purchased in tool-shops, but it is a perfectly easy matter to make an absolutely safe one for yourself. It must be remembered that these razor blades are exceedingly sharp and, being thin, they break very easily, so the great thing is to protect as much of the metal as possible, and only leave the cutting edge and point uncovered. Fig. 2 shows how easily this can be done by simply cutting a deep slit in a small block of wood, fixing a staple over one end to catch the 'niche' or hook in the blade, so that when the metal is slipped into the slit and one end is hooked to the staple, the more you press on the cutting edge the more the opposite end pulls on the staple and so makes the blade secure from slipping and causing trouble. Of course you understand that the staple MUST be firmly driven into the wooden block. Thin wooden sides can also be fixed to the block which will keep the edge of the blade not in use from touching the fingers when the knife is held in the hand. With a knife like this the thickest cardboard can be cut with perfect ease and a nice clean edge given to all the cuts. One point, however, remains and that is with regard to the use of the knife with a ruler, or straight-edge, and is simply this—use a straight-edge with a metal edging, for these blades are so sharp that the hardest wooden ruler will soon be fitted with an edge like a feather—unless most extraordinary care is taken.

A pair of tweezers make a very useful addition to this

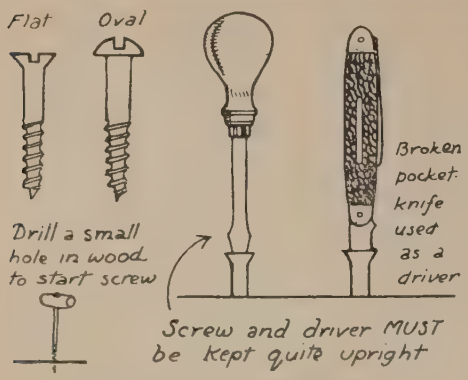

Flat
Oval
Drill a small hole in wood to start screw
Broken pocket knife used as a driver
Screw and driver MUST be kept quite upright

Fig. 1.—Screws and Screw-drivers.

list of tools, for a great deal of fine and detail work can be accomplished more neatly by their aid (fig. 3). Then a glue 'kettle,' and some nice strong glue and well-kept brushes for to put it on with. This is one of the most important of our implements and will be almost continuously in use. The brushes should be cleaned in hot soda water each time after using, and not left to harden over-night and NEVER left inside the glue keetle to harden in; if you do, you will soon discover that the hairs break off when hard and not a 'hair restorer' ever made will cause a second growth. A paste-pot and brushes may also be required, and the same advice as to care of brushes when not in use holds good here; in fact, ALL tools, and ALL instruments, must be most carefully preserved, and put away at nights (fig. 4) each in its proper place. Otherwise, if left to lay about, they may fall, or get entangled, or in some other way may do unthought-of damage and very likely be spoilt against all further use.

The next set of tools we must consider will be our drawing instruments. First a good pair of compasses, also dividers, will be most essential; likewise a set-square, an accurate ruler, and a millimetre rule. This does not mean that we shall have to do much complicated work, but simply that, by using instruments like this and having every curve and every measurement correct, our show will fit together, every part, without a flaw. That is why it is the better plan to use the millimetre rule instead of inches on all the smaller parts, as engineers and other workers do; for this, in truth, is the only way to get exactness.

The need for other tools and implements may possibly arise as we proceed with the work, and they will then be mentioned as the occasion comes; but the next thing we must now consider will be the materials that we shall use. Wood, of course, will be the most important in the construction of the stage and framework, and a nice clean type of deal about a quarter-inch or three-eighths-inch in thickness, and free from knots or faults, should be chosen (fig. 5). Three-ply wood should always be used where fancy shapes or intricate details occur, as, for example, the top line of slots for the scenery on the two scenic frames D, shown in the diagrams in Chapter I.

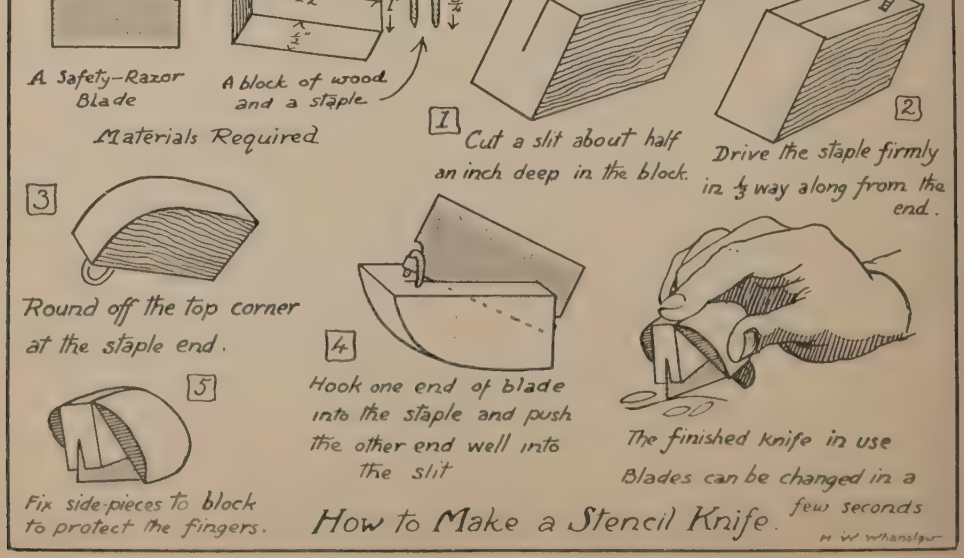

A Safety-Razor Blade
1½"
1"
¾"
¾"
A block of wood and a staple
Materials Required
1
Cut a slit about half an inch deep in the block.
2
Drive the staple firmly in ⅓ way along from the end.
3
Round off the top corner at the staple end.
4
Hook one end of blade into the staple and push the other end well into the slit
5
Fix side-pieces to block to protect the fingers.
The finished knife in use
Blades can be changed in a few seconds
How to Make a Stencil Knife.
H. W. Wharslow

Fig. 2.

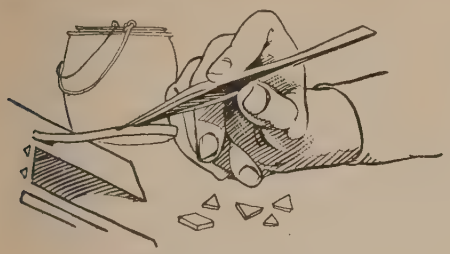


Fig. 3.—Tweezers in use.

This top-bar of the frame D should be cut in three-ply, otherwise the little pieces forming the slots will soon break off. All sorts of odd lengths and bits of good wood should be put by in store ready for use in the part for which they are most suited. Your tenon-saw and smoothing-plane will soon cut and finish them into their right sizes when required. When working with the fret-saw, be sure you keep the blade perfectly upright (fig. 6), for if you slope it in any way a slanting edge on your wood will be the result, and cause you quite a lot of trouble when you fit the thing together. Also, in overhauling your stock of wood, and you see one piece that will do for the sides of the scenic frame and another that will make some other part, get a pencil and write the thing you feel they will make upon them, so that you may not use those pieces for some different part, and later wonder why your arrangements seem to have gone astray. It is just this careful thinking-out of all the needs beforehand that will make the task go easily along and finish all the sooner.

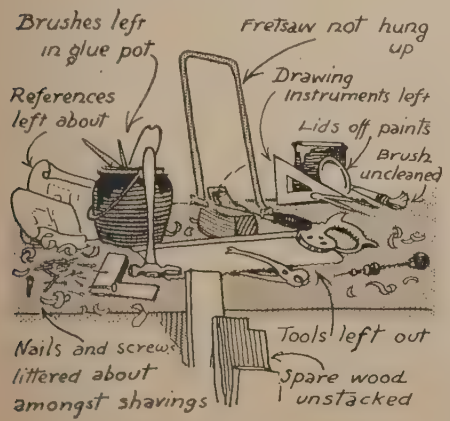


Fig. 4.—How not to do it.

Cardboard, again, will take a very important share in the make-up of the front and its decoration and will also be largely used in the manufacture of our scenes and properties, so that a good supply of the stout variety in the shape of large box-lids and bottoms must be obtained. If you can possibly get the best-quality card in preference to ordinary strawboard, get it every time. An especially stout sheet of card or else a sheet of three-ply wood will have to be used for the stage-front. In addition to this, some strips of blind-linen (an old window-blind will do) will be needed in the construction of the property screens, something that

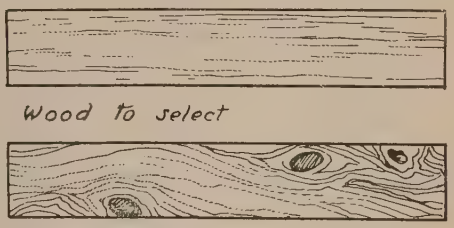


Fig. 5.

will cut with a nice clean edge and not fray out. Casement cloth or canvas must not be used because of this fault, which they both possess.

So much for the tools and materials that will enable us to make a start. There are many other things that we will use that will be spoken of in their various sections as their time arrives, but enough has been said to enable a start to be made. One thing, however, remains to be considered, and that is our workshop, a very important item, especially from mother's point of view. If we have no play-room, or an old disused room or shed in which to work, the best place (weather permitting) is in the garden, with a box upturned as a sort of bench. We shall have to utilise the best means at our disposal, unless we are lucky enough for father or big brother to have a nice workshop, and be willing to allow us the use of his bench.

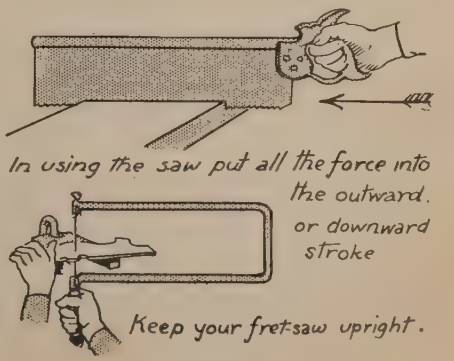


Fig. 6.—How to Saw.

but there is a lot of real fun to be had in adapting what materials are at hand to your own use.

There are some places, though, in which it is *most* advisable not to attempt to work. One of these is the dining-room table, another is the top of the piano. It

is also a good plan not to use the best chairs as a sawing-bench, like the man who did and wondered why it took so long to saw through a piece of deal, but found out afterwards when he looked at the chair. After all, *we* may not prize the furniture very much, but mother does.

HARRY W. WHANSLAW.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

IF a rascal
Comes a-chasing
Poultry, with a stick,
Birds should surely
Be allowed to
Fly and peck him quick.

If the farmyard
Regulations
Won't permit them to,
Conscientious
Cocks can only
Cock-a-doodle-do!

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE FIRST BLOW.

A CERTAIN earl, who was afterwards created a duke, happened, when he was in waiting at Court, to be called away upon some pressing affairs of hisown, but promised the King that his stay should not exceed the hour of twelve. But when the time came the earl was still absent; and the King, who had inquired for him several times, when he appeared was in some displeasure.

Just as he entered, however, the clock in the drawing-room struck *one*, and the earl, seeing that his Majesty was angry, by a presence of mind peculiar to himself, went up, and, in a seeming passion, with his cane broke the glass of the clock all to pieces.

'What is that for?' said the King. 'What provocation has the clock given to your lordship?'

'Provocation?' said the Earl. 'Nay, your Majesty can witness it! The clock struck *first!*'

This seasonable jest averted the King's displeasure, for he could not help smiling, though much against his will.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. BELTON COBB,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c., &c.

(Continued from page 43.)

CHAPTER IV.

IT was mid-day when they awoke. The sky was overcast and the air chilly, so that they were glad to wear overcoats as they ate their combination of breakfast and dinner at the edge of the Pit. Attacking the cold tongue with evident hunger, Sydney suggested that they should hurry through the meal and go along the Ridge to the shore in order to search for an entrance to a tunnel.

'But,' protested Norma, 'the Nab is supposed to be an island!'

'Oh, rats for that,' answered her brother. 'That was merely in a game. Now we are dealing with the real goods. We've got to find out at once who was knocking underground last night, and how he got there. A man doesn't sit all night in a damp cave—and it is pretty sure to be damp, you know—and knock against the rock just for fun. You can be jolly sure he is doing some sort of mischief, and in that case of course it is up to us to nail him. So the game's off. Father would see that at once.'

Leonard agreed, and Norma, only half-disappointed, soon let herself be persuaded. Armed therefore again with axe and hammer, and carrying two of the lamps in case they should succeed in getting underground, they went first to the back of their own cave and then to the top of the Mound, where the noise had been heard in the night, and listened in each place for sounds of knocking. But all was quiet, so that they felt sure that the disturber of their sleep worked only at night.

'And that,' Sydney declared, 'proves that the man is up to mischief and doesn't want to be discovered!'

'Anyhow,' said Leonard, 'it gives us the whole day for our search.'

Although the narrow ridge that led to the shore was not more than twenty feet long, the way was perilous. They went in single file, Sydney leading, then Leonard, and Norma last. The Ridge was nowhere more than a foot wide, and near the middle it was necessary to jump a gap where the water flowed across, land on a piece of rock barely six inches wide, jump again, and then balance once more to walk the rest of the way to the shore. Sydney managed the whole passage successfully at a run, giving himself no time to fall between the two jumps. But Leonard came to grief. Always more cautious than his brother, he felt his way gingerly down the Ridge, took the first jump, landed unsteadily, threw his arms into the air in an effort at balancing, and slipped with a splash into the lake.

Fortunately, he fell to the right, where the water was shallow, but he floundered unsteadily at first, with the water up to his knees, while Sydney, securely on the shore, roared with laughter. 'Better swim,' he called mockingly, but instead of answering, Leonard looked back toward Norma.

'Come along,' he cried to her, and when she reached the narrowest part of the Ridge he held out a hand to support her. Then he climbed back on to the Ridge and joined the others. 'I'm pretty wet,' he exclaimed, shaking a foot, while the water dripped off his breeches and oozed out of his boots.

'Silly ass!' laughed Sydney. 'It's like riding a bicycle: you fall off unless you keep moving. You'd better swim back and light a fire and dry yourself.'

But Leonard would not consent to miss the exploration, and, insisting that if he didn't stand still he would soon be dry, he ran on ahead up the slope, leaving wet footsteps behind him.

At the top of the first piece of the slope, he turned to look back at Sydney and Norma and the lake behind them. The shore of the lake, to the south of the Nab, was sandy, although as soon as the ground sloped upwards it was covered with grass. About thirty yards away stood the Wirdstone, which they had seen through glasses from the mountain behind the hotel—a mass of rock twelve feet or more thick,

lying so close to the lake that the water lapped against its edge.

A little beyond the Wirdstone was the wood which they had seen a week earlier through Captain Burnaby's field-glasses: it consisted of tall pine-trees, thinly planted near the shore but closer together on the slope of the hill until it ended abruptly a hundred yards or more from the lake. Beyond it, Leonard could see a red-brick house, standing in a garden which must have been levelled out of the rough hillside, for only a wooden fence divided the smooth lawn from the wood.

But it was the shore of the lake which chiefly interested Leonard as he looked for any rock that could cover the mouth of a tunnel, and suddenly he ran down the hill to look at the Wirdstone. It was a large egg-shaped rock, and as he looked up Wirdfell, Leonard thought of the terrific crash with which it must have rolled down to be embedded in the soft sand at the water's edge. There was, however, no sign of any opening beneath it. But when he had reached the farther side, Leonard noticed, some yards beyond it, a small boat drawn on to the sand, and with instinctive curiosity he ran to look at it. He heard Sydney call behind him, but paid no heed, and did not stop until he was beside the boat. It was a small skiff with two pairs of sculls, exactly like the boats that could be hired from the hotel and at the Devil's Bridge near the foot of the lake, except that it bore no name on the seat.

Leonard walked round to see whether any name was painted on the bows, and then suddenly he stopped, bending down to examine the planks with a new interest. Kneeling, he rubbed his finger-tips here and there over the wood. Then he stood up and ran back, past the Wirdstone.

Sydney and Norma were peering into a clump of bushes some distance up the hillside, and excitedly Leonard called to them. But they were too far away to hear, and he was forced to run up the slope. 'That's the secret,' he panted, clutching his brother by the sleeve. 'There's a boat down there.'

'What about it?' demanded Sydney, as Leonard paused for breath.

'The boat! Don't you see?' cried Leonard. 'The mouth of the other cave must be in the side of the island, right in the cliff, you know, so that you can only get to it by boat.'

'But,' objected Norma, before Sydney could speak, 'Father rowed us round the island, and we didn't see anything.'

'Not all the way round,' answered Leonard, excitedly. 'He said he would, but he stopped when we wanted to go ashore, so that we never saw the other side at all. And anyhow, we might easily have missed it: from a distance it would only look like a dark patch on the rock. I'm sure I'm right. Come along, you two.'

Sydney hesitated. Instinctively he would have said 'Nonsense!' or 'Rats!' as he did at first to most new ideas, but he was struck with the force of the suggestion. 'How do you know?' he demanded.

'Well, it is quite likely, anyhow,' said Leonard. 'You see, that boat has been scraping against the rock; there are scratches all over it. They are too high to have been made in coming ashore, so the boat must have been tied up against some sort of cliff. The only bit of cliff round here is on our island. Besides, if you come to think of it, it is just where the entrance to another cave would be. I vote we bag the boat and go and look.'

'But doesn't the boat belong to the people in that house?' asked Norma.

'Just what we want to know,' answered Sydney, suddenly adopting his brother's scheme, and leading the way down the hill.

The scratches on the bow of the boat were unmistakable, and Sydney examined them carefully with the air of an expert. He declared that several which were quite clean must therefore be new, and could only have been made in the last day or two, while even the dirtiest looked as if they must have been made that summer.

Then Norma discovered that on the left the paint had been worn away, not merely in scratches, but over a patch that covered almost all the widest part of the boat.

'I say,' cried Sydney, when he looked at the patch, 'it must have taken a good time to do all that, you know. Looks to me as if the skiff had been tied against the rock at both ends; then the swell of the water would lift it up and down, and scrape all this paint off. Anyhow,' he added, 'let's get afloat and see what we can find.'

The boat rested on rollers, so that it was easy to run it down to the water's edge and launch it, stern first, into the lake. While the bow still rested on the sand, Norma climbed in, and sat down in the stern, and Sydney sat down on the thwart, grasping a pair of sculls.

'Shove her off,' he cried, pulling hard to get the bow clear, while Leonard stood with one foot in the water to give a final push, and then clambered on to the gunwale, balancing carefully as the boat gathered way.

Sydney soon turned the boat round, and pulled towards the island, making first for the little bay beside the Ridge. 'Remember the shallows,' cried Leonard, suddenly, but before his brother could back water the keel of the boat grated on a ledge of rock, and they were hard aground.

'That's done it,' cried Sydney, as he jumped to his feet, and felt over the side with a scull till it held firmly against the rock. Leonard took the other scull on the opposite side of the boat, but though they both pushed backwards with all their force, the skiff remained immovable.

'Pretty hard ground,' said Sydney, as he moved the blade of the scull to a better position. 'Put your weight on to it, Len.'

But the second effort failed as completely as the first. 'What shall we do?' asked Norma, as the boys paused for breath.

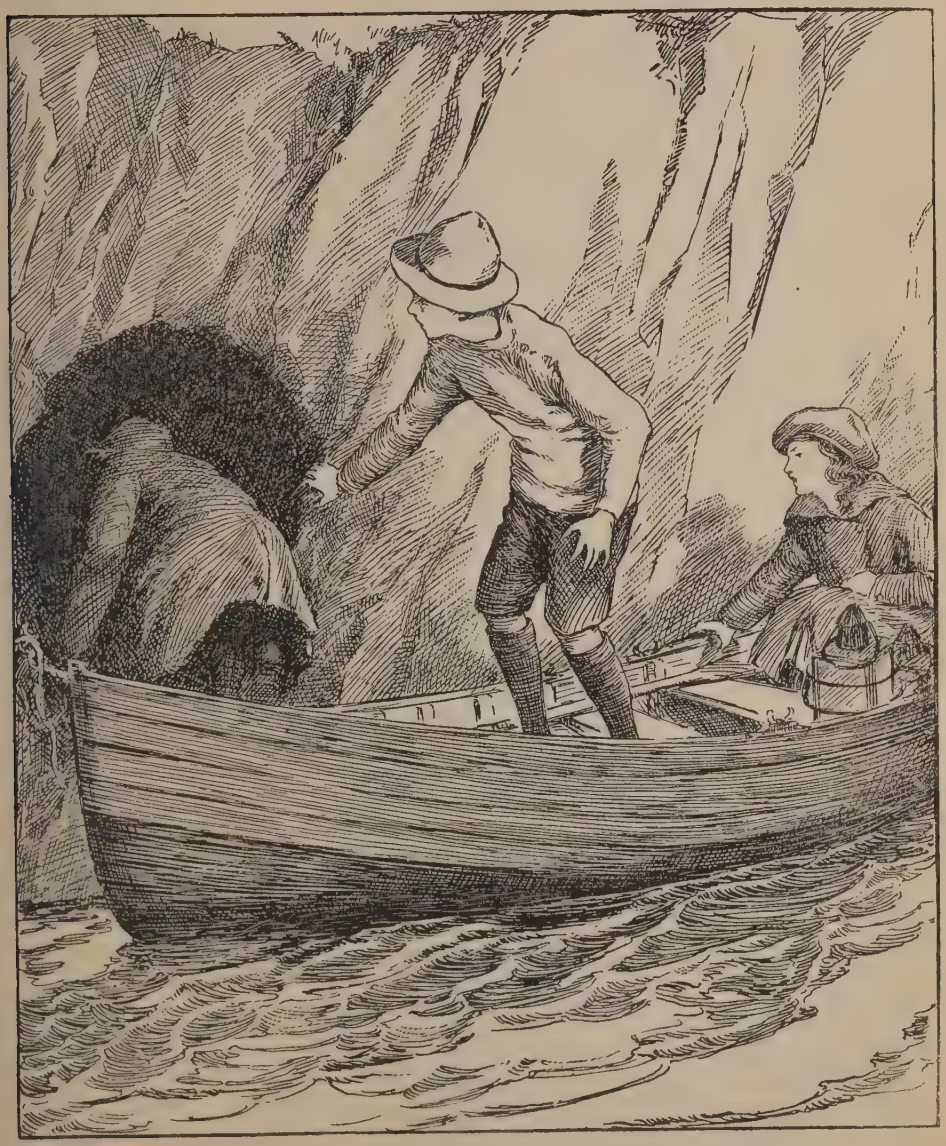
Sydney set his teeth and took a fresh grip of the scull. 'Bound to move if we keep on pushing,' he said.

'I tell you what,' said Leonard. 'We'll push, and Norma can rock the boat from side to side by leaning first one way and then the other. That will move the keel a little, and then our pushing will do the rest.'

Norma started to rock the boat to and fro with an energy which all but made the boys lose their balance and fall into the lake. In a minute the plan succeeded, and slowly the skiff was pushed off the ledge and settled back on to the water.

(*Continued on page* 58.)

"He slipped with a splash into the lake."



"He crawled into the cave."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 55.)

'ANYHOW,' said Sydney, as he rowed away, 'no one could land there, cave or no cave.'

But the cliffs of the island seemed remarkably smooth and clear of even the slightest indentation. Here and there they overhung the water, and twice Sydney pulled close to investigate a dark patch which proved to be nothing but shadow. Soon they had turned the first corner and were level with their landing-place, and then Sydney's enthusiasm lessened. 'I expect it is all a wild goose chase,' he protested. 'There's much more likely to be a tunnel from the shore, and if we'd stuck to that we might have found it by now. I vote we turn back.'

Both Norma and Leonard, however, insisted that something might be seen round the next corner, and unwillingly Sydney kept the boat's head along the north of the island. But a few minutes later, nearing the shore, he rested on his sculls and refused to go any further. 'We'll be ashore again, if we go on,' he insisted, 'and I don't want another tussle of that sort, if you do. It's all very well for you two, when I do all the work.'

Norma took up the argument, protesting that Leonard and she had done quite as much as he had done to free the boat from the ledge of rock; while it was he alone that had put them on to it. But Leonard remained silent, for while his brother spoke he had noticed that the boat was drifting slowly shorewards, and he thought that in another minute he would be able to see round the last corner to the strip of cliff that joined the island to the Ridge. Suddenly he gave a shout. 'There it is!' he cried, and turning with a jerk that all but upset the boat, Sydney saw, under an overhanging 'brow' of the cliff, a small round hole in the rock.

'Hurrah!' he cried, pulling at the sculls, forgetful at once of both argument and shallows. But fortunately the shallow water was only on the other side of the Ridge, and the lake was here so deep that the bottom was completely out of sight.

Half a minute later, warned by a cry from Norma, he dug his sculls deep into the water to check the boat's speed; but nevertheless the crash as the boat struck the rock was sufficient to knock him off the thwart into the bottom of the boat. But he was on his feet again in a moment, and, standing in the bows with Leonard, he clutched at the rock, seeking a hold to keep the boat in position.

The mouth of the cave was a round hole, three feet in diameter, its floor being less than a foot above the lake. Sydney brought the nose of the boat into position and caught hold of the painter, wondering to what he could fasten it.

Suddenly he noticed a short chain lying on the rock close to the edge. He caught hold of it and found that it was firmly fastened to a staple in the side wall of the cave. At the loose end of the chain was a large hook, and round this Sydney twisted the painter, tucking in the end. Then he crawled into the cave and waited in the darkness while Leonard and Norma joined him.

Leonard brought a lamp, but Sydney whispered to him excitedly not to light it.

'There can't be anybody here now,' protested Leonard.

'Ass!' whispered Sydney. 'Don't make such a row.'

'Oh, rot!' cried Leonard, not troubling to whisper. 'If any one is here, he'll catch us anyhow before we can all get back to the boat; and anyhow, the crash we made at the start must have warned him. I'm going to call.'

Before his brother could interfere, Leonard gave a shout that made the whole cave ring with echoes. Tensely they waited for an answer, but when the echoes had slowly died away all was silent.

'Now we know where we are,' said Leonard. 'Let's get on. I'll go first,' he added, 'if you're feeling blue.'

'Rats!' said Sydney, irritably. 'You were a silly ass to do that. Might have given the whole show away and put us in no end of a mess. But if no one is here you had better stop wasting time and light that lamp.'

Without paying much attention to his brother's temper, Leonard produced a match, turned up the wick, and then, when the lamp stopped spluttering, held it aloft.

They saw that they were kneeling in a low, narrow tunnel, running, as far as they could see, in a straight line diagonally across the island. It was entirely unlike their own cave, which had at once suggested two rooms to live in: this, on the other hand, was a mere passage, so narrow that they were compelled to keep in single file, and so low that even on all fours it was necessary to keep their heads low to avoid striking the roof.

Sydney took the lamp from Leonard, and, as he swung it forward, shading his eyes from the glare, the light glistened on something metallic in the distance. As he crawled forward, he noticed that the walls and floor and roof, smooth at first like those of their own cave, suddenly became rough and uneven, and a few feet further on he came abruptly to the end of the cave. For its whole length it was a passage, leading nowhere, but gradually getting narrower, and then ending suddenly in a rock wall.

But the wall at the end was different from the others. It was ragged and uneven, with sharp pieces of rock projecting here and there; the bottom was much more cut away than the top, and, about the middle, three holes at the points of a triangle had been driven for a considerable depth. It was impossible to doubt that some one had recently been at work cutting away the rock and increasing the length of the tunnel. On the floor, fragments of rock and a considerable quantity of fine chips and dust lay in a heap. A short pick-axe leant against the wall on the left, while on the opposite side stood a strange-looking tool, which Sydney, from memories of a visit to a colliery on an earlier holiday in South Wales, declared to be a miner's drill.

Behind their brother, Norma and Leonard pressed forward for a view of the wall.

'Jolly funny thing!' Leonard exclaimed. 'I don't see why any one should want to make this cave bigger, when there is a much better one outside. It must be pretty hard work cutting this rock. I wonder who it is, and what he is working for?'

Sydney had found an empty sack beside the drill, and feeling beneath it he discovered a small fine sieve, an electric battery, a coil of wire, an electric lamp, and a connection to enable the battery to work the drill.

'Nothing else here,' he said. 'The sounds were obviously made by some one hacking at this wall with the pick-axe. That's all right. But the question is, what is he doing it for?'

Tired of kneeling on the hard rock, Leonard sat down, twisting his legs beneath him. 'Let's put together all we know,' he suggested. 'Some one, presumably a man, took the boat last night, came here and worked at this wall. He must have been before, because no one could possibly mess up the rock like that in one night. The scratches on the boat show that, too. Also he must be desperately afraid of being discovered, or in a lonely place like this he wouldn't bother only to work at night. Therefore the work is important—that follows. Only it doesn't tell us who he is, or what he is after.'

'Anyhow,' declared Sydney, 'if we stay here much longer he'll find out who *we* are, and that will spoil everything. I vote we get back to the boat.'

Accordingly, Norma led the way down the cave, and the others followed.

But as Sydney passed forward the lamp, he noticed wet boot-marks on the floor. 'That's you, Len,' he grumbled. 'I knew you would give everything away. You are all wet where you fell in, and you are leaving tracks all over the place. I wish you'd gone home when I told you to.'

'You would never have found the boat then,' retorted Leonard.

But Sydney refused to stop grumbling. After an interrupted night and a stiff time with the boat, he was thoroughly tired and unfit to take a reasonable view of anything; and the more Leonard insisted that all was well, the more he declared that everything would be spoilt because Leonard had behaved like an ass.

(*Continued on page* 70.)

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

II.—ARCHERY.

WITH all the ancient peoples, both civilised and barbaric, archery was a favourite pastime, though the origin of the bow as an instrument of war is lost in obscurity. In nearly all the battles of olden times we find the archers mentioned, and in the Bible itself there are many references to the men of the bow and arrow. Perhaps the earliest reference of all is where it is stated that Ishmael 'dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.'

Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans all employed archers in their armies, and although, in England, the Anglo-Saxons and Danes used the bow for hunting, it was probably not generally in use as a military weapon until the Romans introduced it, with their usual success.

The practice of archery was generally diffused throughout the country, and greatly improved under the Norman rule, and England soon became famous for its archery; indeed the English claimed to be considered the best of modern archers. Our successive monarchs took great pains to preserve this superiority, and many statutes for enforcing and regulating the use of the bow were enacted, butts were set up outside the towns and villages, and archery became a real sport, and a sport of great and real use to the nation, for in our history of the early and Middle Ages, we constantly read of English successes on the battle-field being almost entirely due to the incomparable archers.

In the battle of Cressy, the flower of the French nobility was slain. At Poictiers, where the Black Prince won a great victory, the archers won the day. Again, at Agincourt, victory rested with the long-bows of the English, so that the many laws made for the protection and encouragement of archery were well justified.

Edward III. in 1363 ordered the general practice of archery to take place on Sundays and holidays, instead of games of any kind, which were forbidden on pain of imprisonment, and he embodied a company of picked soldiers, the Archers of the Guard.

The Government regulated the price of bows; a white bow cost one shilling, a painted bow one and sixpence, and a sheaf of twenty-four sharp arrows, one shilling.

Richard II. also showed his interest in the sport, for in 1392 he directed that his servants should always be provided with bows and arrows, and that they should practise on every possible occasion.

The procuring of a constant supply of bow-staves was a most important matter that was not overlooked, for during Richard the Third's reign the order went forth that for every ton of Tyne or Malmsey wine brought into England, ten bow-staves in good condition should also be imported, and for every deficient stave, a fine of thirteen and fourpence, a good deal of money in those days, had to be paid. Also, in order to encourage the import of these staves, those over six feet six inches were allowed in without paying any duty.

The manufacture of bows was regulated by the Government. For instance, in order to prevent yew from being used up too rapidly, the makers of bows were ordered to make four of elm or ash, to one of yew. No person under the age of seventeen, unless the son of parents owning an estate of ten pounds a year, was allowed to use a yew bow, under a penalty of six and eightpence fine for each offence.

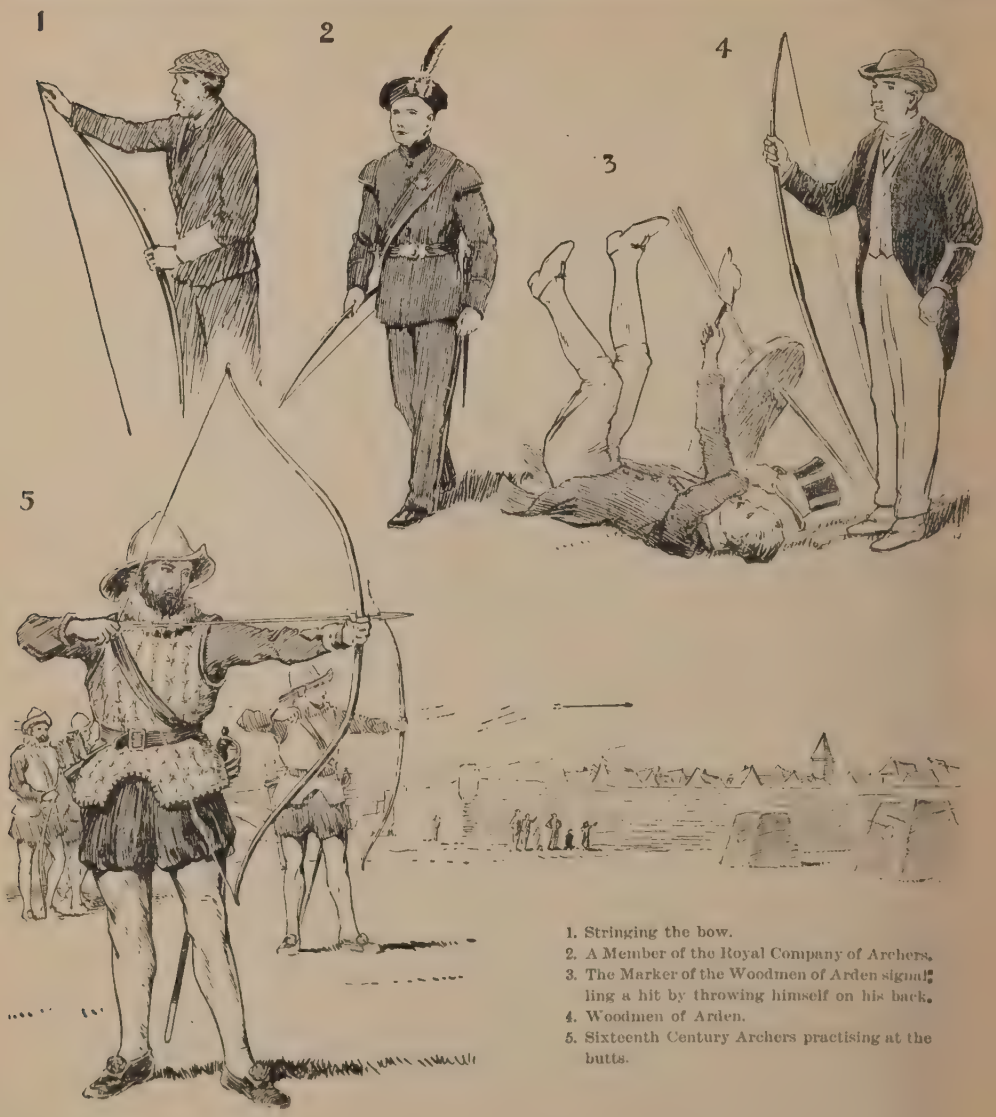
Bowyers, skilled in the manufacture of bows, were sent to all parts of the Kingdom, in order that distant counties should be well supplied with bows and arrows, and the King had the right to send any arrow-head, bow-string, or bow-maker, not a freeman of the City of London, to any part of the country that required their services. This order was enforced by a heavy fine of forty shillings a day on any workman who failed immediately to obey it. Laws were also made guarding against fraud by these workmen, and giving them detailed instructions. Nothing was left to chance.

In the reign of Henry IV. all arrow-heads had to be brased and hardened with steel, also stamped with the maker's name, with the usual penalties of fines and imprisonment in case of disobedience. All townships had to erect butts and keep them in good repair; every able-bodied man had to practise with the long-bow.

London is indebted to archery for many of its open spaces, for Charles I., amongst others, issued orders that fields near London should not be enclosed, so as not to interrupt 'the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting with bows and arrows.'

As a weapon, the bow had to give way to the rifle, but was still used by the English soldiers for nearly two centuries after firearms had been introduced.

It must not be thought that archery was regarded purely as an important means of offence, for it has always been cherished in Great Britain, more especially among the upper classes, as a pleasant recreation, and it occupied an important position in the fashionable pastimes of the country. For instance, at the wedding festivities of Henry and Princess Elizabeth, the King himself joyfully joined in the shooting. Edward VI. also was very fond of archery, and used to take part in many matches, as



1. Stringing the bow.
2. A Member of the Royal Company of Archers.
3. The Marker of the Woodmen of Arden signalling a hit by throwing himself on his back.
4. Woodmen of Arden.
5. Sixteenth Century Archers practising at the butts.

his Journal, which is in the British Museum, proves, for there are many allusions to his successes and disappointments.

In the days of the Charleses, archery was more popular than ever, and very fashionable, for the King would often take part in meetings with his courtiers, and numerous associations were in existence, with a large number of members, and these were frequently reviewed in great state by the sovereign.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century the sport declined, and was little practised until the end of the following century, when the 'Toxophilites,' a club or society, was formed in London, where the members met regularly, and which became the parent of the many societies of archers that were shortly to be formed, both for men and women who loved the sport.

It was not until 1844 that a national meeting of the archers of Great Britain and Ireland was held, and it

WHO WANTS A BITE?

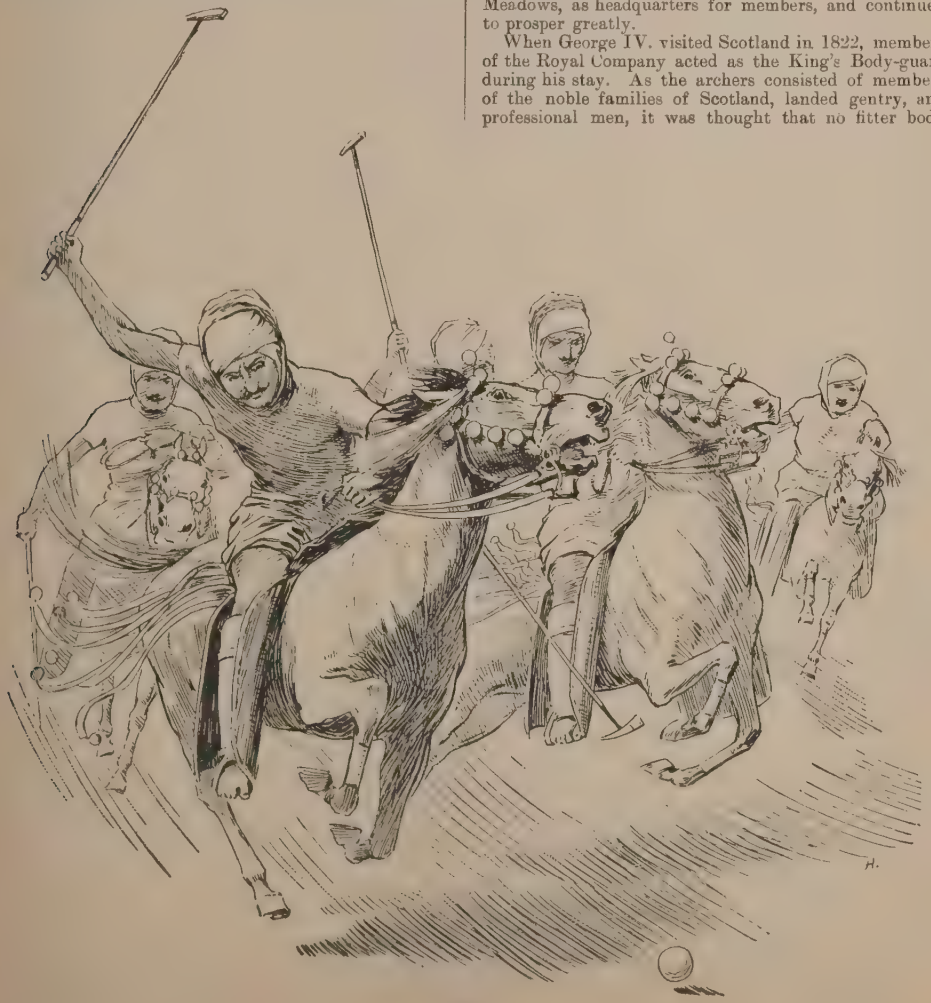
proved to be such a success that many other meetings took place, under the auspices of the 'Grand National Society,' and rules for the regulation of the sport were made. The order of shooting was fixed at six dozen arrows at a hundred yards, four dozen at eighty yards, and two dozen at sixty. For ladies, four dozen at sixty yards, and two dozen at fifty.

Amongst the many societies of archers in Great Britain, none have a longer or more interesting history than the Royal Company of Archers, in Edinburgh, which claims to date from the fifteenth century, but has no authentic record until 1676, when it is written that 'owing to the noble and usefull recreation of archery being for many years much neglected, several noblemen and gentlemen did associate themselves in a company for the encouragement thereof.' The company was granted a charter, conferring rights and privileges, which were confirmed and renewed by succeeding sovereigns.

Parades were often held by the members dressed in their uniform, which consisted of a green tartan coat and white knee-breeches, and the whole population of the town turned out to watch the procession, as the archers, headed by their band and colours, marched to Leith Links, where prizes were shot for.

In 1777, this great company erected a large hall in the Meadows, as headquarters for members, and continued to prosper greatly.

When George IV. visited Scotland in 1822, members of the Royal Company acted as the King's Body-guard during his stay. As the archers consisted of members of the noble families of Scotland, landed gentry, and professional men, it was thought that no fitter body



POLO.

of men could be chosen to carry out this coveted duty, therefore the King, on landing, was received by a detachment of the Company that escorted his carriage up to Holyrood. At levées and drawing-rooms held by the King, the archers performed the duties usually carried out by the Gentlemen-at-arms, lining the staircase and presence-chamber.

George IV. authorised the Company to take the title of 'The King's Body-guard for Scotland,' and constituted it part of the royal household, by presenting the Captain-General of the Company with a gold stick

In 1831 the full dress was a gorgeous affair, consisting of green coat embroidered with gold thistles and arrows, gold epaulettes, gold-laced trousers and a crimson silk sash, the whole finished off with a cocked hat and green plume.

The field dress was simpler, consisting of dark green tunic and trousers, with black and crimson stripes.

Amongst the many prizes shot for by the members of the Company were several of a rather quaint type, such as the 'Popinjay Medal,' which was presented in 1831. In order to win it, the competitor had to shoot a stuffed parrot or popinjay that was fixed to the top of a high pole and bring it down.

A much more ancient prize was the 'Goose Medal.' In this case a live goose was built in a turf butt, so that only its head could be seen, and the archer who could hit the head of the unfortunate bird was entitled to have her.

This practice continued until after the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was discontinued, and to replace it, a small glass globe was put in the centre of a small cardboard mark on the butt, and the winner had to break this globe in order to win the medal.

Another ancient society is that of 'The Woodmen of Arden,' in Warwickshire, which was revived in 1785, with a membership limited to eighty.

The Archers' Company of the Honourable Artillery Company, and the 'Finsbury Archers,' two very ancient bodies, are merged into the Royal Toxophilite Society, which was founded in 1781, in London, and which has been patronised by several sovereigns, George IV., William IV., and the late Prince Consort, all being patrons.

However, in spite of royal encouragement, the sport of archery has failed to hold its own with more modern and energetic sports, and has greatly declined in popularity, and the sport that was once the pride of England has now very nearly ceased to exist.

III.—POLO.

Polo, which, owing to the expense it entails, is played only by the favoured few, has but a short history in our country, for it was not until 1871 that it was first introduced into England, when the officers of the 10th Hussars, who had learned and enjoyed the game in India, where the regiment had been stationed, played a match at Aldershot. Even the name of the game is of Eastern origin, being most probably derived from *pulu*, which is the Thibetan name for a ball.

Far-away Persia is the home of Polo, and there the game has been played for hundreds of years, spreading to Tartary, Afghanistan and India, where it soon obtained an enthusiastic following amongst the numerous princes and nobles. Splendid horsemen, used to the saddle from early childhood, they played with a dash and abandon that could not be equalled, and many fierce games took place, often enough resulting in injuries to the reckless players.

The officers of British cavalry regiments, always keen on any form of sport, soon became interested in the new sport, and played amongst themselves, or against other regiments, both British and Indian, but it was not until the spring of 1871 that a match took place in England, when a start was made at Aldershot, amongst cavalry officers. It rapidly became popular in the Army and amongst those who could afford to keep the expensive and sporting ponies, that are so well trained that they appear to understand and enjoy the game quite as well as their riders.

Many fine games have been played at the great clubs, Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton, and much interest has been shown by all when a British team played foreign visitors, particularly when those visitors happened to be the Americans, playing for the Cup.

The size of the ground has varied considerably. Thus, in North-eastern India the ground was about a hundred and twenty yards long, and fifty yards in width, the whole of each end forming the goal. In another place the dimensions were a hundred yards in length, varying width, and a goal at each end fifty feet wide. Then, again, the ground could be much larger, some four hundred yards in length, with a width of a hundred and twenty at the ends, and still wider towards the centre.

When the game was first played in England the ground was about four hundred by two hundred yards, the width of the goals being from thirty to thirty-five yards; but the dimensions, particularly of the goals, have been decreased since the Hurlingham Club became the ruling authority of the game, a game that, though few can play, many delight to watch.

W. Herbert Holloway.

MRS. BUMBLE.

In the morning—very early—
While the fields with dew are pearly,
Mrs. Bumble comes to town:
In and out of blossoms popping,
All day long she's busy, shopping,
In her velvet gown.
When within a luscious foxglove,
Mrs. Bumble—very busy—
Sets the rosy bell a-swinging,
Mrs. Bumble must be dizzy!
Is your nest so very empty,
Poor, and needy,
Mrs. Bee—that you're so grasping
And so greedy?
Won't you leave a little honey
For your cousins,
Who will come collecting later,
In their dozens?
"*Buzz, buzz, buzz.*" Oh! Mrs. Bumble,
What a grumble,
What an over-laden tumble,
Mrs. Bumble!
Ah! you've robbed the richest blossom
Of its pollen—
Gleaned it all—
Greed, like Pride, you see, Dame Bumble,
Brings a fall!

Lilian Holmes.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 51.)

CHAPTER VI.

'WE will go through the end of the garden, and follow the field-path beyond,' said Kadru; 'it will lead us quicker to the river-bank than does the high road.'

'Yes,' Louisa agreed. She knew the way to the river quite as well as did Kadru, but for the moment she acknowledged the other's right to act as guide, and was sufficiently meek from her recent fright to accept the second place for the time being.

Kadru, still puffed up, continued to make the most of her opportunity. 'I will bid my aunt treat the Miss Sahib with great respect,' she announced. 'In public she must speak as though she were her niece, but in private she will serve her humbly.'

Louisa paid but scant attention; something had rubbed against her leg, something that purred and padded with its paws. She bent and lifted Bulbo in her arms. Delighted, she pressed his head against her cheek.

'Just look how faithful he is, Kadru,' she said. 'He must have watched us start and then followed. He wants to come too, and I shall take him. Dearest Bulbo.'

'Faithful!' Kadru scoffed. She was not as fond of Bulbo as was Louisa. He treated her merely as a slave, and, moreover, Kadru was jealous. 'He knows the Miss Sahib feeds him well and that he will fare less sumptuously when she is gone,' she added. 'But 'twill not hurt him to eat less; he is over-fat from good living. The Miss Sahib had better leave him behind. She would find him very heavy to carry; her arms would soon grow weary.'

'He's coming with us,' Louisa announced firmly. Bulbo had a right to a share in the adventure for which he was responsible, and Kadru was taking too much upon herself, Louisa was beginning to feel already. And she wanted Bulbo. He was greedy, she well knew, but she loved him. If she left him behind, Mrs. Barrington might entice him away No human being could resist Bulbo for long, Louisa was certain. His little rough tongue was licking her cheek now. She knotted the ends of her *sari* into a sling and tucked him in. Then she quickened her pace, to show Kadru how little she felt the extra weight.

'I shall teach Bulbo some more tricks,' she said, 'and he shall do them for money, and I'll give the money to your aunt. Don't you remember that performing bear? Everybody paid to watch it.'

'The bear was obedient, and Bulbo is not,' Kadru objected. 'When the Miss Sahib wants him to do tricks, he will sleep or wash his face. The Miss Sahib knows he pleases himself always.'

'Enough,' said Louisa, so decidedly that Kadru realised her brief reign was over, and became submissive again. After her mistress now she went between the high crops; the field-path ran straight to the ferry, a mile distant. Once across the river, for the time being, the fugitives would surely be safe. Only the bearer knew whither they had gone, or even suspected their flight. When they were missed, the bungalow and compound would first be searched and the immediate neighbourhood. These reflections were encouraging.

'And I will return quickly from Faridpur,' said Kadru, 'so that the police shall not suspect my whereabouts. By mid-day I shall be home again. They will think I have been shopping in the bazaar. Almost daily I go thither on errands for my father.'

'And when they ask you where I am, what are you going to say?' Louisa questioned. 'You'd better decide now, and then you'll be ready with an answer.'

'I think I will weep,' Kadru decided. 'If I weep loud and long enough, they will not notice I have not answered their questions. I will sob and wail—"My Miss Sahib! Oh, my Miss Sahib, find her for me. If she is lost, what shall I do? *Ahai! Ahai!*"'

'Well, don't wail now,' Louisa objected, as Kadru seemed inclined to rehearse her part. 'I'm not the police. It's wasted on me. We must be near the ferryman's hut,' she added, 'but I can't see a light.'

She was puzzled, for she knew that the ferryman was greatly afraid of the dark. He was one of her many friends; she had often sat talking to him as he waited for a fare. The lonely days he did not mind, he had told her, but all night and every night he burnt a lamp to scare the evil spirits. The lamp, no doubt, might have gone out while he slept; or she might be mistaken, and the hut be still distant. But she could hear the river plainly, slipping through the night. It was a wide and sluggish stream flowing smoothly between low banks; the murmur of the water would not penetrate far. A moment more, and out of the dark loomed the bulk of the hut. Up to the door Louisa walked and knocked, but there was no response.

'Oh, ferryman, awake!' Kadru called. 'We would cross the river.' But still there was no answer, and, as Kadru and Louisa fell upon the door together, it swung open and showed an empty room beyond. The ferryman had deserted his post, attracted probably by the fire. The glow in the sky must have been visible from the hut.

'What shall we do, Miss Sahib?' Kadru questioned. Her voice rose now in a genuine wail; she was indeed glad she had abandoned the post of leader. 'We cannot manage that heavy boat alone. We have neither the skill nor the strength, and the ferryman may not return until the morning. If dawn finds us on the nearer bank, we shall surely be caught.'

'If we can't use the big boat, we must find another,' said Louisa. She was not as alarmed as was Kadru, for already she had remembered that, at the worst, they could swim. She did not want to swim, because of Bulbo. He would certainly refuse to swim, too; he was struggling in the folds of the *sari* and mewing reproachfully, as though he guessed her thought.

Kadru shrugged her shoulders as she heard him. 'I would we had left the cat behind,' she murmured. 'Cats are bringers of ill-luck, I have often heard it said. 'Even now it is not too late Let him run home, Miss Sahib. Doubtless he knows the path; he goes far when he wanders at night. Put him down and shoo him away, and perhaps the luck will turn.'

But already Louisa was searching for a smaller boat. She felt sure that for his own use the ferryman kept something lighter. For fishing, at least, it would be needed, and he fished, to add to his meagre income, she knew. She scouted along the bank while Kadru followed, still murmuring a little against Bulbo. Her eyes were very sharp, however, sharper even than Louisa's. It was she who first caught sight of something that might serve their purpose.

(*Continued on page* 66.)

"She stooped and lifted Bulbo."

"The paddle slipped from her grip."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 63.)

'LOOK, Miss Sahib,' Kadru cried. 'Beneath that bush there is a tiny raft moored. Perchance we could make shift with it, though it is frail enough. It might hold us both. And see—there is a paddle lashed to the underside wherewith we could propel ourselves and steer.'

Together they dragged the raft from its hiding-place, and looked it over. It was small and flimsy; the merest framework of wood, laced across with string, and stretched above a couple of goatskin bags which were tightly inflated. But, if they balanced themselves very carefully, there was just room upon it Room for the bundle, too, if Kadru still carried it on her head, while Louisa used the paddle, a rough-hewn narrow plank.

'We will try it,' Louisa decided, 'and you can bring it back in the morning.'

Should she leave some money for the hire of the raft, she wondered; or would it be wiser to pay later? Finally, she laid a rupee on the floor of the hut. When the ferryman came back, he would be so pleased with the money, she reasoned, that he would not greatly mind if he discovered that his property was missing. Otherwise, he might go with a complaint to the police, and so arouse suspicion before Kadru could return.

Much pleased with her forethought, Louisa went back to Kadru, who had already seated herself on the raft, and now edged cautiously to one side. There was an indignant mew from Bulbo as the paddle sent up a shower of spray. Then, sticking every claw into Louisa's garments, he resigned himself gloomily to all that fate might bring.

It was not quite dark upon the water; the opposite shore made a blacker line in the distance. Her eyes fixed upon it, Louisa settled to her task with a will. It was not easy. First the raft turned round and round; then it sidled to right and left before she felt that she was making way. The current was stronger, too, than she had thought; the paddle less effective in unskilled hands. But they were crossing, if only inch by inch. She felt triumphant. Out upon the waste of waters it was wild and free, and Louisa sang as she paddled. Kadru approved of the song. Singing kept evil spirits away, she held, and she was no whit less afraid of evil spirits than was the ferryman. Also it meant that Louisa was happy.

'The Miss Sahib is gay at heart again,' said Kadru. 'She is content? She thinks we have done well?'

'Very well,' said Louisa. 'We managed to get off unseen; we managed to find the raft. I think we'll manage everything all right.'

'Be careful,' Kadru warned. 'The evil spirits hate the fortunate. Oh, do not make them jealous.'

'You and your evil spirits,' Louisa scoffed, and Kadru shuddered. She could not persuade her mistress to treat her spirits with sufficient respect.

'Don't be silly,' said Louisa, and paddled vigorously. 'I shall like living with your aunt, Kadru,' she added. 'I wish you could stay too. We'd have a lovely time.'

'We would, indeed,' Kadru echoed. Her spirits had begun to rise also, infected by Louisa's. 'But I will come often to see the Miss Sahib; as often as I dare.'

'I shall learn so much about doctoring, I dare say I'll be a doctor some day,' Louisa prophesied. 'Is your aunt very clever? Who taught her?'

'No one,' said Kadru. 'Little by little she learnt. In her own way she is clever, but it is not the way of the English doctor folk. Sometimes she gives medicine; wild jungle herbs that she brews. Sometimes she uses charms and amulets as my father said. And, always, she says to the sick—"Drink this! Wear that! Do as I bid you and you will be cured." And, those who believe and obey, cured they usually are.'

'I'll make the sick people believe in me,' Louisa asserted, and dug the paddle into the water again. A shade too deep it went; a shade too far she bent above it. She swayed, she rocked—then caught at Kadru as the paddle slipped from her grip. Out of reach in a moment it had floated. Too great was the calamity for speech till Kadru wailed aloud.

'Miss Sahib, Miss Sahib, I warned you,' Kadru wept. Did I not say—"Beware of the spirits"? But the Miss Sahib would not listen. She was too proud. Too proud.' (*Continued on page* 78.)

TRAVEL IN AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA was discovered in 1770 by Captain Cook; that is what our history and geography books say, but to us nowadays it seems a very strange thing that it was not discovered many years before that date. If we look at a modern map of the world and see the great island continent lying in the South Pacific, across the route of vessels sailing northward from Cape Horn to the Indies, it is difficult to understand how Magellan and Drake, and all the other navigators and circumnavigators of the sixteenth and seventeenth and eighteenth centuries managed to complete their voyages without running their ships aground on the huge obstacle.

As a matter of fact, however, Australia was discovered long before the official date of 1770—indeed, it was discovered and lost and rediscovered many times; but the early explorers, ignorant sailors as many of them were, did not know what it was that they had found, or realise the value and importance of their achievement.

At that time it was generally believed that a great barren land lay around the South Pole, and these men, therefore, when they sighted a low, sandy coast, or went ashore on a bleak, inhospitable beach in quest of water, merely thought that the dreary new-found land was part of a vast antarctic continent, stretching towards southern ice and snow, and instead of venturing inland were only eager to fill their empty casks and, hurrying back to their ships, set sail for some pleasanter and more genial clime.

Far back in the seventeenth century, we find mention again and again of a mysterious south land, but, with our present knowledge of the wealth and fertility and beauty of Australia, it is hard to recognise it in the dismal descriptions of the old records and log-books.

'It is for the most part desert,' wrote a Dutch seaman in 1606, 'in some parts inhabited by wild black savages, by whom some of our crew were murdered,' while other travellers speak of 'foul and barren shores,' 'swarms of flies,' and 'tracts of waste land that would be of very little value to the Dutch East India Company.'

William Dampier, the first Englishman to visit Australia, was more fortunate—or more observant—but even he was not by any means favourably impressed with the newly discovered country, and, after writing about trees which had flowers but no fruit, and foot-prints of mysterious unknown animals, he tells of an encounter with an iguano, which he describes as a large lizard with a stumpy tail, adding, 'I never did see such ugly creatures anywhere but here.'

Certainly the discovery of Australia was not considered of very much importance; but it must be remembered that in those days the exploits of Magellan and Cortez were fresh in men's memories, and when searching for new continents, adventurers hoped to find the palaces and treasure-houses of ancient civilisations, where gold and silver and precious stones might be had for the asking.

After the wealth and luxury of such wonderlands as Mexico, Peru, and the East Indies, Australia must indeed have seemed a dreary wilderness, and therefore no attempts were made at conquest or permanent colonisation, although it was called New Holland; some of its capes and straits were named after Dutch explorers, and it is said that the pavement of one of the public buildings in Amsterdam was inlaid with a map of the new continent.

And so the years went on and Australia was still neglected, until at last, in 1770, an English seamen, Captain James Cook, reached New South Wales, as it is now called, on a voyage round the world, and landed at Botany Bay, where he hoisted the Union Jack and took possession of the country in the name of King George.

Captain Cook only stayed for a few days in New South Wales, but on his homeward voyage, his ship, the *Endeavour*, was wrecked while exploring the northern coast of Australia, and the crew were obliged to stay for some time on shore while she was being repaired.

(*Continued on page* 110.)

HOLLY-BERRIES.

THE wind blows chill o'er the snow-drifts white,
And the rose lies dead on her icy bier,
But the holly-bush wears her jewels bright.

Her coral beads show a rosy light,
As she stands erect in the landscape drear,
When the wind blows chill o'er the snow-drifts white.

The fieldfare flutter in restless flight,
And the plover pipe by the frozen mere,
But the holly-bush wears her jewels bright.

The stars blaze out through the winter night
With a frosty glory—both cold and clear—
The wind blows chill o'er the snow-drifts white.

The snow lies thick on the mountain height,
The hoar-frost shines on the grasses sere,
But the holly-bush wears her jewels bright.

She heeds not the cold, nor the Frost-King's might,
When the icicle hangs like a frozen tear,
And the wind blows chill o'er the snow-drifts white,
Then the holly-bush wears her jewels bright.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

III.—THE PICTURE FRAME.

OUR first task will be the construction of the stage-front or proscenium. (See A on the diagrams in Article I). This part might be called the 'picture frame,' and the opening where the glass would be is sometimes spoken of as the 'fourth wall,' as though an imaginary transparent wall was between the actors and the audience, or a dividing partition had been knocked down, enabling people to view the doings of their neighbours in the next house.

The word Proscenium, as we have it, was to the Greek a combination of two words 'pro' and 'skene,' meaning 'before' and 'a tent or stage,' and it meant the stage itself, though to-day it means the front of it.

We are told that in the old Greek theatre there was no stage such as we know it to-day, but the plays were acted in a flat open space or floor, perhaps a hundred feet long or more, in front of which, in a semi-circle, sat the orchestra, and, circling tier above tier behind them, the audience, on seats of stone built upon the sides of the hill. Originally the people sat on the grassy slopes without the stone seats; these came as the drama progressed and the theatre itself was improved. Then the Romans began to seat their audiences on the flat floor—where the Greek always had their orchestra—this was the beginning of the modern 'pit,' and, of course, meant that some of the 'pittites' would not be able to see the actors if they played on the flat ground, so a raised stage was built, that all might see. The hill-side seats were not dispensed with, people still had 'gallery' views from stone seats, but the Roman semi-circular auditorium was not quite so large as the old Greek one. Again, when it came to scenery, the Greeks had none save a few 'properties,' such as seats, benches, throne, or tents to help the play along a bit; but the Romans built themselves, at the back of their stage, a huge stonework permanent scene in the manner of a building, with doors to let in or out from the stage, and this scene did for all their acts and all their plays. But neither Greeks nor Romans built a stage-*front* or picture-frame to their theatres, and the whole affair in both cases was quite open to the sky and actors and audience were one.

Later on, in mediæval days, when the Church began to teach the people with its miracle or mystery plays, the 'stage' took on a new aspect. These 'miracles' were, of course, religious plays and were directly under the Church's control. They were acted usually at Easter or Christmas-time and took the form of Biblical scenes, especially those connected with the life of Jesus, and in England they were enacted not on one stage, in a fixed place, but each scene was played on a *separate stage* erected on a float or waggon and pulled about by horses all through a town. One scene followed another in proper order, with always a short interval between, and they would stop at various places for the actors to do their part, so that in each of the stopping-places the crowd there collected would have the opportunity to see the whole play. Something of this sort still exists in the tableaux we see on carts and lorries at carnivals, or processions like the Lord Mayor's Show. At the same period France was having its mystery plays, and although they were in most parts quite similar to the English ones, they had this difference that they were acted on a stationary or fixed stage: this was a huge affair sometimes as much as a hundred and thirty feet

long, and the whole of the scenes, or 'stations,' were built upon the stage and consisted of little houses or 'mansions,' so that they were in full view of the audience the whole time. Each 'mansion' bore a board with its title painted on, such as 'Nazareth' or 'Herod's palace,' and the scene, whatever it happened to be, was played outside its particular station, the rest of the stage meanwhile being left quite empty. But again there was no proscenium and the stage was entirely open to the sky. Neither was there a 'fourth wall' in Shakespeare's day, when he and his companions played their many parts in the little 'Fortune' theatre, or one of the other little theatres they built. There the stage came right amongst the audience. It was raised up a bit, though,

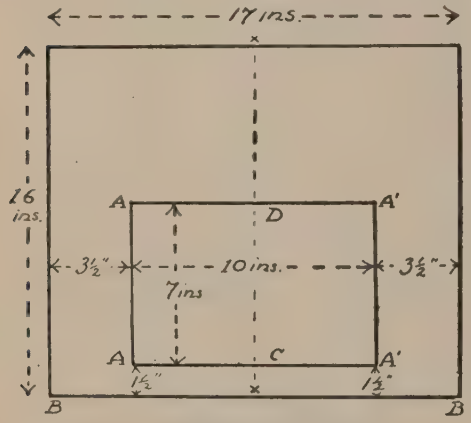


Fig. 1.—Measurements of Proscenium.

and there was practically no attempt at scenery or elaborate presentation. The theatre was pretty similar to the inn yards of the time, and had galleries running round three sides of the auditorium for the people to sit in.

After Shakespeare came the French actor, Molière, who produced plays in a somewhat similar style of theatre to Shakespeare's, but with this curious feature: some of the audience actually sat *on* the stage, each side of the players. Soon after this, the proscenium made its appearance. It came from Italy, and with it came more elaborate scenes, wings, drop-scenes, and many such things as we still see in our modern theatres. But when the stage-front came, the stage itself began to recede behind it. For a little time it protruded beyond the front and was known as the 'apron,' but the audience ceased to sit on the stage, though for a while iers of boxes rose from each side of it. At the present day it is hardly noticeable, so that we now have the picture entirely behind its frame.

There is a tendency in the modern stage world to do away with the proscenium and make the actors and the audience one again. With this tendency we have nothing in common in our toy theatre, because our actors not being human, but bits of wood and card, are far better employed behind a frame in making pictures for our dreams than in appearing before our eyes in all their reality of wood and paint as simply models. With these few historical details put before our minds like a mental pageant, let us now set to on the great work before us.

The actual size of *our* stage-front will be seventeen inches wide and sixteen inches high, so that our first

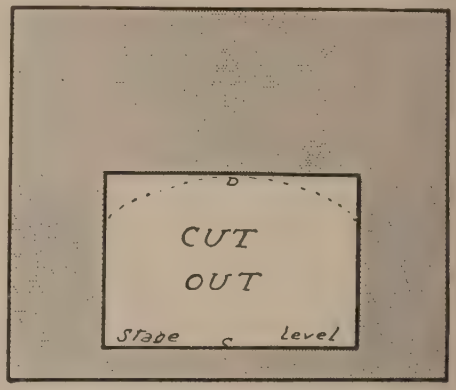


Fig. 2.—Diagram of Stage-front.

duty will be to get a large sheet of very stout cardboard or 'beaver' board, which we can obtain at a builder's yard, and cut it carefully and squarely to these measurements. The razor-blade knife will be the best tool for cutting a clean edge, but be most certain that all your corners are perfectly square. Perhaps you wish to make a much larger theatre—say, twice the size of the dimensions now given. In that case, *every* measurement

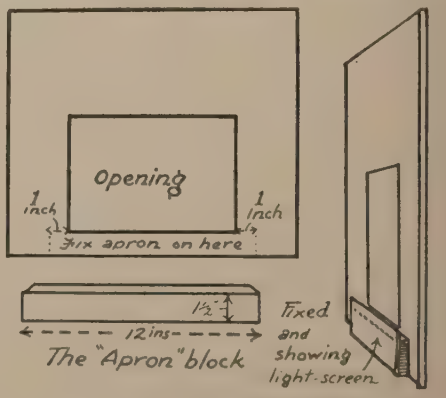


Fig. 3.—The Apron and Footlight Screen.

must be doubled; where the text says 'six inches,' you must make it twelve, so that your stage-front instead of being seventeen by sixteen will now be thirty-four by thirty-two inches, and all other fittings in proportion.

Now the card is nicely cut to the size and shape required, the next thing is to draw a pencil line right down the centre from top to bottom (fig. 1, x x), then mark off *each* side of the centre line five inches to A, A'.

This will then leave exactly three and a half inches to the outside edges, so from one side to the other will read three and a half, ten, three and a half—totel, seventeen inches. The ten-inch division represents the width of the stage opening. Draw a line up each side of the opening (A A′) parallel with the outer edges. From the bottom edge (B B) mark up one and a half inches on each of these lines and draw a horizontal line connecting the two marks (C). Above this line again mark off seven inches and connect the points with another horizontal line (D) thus forming a rectangle ten inches wide by seven inches high. Now with your razor-knife very carefully cut along the four sides of this rectangle) paying particular attention to the corners. Lay the sheet of card on another stout piece of waste card before cutting, to protect your work-bench. When you have cut through, remove the piece of card and this will then leave the main sheet as shown in fig. 2. If you wish, you can cut the top line (D) as an arch, but in doing this be most careful not to go beyond the seven-inch line

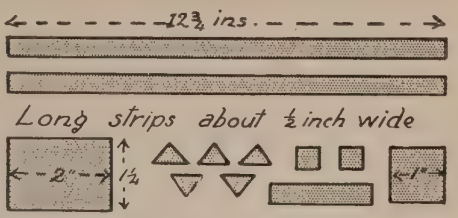
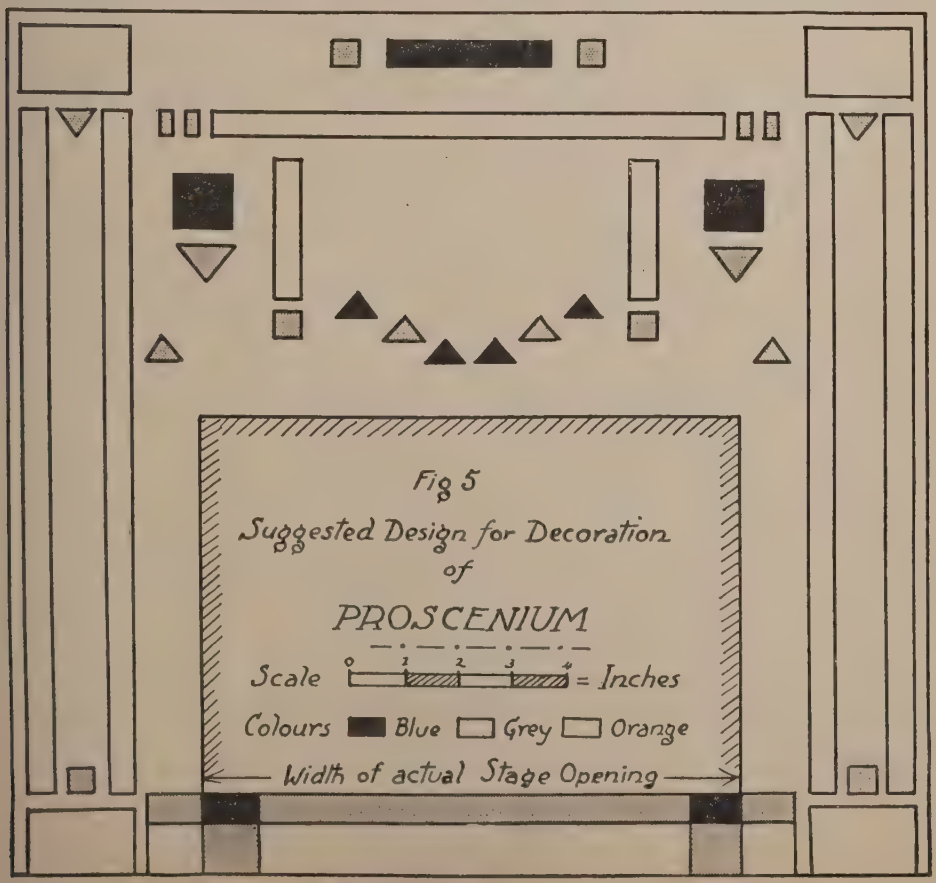


Fig. 4.—Some Card Shapes to decorate the Stage-front.

(see the dotted line, fig. 2). When this is done, the main part of the proscenium will have been made, but one or two further details will have to be added before this section is complete.

One of these is the 'apron,' the little platform with the screen for the footlights. This is a very simple matter. All that is needed is a nice strip of wood



twelve inches in length, one and a half inches wide, and five-eighth or three-quarter inch thick, with all corners and edges nicely squared and planed. This must be glued and nailed to the base of the proscenium (see fig. 3) and to ensure accuracy it is advisable to mark off one inch each side of the bottom corners of the stage opening (A A′) as a guide to position when fixing. Make quite sure, also, that its width (one and a half inches) agrees exactly with the stage-level in the opening and is not the slightest bit lower or higher. You can do this by carefully planing it down to the right width before attempting to fix it. In glueing all wood-work or card-work *always* use your glue when *boiling hot* and leave the article thus fixed for quite a day without disturbance, so that the glue may get a proper chance to set hard. Get on with some other section of the work meanwhile.

The next thing to consider is the decoration of the front, and the simpler it is the better will it look. The old days of the over-ornamented proscenium have gone, and people are beginning to realise that beauty can be obtained by the use of a little, far better than by a lot. So with *our* stage-front, simplicity must be the motto, and this can be effected by making our design out of flat pieces of card and glueing them strongly to the front.

Fig. 4 shows some of the various shapes required to be cut and a good supply of these strips, squares and triangles, &c., should be got together in waiting moments. Do not fix them to the front at this stage of the work, as some tool work will be needed later on, and the ornament might get spoiled if fixed too soon. But the design should be marked out in pencil in readiness. In fig. 5 is given a perfectly simple design for a proscenium which is effected entirely in strips and pieces of card on the flat base. All the black and tinted parts represent the piece cut and stuck on. A scheme of colouring this front will be spoken of at a later stage. This diagram is drawn accurately to scale, and by referring to the small scale shown beneath, you will see that each of the sections on it represent one inch on your actual model, or two inches if you are making one twice the size.

By the time you have cut these ornamental pieces of card, the glued-on 'apron' will now be fixed strongly enough to knock a few half-inch nails through the back of the card and so make quite sure of its security. After this cut another strip of stout card twelve inches long and two inches wide and fix this on the front of the apron so that it is level at the bottom and sticks up half an inch above the stage level. This is the footlight screen, and when it is fixed the proscenium is complete.

H. W. Whanslaw.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 59.)

A CRY from Norma interrupted the boys. She had reached the mouth of the cave and grasped the chain, meaning to step at once into the boat. But the chain came loose in her hand, and to her horror she discovered that the boat had disappeared.

'Sydney!' she cried. 'We've lost the boat!'

'Oh, rats! You little scaremonger!' muttered Sydney, still more crossly, while Leonard hurried forward and squeezed into the narrow space beside Norma. The piece of cliff containing the mouth of the tunnel faced the shore and it was therefore impossible to see out across the lake, although Leonard leaned dangerously forward in an effort to see round the projecting corner of the island.

'It's gone all right,' he cried. 'Didn't you tie the painter to the chains?' he demanded.

'Of course I did,' answered Sydney. 'Wound it round and round the hook and then slipped the end in. Ought to have been all right.'

'Do you mean to say,' asked Leonard, 'that you just tucked it in, without tying a proper knot? Pretty little wonder that the boat has gone, in that case.'

'Ought to have been all right,' repeated Sydney.

'Anyhow,' said Leonard, 'we are in a jolly mess!'

Sydney crawled forward, pushing Leonard aside from the edge. 'Always said you would be,' he muttered.

'Well, you tied the thing, anyhow,' scored Leonard, and Sydney did not answer.

'Whatever shall we do?' said Norma.

'Better swim out and look for it,' suggested Leonard, taking off his coat. 'Come on Sydney!'

'No fear,' answered his brother. 'The boat will be half-way across the lake by this time. The wind is blowing right off the shore. We could swim to land, though.'

'But Norma can't swim,' Leonard put in.

'Oh, bother Norma!' growled Sydney. 'She's always in the way,' and Norma looked inclined to cry.

'That's rot, you know,' returned Leonard. 'It's no use losing your temper. Don't be like a bear with a sore head, Sydney!'

'And don't you try to talk like Father,' snapped Sydney. 'All very well for him to talk like that, but I don't want any of it from you. And it's none of your business, anyhow."

'Oh, do stop quarrelling,' cried Norma, tearfully. 'I don't know how we shall ever get away from this wretched cave. Sydney, do be a brick and do something!'

'Let me have another look,' said Leonard, but Sydney refused to make way for him at the entrance. 'You dry up!' he said. 'This is my job. Look here,' he added, 'it is too jolly deep here to wade ashore, and if swimming is out of it the only thing is to climb up to the top of the cliff. It isn't more than about ten feet high.'

'Is there anything to step on?' asked Norma, and Sydney leant forward, first to one side and then to the other, searching the face of the rock.

'Not much to get hold of,' he said at last, 'but there's a sort of little ledge just here,' and he pointed to the right, in the direction of the Ridge. 'I might get a foot on to that,' he went on, 'and then there is a bit of a projection higher up to hold on to. Hold my coat, Len.'

Sydney's ill-temper soon vanished at the prospect of the rather adventurous climb, and a minute later he turned round and crawled carefully backwards towards the entrance. When his toe touched the edge of the rock, he raised one knee and set a foot firmly on the floor of the cave.

'You two must keep hold of my arm,' he instructed, 'while I stand up,' and when Leonard and Norma were holding him firmly by the wrist he got the other foot on to the ground and cautiously stood up with his feet on the edge and his body outside the tunnel. Reaching out with his free arm, he grasped the projecting rock which he had already noticed. Then, putting all his weight

on to his right leg, he carefully moved the other along the face of the cliff until his toe rested on the little ledge.

'I'm all right now,' he called; 'let go of my arm,' and he gripped the edge of the cave and swung his other foot on to the ledge. Standing insecurely, while Norma urged him to be careful, he raised his right arm in an effort to reach the top of the island—a hopeless attempt, for he was quite two feet short.

'No good!' he called, in a disappointed tone.

'See if you can get further along,' suggested Leonard, and Sydney felt for a new foothold, a little higher, with his left foot. To look downwards was impossible, as nothing would have been easier than to overbalance and fall into the water below, and he had therefore to keep his whole body pressed tightly against the rock. For some seconds he moved his foot slowly up and down the rock without finding any projection.

'Can you move further along?' suggested Leonard. 'If you can't get up to the top, you might be able to get along sidewards to the Ridge.'

Nerving himself for another effort, Sydney put his right hand on to the high projection, so as to be able to swing further out to the left. Almost immediately, his toe touched something protruding from the rock, although little higher than the ledge on which he was standing. Hopefully, however, he set his foot on to it, and then quickly he found a tiny crack into which he could get the fingers of his left hand.

The problem now seemed to be to get higher, so that his toe could get into that crack: then he would certainly be able to reach the top. His leg ached with the strain of moving it against the face of the cliff, and to rest it he stood for a minute while he felt as low as he could reach with his free hand. He found a very slight dent in the regularity of the rock, and though it seemed very doubtful whether it would give him any sufficient foothold, he decided to risk it. Getting his right boot firmly into it, therefore, he gripped the crack strongly with his left hand and drew himself up. His foot slipped an inch or two, but he got the fingers of his right hand into a higher part of the slanting crack and held tight. Then with a new effort he drew himself higher; and stretching up his left hand he managed to get his fingers over the top of the cliff. After that it took him but a second to haul himself up until both hands were over the top; and then to swing up a leg and roll on to the ground.

He crawled back to the edge, and looked down on Leonard and Norma as they peered up at him from the mouth of the tunnel.

'I don't see you two doing that,' he panted. 'Jolly stiff bit of climbing. I'd better get you a bit of rope.'

'Nothing to tie it to,' Leonard objected, 'and anyhow we haven't anything stronger than cord. We couldn't climb it, and you couldn't possibly stand our weight to pull us up, you know, even if the cord held. That's no good. And my arms won't reach as far as yours for climbing; and anyhow Norma couldn't do it. Can you see the boat?'

Sydney stood up and looked across the lake as far as he could. The island lay in a bay, bounded on the south by the Wirdstone, and on the North, further away, by a headland on which grew a little clump of trees, so that it was impossible to see very far.

'Wait a minute,' cried Sydney, and running across the island he climbed to the highest branch of the Signal Tree.

To the two waiting in the cave it seemed an hour before he shouted down to them five minutes later.

'It's farther down the lake,' he called. 'About a quarter of a mile.'

'If it is near the shore,' suggested Leonard, 'you might go down the Ridge and along until you are level with it, and then swim out and row it here.'

'Oh, I dare say!' muttered Sydney. 'All the work for me!' But nevertheless he hurried along the Ridge and set off at a run down the shore of the lake.

Meanwhile, Norma was both hungry and frightened, and Leonard had all he could do to assure her that there was no danger of the owner of the cave suddenly arriving. It was then half-past six, and he told her that they were perfectly safe until after the sun set, about a quarter to nine. But it was half-past seven when Sydney arrived with the boat, and by that time Leonard, though he did not show it, was seriously wondering what would happen if they were caught in the cave.

With the boat, however, it was easy to reach their landing-place, and after Norma had been put ashore, Leonard, to Sydney's disgust, insisted that the boat must be returned to its place behind the trees.

'We can't keep it here,' he said. 'If we did, the man would come on to the island to look for it and find us. We don't want that at any price. Our only advantage over him now is that we can keep a watch on him without his knowing it, because he thinks he is alone on the island.'

Unwillingly, Sydney agreed, and a little later the boat stood once more on its rollers behind the trees and the boys walked back to the Ridge.

'We must be on the watch about ten,' began Leonard, but Sydney turned on him angrily.

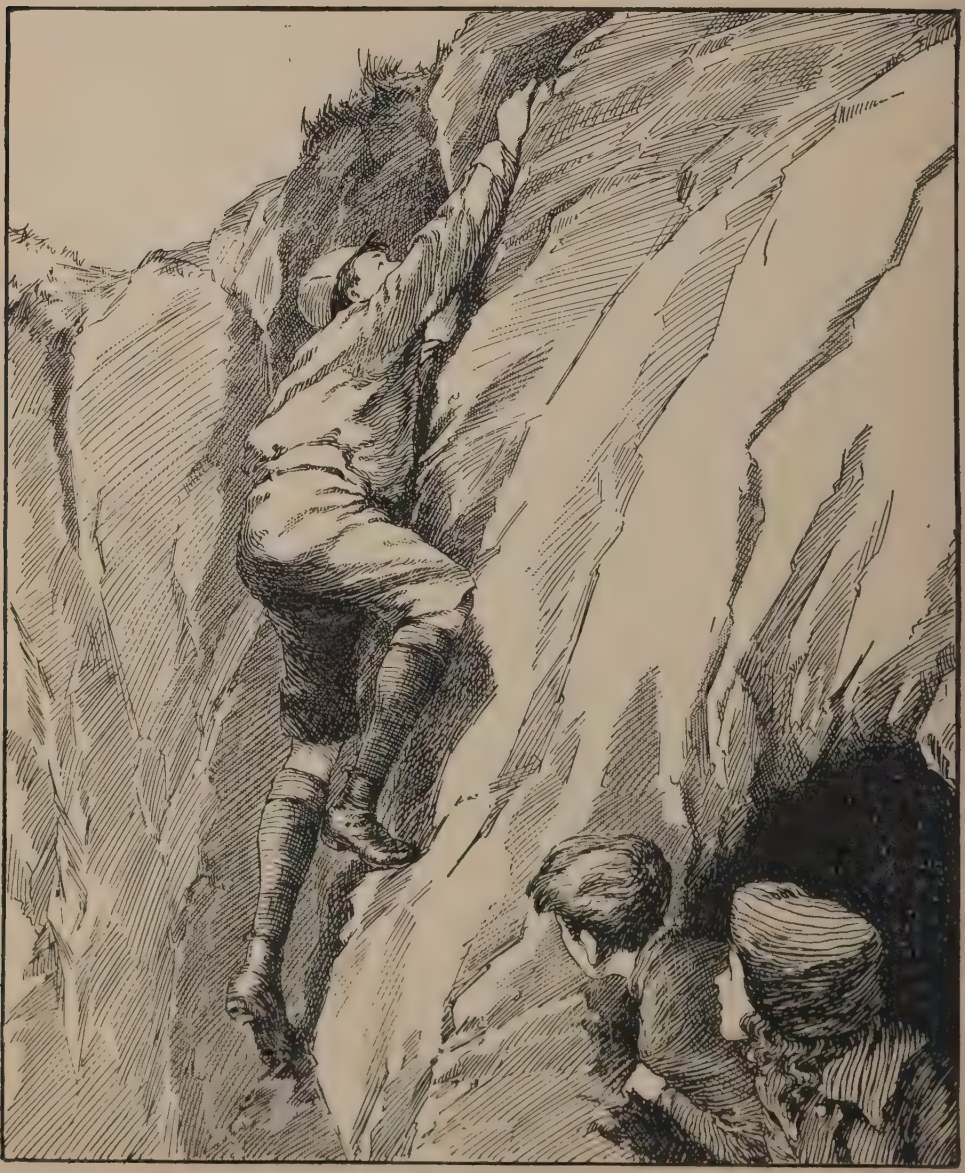
'Look here,' he said. 'I've done everything to-day. You are always crowing about your wonderful "brain-waves," but they don't cost you much; and that is about all you do. I've pulled that boat about six miles, run half the length of the lake, and climbed that beastly cliff. Now you talk about sitting up half the night, and you can jolly well do it if you want to. It's going to rain, anyhow. I'm going to have a feed and then jolly well turn in.'

Leonard knew the uselessness of arguing when his brother was in that mood, and kept silent till they reached their cave. Luckily, Norma had been busy while the boys were away, lighting a fire—with the aid of most of the oil from one of the lamps—and cooking a hot meal of soup and beef and fried potatoes, with mugs of steaming cocoa, which gradually brought Sydney nearer to his ordinary good humour. He even admitted that the meal was good, and later, as he arranged his bed in the cave, mumbled his regret for having 'been a pig.'

Norma refused to sleep alone in the back cave, but she had also no desire to stay awake, and Leonard saw that if he again suggested watching for the boat, he would be easily out-voted.

The boys agreed that Norma should sleep on the lower floor with them, but they had barely lain down and put out the lamps, when she remembered the signal light. Sydney was by this time comfortable amongst his blankets, and he grumbled again at the idea of leaving them. But Leonard volunteered to 'be the lighthouse-keeper,' as he put it, and scrambling into his clothes again, he left the cave just as Sydney began to snore.

(*Continued on page* 74.)



"He gripped the crack and drew himself up."

"He saw something almost startling enough to make him lose his balance."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAPTER V.

AFTER lighting the signal lamp, Leonard did not hurry back to the cave. He had been bitterly disappointed at Sydney's refusal to sit up and watch. If they had waited to see who came to the tunnel, they might somehow have discovered what he was doing and have solved the whole mystery; and after all, what did one night's sleep matter?

Walking towards the Ridge, he stopped when he thought he was over the mouth of the tunnel. It was already dark, and he wondered if the man would come that night. He might arrive at any moment now. Perhaps already he was pushing the boat off its rollers, and in a few minutes would be tying the painter to the chain. A pity to lose such a chance!

But why should he not take Sydney at his word, and watch alone?

The moon was hidden by clouds, and presently, as he sat on the rock above the tunnel, rain began to fall in a steady drizzle, and he looked for shelter. But the nearest tree was on the opposite side of the island, and boulders gave little protection.

Leonard wondered whether the man would tie up the boat more securely than Sydney had done. Had they left everything as they found it? Would the damp marks on the rock have dried?

It was cold in the rain. He fastened his coat and turned up the collar. Luckily, he had changed the boots and socks in which he had fallen off the Ridge; but already he was rapidly getting wet again. But he was going to see the thing through now, and it was no use bothering about feeling uncomfortable.

But he was troubled about the possibility of their visit to the tunnel being discovered. Had they left the pickaxe upright or lying down? Had they replaced the box under the sack? To be discovered now would spoil the whole adventure! Had they drawn back the chain, or left it with the hook on the edge of the rock as they found it?

Leonard leaned forward over the cliff, hoping that a flicker of moonlight would show him the mouth of the cave. Instead, he saw something almost startling enough to make him lose his balance. The boat was already there!

It was not more than an hour and a half since he and Sydney had run it ashore. The sun had been setting then, and the man must have launched it again only a few minutes later. A pretty narrow escape!

Leonard could see the painter tied to the chain, while another short chain seemed to connect the back of the seat to a small staple fixed to the back of the cliff. He realised that it must have been this second staple that gave Sydney his foothold beyond the ledge; and the way the boat was fixed fore and aft accounted, of course, for the rubbing of the paint from the side. And Leonard decided that this rather elaborate method of securing the boat was adopted in order to keep it in close to the cliff, where it would not stand out in silhouette against the lake and would be far less easily seen from the shore. Also, of course, it proved, if further proof was needed, that whoever was at work in the tunnel was out for serious business.

For a minute Leonard thought of jumping down into the skiff, and casting off, so that it would drift away and leave the man in the tunnel a prisoner. But then he would probably climb, as Sydney had done, on to the island—the last place at the moment where they wanted him—while he, adrift in the boat, not being much good with the sculls, might have to spend the night alone in the middle of the lake.

Yet the chance of discovering something that night was too good to be lost. Running back to the spot where he had heard the knocking in their search the night before, he lay down to listen. All was silent. Then, as he pressed his ear against the rock, he fancied he could detect a faint hum and a slight, almost imperceptible vibration. It might be imagination—or it might be the drill!

Leonard considered a plan to undress and swim round to the mouth of the tunnel. But it was unlikely that a light at the far end of the long passage would show him as much as he wanted to see, while to enter the tunnel was obviously impracticable. Leonard had plenty of pluck, but he liked to think before he acted—to look before he leapt. While Sydney would plunge headlong into any adventure and take the consequences, Leonard usually found a way of getting the same result without half the trouble. To-night, Sydney, had he been there, would probably have dived down to the tunnel without a thought. Leonard, on the other hand, saw himself in imagination crawling into the tunnel, meeting the man with the pickaxe, and being powerless to retreat. He would then, whatever happened, give his own game away and certainly be little better off, while very likely he would land the three of them into a considerable mess.

Leonard decided that the proper thing to do at the moment, therefore, was simply to keep watch; and the question was from where to get the best view. He could of course wait at the top of the cliff until the man left in the morning. But then he would only catch a glimpse of a back and the top of a hat and be little better off than before. He wanted more than that. He wanted above all to know why the man was cutting at the rock. The first step towards that might be to find out where he came from—whether, for instance, he was the owner of the boat, in which case he presumably lived in the house beyond the trees further up the hill; or whether he merely borrowed the boat at night. If he was the owner of the boat and the house, it would be worth while to-morrow to go ashore again and find out what he did during the day. In any case, the best thing to do now would surely be to hide on the shore and watch the return of the boat, and then see who landed from it and where he went.

With this decision, Leonard ran down the Ridge this time without mishap, and set out along the shore towards the trees. It occurred to him that it would be better not to leave footprints in the sand, and accordingly he went on to the grass, higher up the slope. Then he thought that, as there was no chance of the man returning before daybreak, it would be a good plan to go through the wood and see what he could of the house in the night.

He found it to be a new-looking building of red brick, quite large, with a stone verandah running round

it. The main door was in the verandah on the left, while the front consisted almost entirely of a series of big windows. On the right stood some out-buildings: a greenhouse, a large shed, and some stables with a cottage beside them. Leonard liked the look of the house, and thought it would be a jolly place to stay in. Certainly it seemed more the place for a holiday party than the home of a conspirator.

He pictured the occupier of the cave as wearing a slouch hat and perhaps a dark cloak; a combination of Don Q. and Guy Fawkes. And it was certainly difficult to imagine him living in that house, with horses, and probably a car or two, and then creeping off at night in the boat and working with mysterious secrecy in the dark tunnel.

Turning away, Leonard walked down through the wood to the water's edge. He wanted to solve the problem. Moreover, though he knew from somewhat bitter experience that it was useless to try to make Sydney understand the idea, he was convinced that it could all be worked out, if only he had enough time. Of course, climbing into caves and hiding behind rocks and all that sort of thing was great fun, but it was the kind of 'brain-wave' that Sydney always laughed at which would settle the matter. After all, Sherlock Holmes went about with a magnifying-glass all right, but it was always in an armchair at home that he solved the mysteries. No doubt this one could be solved in the same way, and while he waited for the return of the boat he meant to think out the whole thing.

He reached the shore and the Wirdstone, on to which he climbed, down-lying, as comfortably as the sharp corner of rock permitted.

(*Continued on page* 86.)

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE little girl who lives next door
Wears short hair, and a bow;
She's three—but very nearly four—
The same as me, you know.

On week-days—just the same as me—
She's dressed in kiltie frocks,
And on her long brown legs you'll see
The same short stripey socks.

On Sundays both alike we'll be,
In 'nolland overalls;
She rides a scooter—same as me;
And—same as me—she falls!

But, *oh! she's* got a mackintosh
And lace-up boots that tie;
She walks out in the rain and slosh—
It's *dreadful—why* can't I?'

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

IV.—RACKETS, TENNIS, AND LAWN-TENNIS.

GAMES played with racket and ball were played in France hundreds of years ago, and are believed to have been introduced into Gaul by the Romans, who brought the game of *Pila* with them. The games played in France were *Longue Paume*, which was played in the open, and *Courte Paume*, which required a covered court similar to a modern racket court; and there can be no doubt that the game of rackets is their direct descendant, taking its name from the French 'Raquette' or Italian 'Rachetta.' At first racket courts were 'open'—that is, merely a plain wall with no side walls; but these are quite obsolete, and have given way to the closed-in courts with side and back walls.

The game, though popular amongst those who play it, is not popular in a general sense; for it is almost entirely confined to the public schools, universities, and garrison towns, though a few courts are to be found here and there, in private houses or at the big clubs, such as Queen's Club, where those who learn the game at school can continue to enjoy playing it.

Tennis is another game that is played by comparatively few, and, like rackets, was brought over to this country from France and Italy as long ago as the thirteenth century. In the Middle Ages it was played in open courts, in the dry moats and ditches of the great feudal castles of France and Italy, and was the pastime of kings and the nobles. In the beginning, rackets were probably not used, but the ball was struck with the palm of the hand, as is clear from the French name, *Jeu de Paume*. Later the hand was protected by a glove, and a game of this type is still played in the Basque country. Still later, in order to give a faster impulse to the ball, strings and cross-strings were stretched upon the glove, then these strings were stretched on a small frame instead of upon the glove, and a short handle was added, and the first racket was made, though no doubt, according to modern ideas, it must have been a rough-and-ready affair, not carefully balanced, or with very taut strings, as are the beautifully-made rackets of the present day, when only carefully-selected wood and the best sheep-gut are used.

Another improvement in the game consisted in the building of closed courts: first of all with walls, then with a roof as well, resembling present-day courts.

That the game came to us from France is made very clear by the numerous French names used, such as *Dedans*, *Grille*, *Tambour*, and *Bisque*. Even the name of the game is probably derived from the French *Tenez*, an exclamation employed by the early French players when about to serve.

There are some fine courts attached to large private houses and castles, some of them having been in existence for many years; also at some of the large sporting clubs. But tennis is a game that is played by a comparatively small number of enthusiasts, and is a difficult game to learn and play.

Lawn-tennis, on the contrary, is rapidly becoming the most popular of summer games, and was first played, in a form similar to that now in vogue, about 1875, so that it is really quite a modern game. Two years later the All England Club, at Wimbledon, altered the laws and the system of scoring, and re-arranged the size and shape of the court. These laws, excepting for occasional amendments dealing with minor matters, are those which are now in use, and were, when framed by the All England Club, accepted by the Marylebone Cricket Club at Lord's, who lent the authority of their great name to the new game, which soon obtained a following.

The same year, 1877, saw the championship meeting instituted at Wimbledon: at first for gentlemen amateurs

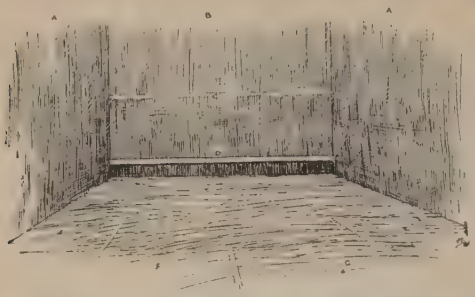


Fig. 1.—A Racket Court: A, A, Side Walls. B, Front Wall. C, Service Line. D, Play Board. E, Service Boxes. F, Backhand Court. G, Forehand Court.

only, but later to include ladies' singles, also doubles and mixed events.

The history of lawn-tennis is bound up with the All England Club, for the splendid courts of this famous club have been the scene of the championship gathering year after year, and have been played on by nearly all the world's best players, for the meeting is truly international, competitors coming from the Continent, America, India, South Africa, and far-away Australia and New Zealand

For many years the players of this country were supreme at the game, largely, it must be admitted, because it was not played very seriously elsewhere, and the championship stayed with us.

This century, however, saw a great change. We were challenged by first-class men from overseas, who came over grimly determined to win, and it is only because we possessed such truly brilliant performers, such as the

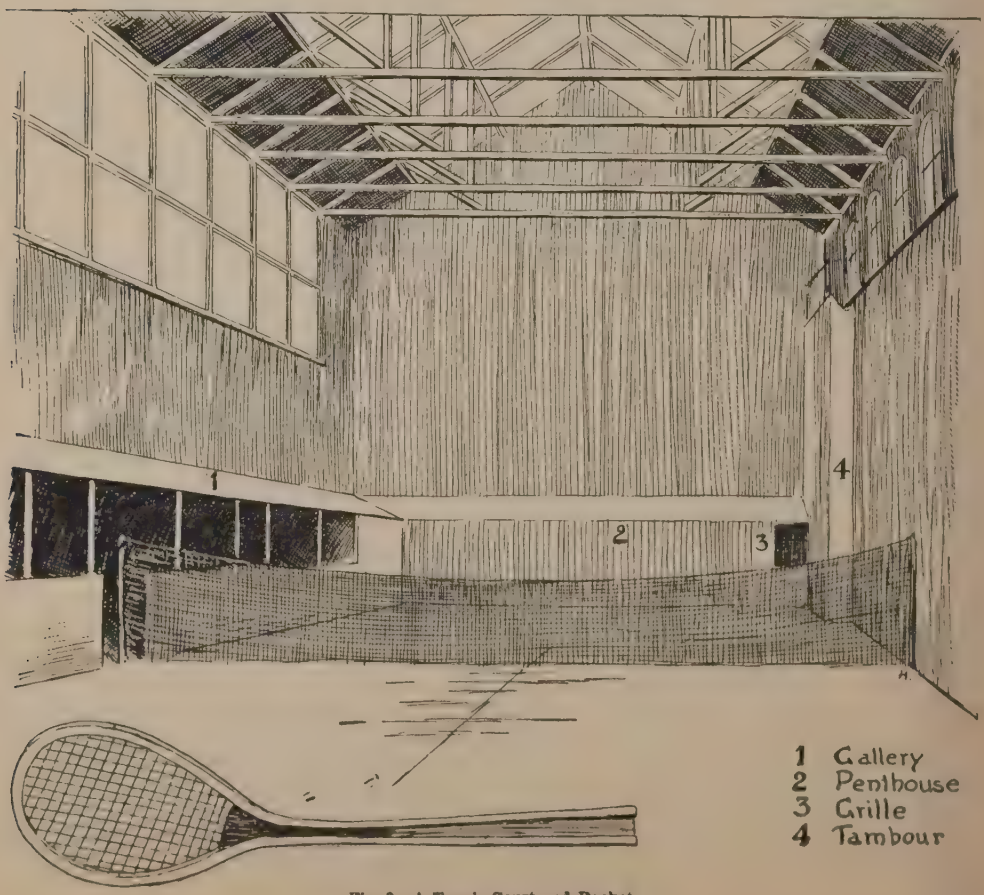


Fig. 2.—A Tennis Court and Racket.

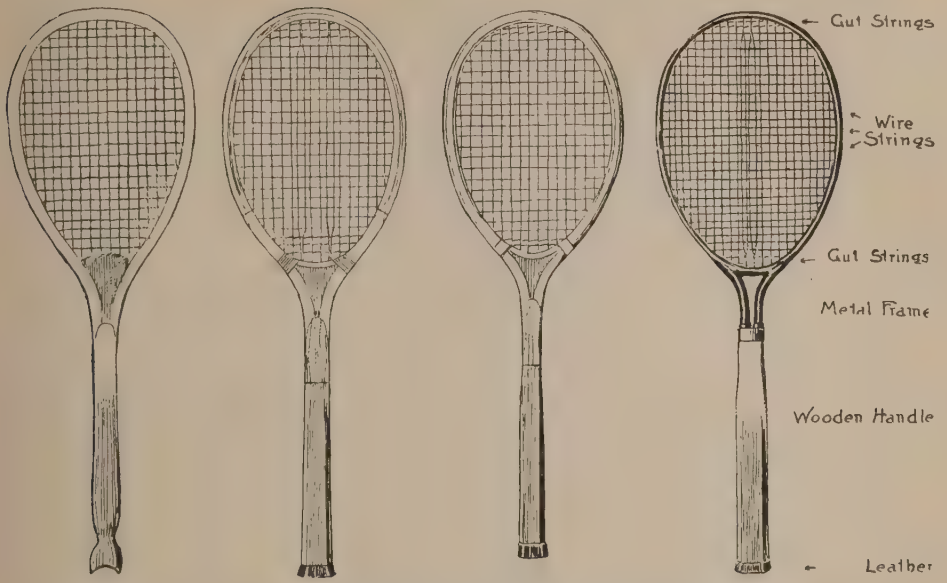


Fig. 3.—Lawn Tennis Rackets (left to right) : 1. Old-fashioned shape. 2. Modern bevelled edge with extra stringing. 3. Smaller shape and handle. 4. American Metal Racket.

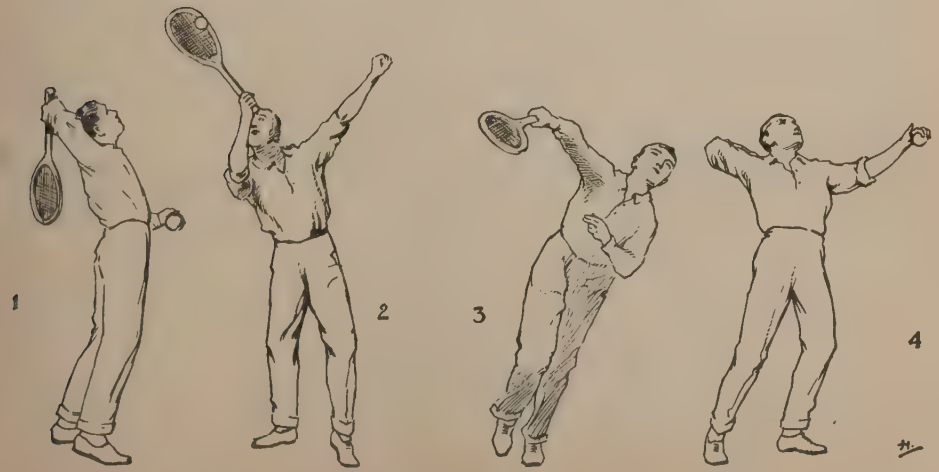


Fig. 4.—Types of Modern Lawn Tennis service: 1. American. 2. Reverse. 3. Break. 4. American (from front).

Doherty brothers, that the championship cup remained in England; but when H. L. Doherty followed his brother, R. F., into retirement, Brooks, the Australian, easily secured the coveted title, and soon after Anthony Wilding, the stalwart New Zealander, won the cup, which he retained for several years, to be beaten at last, in 1914, by Brooks.

Another Australian, Gerald Patterson, won in 1919, and then, the following year, the cup was for the first time captured and taken out of the Empire by the American, Tilden. As the Americans had for years sent their best men over, we cannot begrudge them their well-deserved success.

The Ladies' Championship remained in England until the Californian, Miss Sutton, won it; and the last few years it has been captured by the famous French girl, Mademoiselle Lenglen, who is one of the best examples of what perfect coaching will do, for she was trained as a child, and was already winning tournaments, though competing against well-known players, at the age of fourteen.

Another international competition that arouses great interest is the 'Davis Cup,' which was presented by the American player, Dwight Davis, to be played for by teams from the various countries. To begin with, the only competitors were the United States and Great Britain. Then Australasia came on the scene, and France, Germany, Spain, and other countries followed suit, putting excellent and enthusiastic teams into court.

Up to the present the only holders have been America, Great Britain, and Australasia, but there can be little doubt that when the great improvement amongst Continental players is considered, it will not be long before this international Cup finds a resting-place on the other side of the Channel.

This improvement amongst Continental players is not only due to good coaching, which is so often absent in our own country, but to the fact that most of the play is on hard courts, which provide a much faster game.

Though the game, as its name implies, is essentially a grass-court game, there have always been some hard courts, usually of cement or asphalt, both of which provide smooth, true surfaces, but are hot and trying to play on in sunny weather, and do not dry speedily after rain.

It was a great step in advance when the rubble court was first laid down, as it provided a true surface, and dried rapidly after rain, and its popularity was soon assured, though it is abroad that it has, until recent years, been best known; but now, so popular has the game become, that hard courts, usually of the red rubble type, are being laid, literally by the dozen, which is all for the good of the game, as it permits hard, fast play when the grass courts are, as is so often the case, unfit for play.

Rackets have altered a good deal in shape and stringing. The game in the beginning was not over-violent, and almost any racket was good enough; but as the pace of the game increased, rackets had to be improved and strengthened, and most makes now have extra strings down the centre. Another great change was in the shape of the handle. Instead of the narrow handle with a fish-tail end, a much thicker, flat-ended handle came into use, and came to stay. The shape of the racket has varied considerably, from egg-shaped, square and clumsy-looking, to the present oval, though round has also been tried, without finding much favour. The latest racket of all, of American make, is entirely of metal. The frame is strong, practically unbreakable, and the strings are of wire. Like most innovations, this racket will have to face a good deal of prejudice, but it certainly has great advantages, such as cheapness and durability, and it is quite possible that in a few years' time many players will have taken it up, for it certainly is a great advantage, particularly in a climate as rainy as ours, to have strings capable of resisting the wet.

Though the rules of the game have remained very much the same, the game itself has altered and advanced, 'speeded-up,' one might say, in a remarkable manner. What used to provide half-an-hour's gentle exercise at a garden party, has now become a hard, strenuous and exhausting game, demanding of its exponents not only skill, but physical fitness and training. Every year it appears to be played at a greater pace, less than ever like the quiet and restful game that it was in the seventies and eighties of the last century.

Owing to the increased popularity of lawn-tennis, and the enormous crowds that wished to be present at the championship games, the All England Club, in conjunction with the governing body, the Lawn Tennis Association, decided that it was no longer possible to hold the championships on the ground that had been used for over forty years, and a large new ground, also at Wimbledon, was laid down and opened in 1922.

As we have already noted, Continental players are the pioneers of hard-court play, far preferring the fast game to the slower grass courts, and, as the grass-court championships are played in England, it is but fair that the annual hard-court contest should take place abroad. It is a comparatively recent innovation, but bids fair to rival the older grass-court meeting, just as hard-court play is, now that there are greater facilities for enjoying it, becoming more and more popular in this country.

Indoor play on wood-floor courts, by day or by artificial light, is, owing to its expense, not greatly indulged in, but there are some very fine courts, club and private, in Great Britain. The problem of really satisfactory artificial lighting is one that many people have tried to solve, and now, owing to the clever lighting arrangements introduced by a keen player, Mr. Stuart Nuthall, it is possible to play on an open-air court at any time of the night that one cares to switch the lights on, and a game on a quiet evening is very nearly as pleasant as it would be in the full daylight.

W. Herbert Holloway.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hubart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 66.)

CHAPTER VII.

'ANYWAY, it was my fault,' Louisa admitted gloomily. 'I was an idiot; I lost my head; I dropped the paddle when I began to over-balance. I'm awfully sorry, Kadru; it's hard luck on you.'

But, as far as Kadru was concerned, there was no need for apology. She was convinced that Louisa had encountered a power stronger than herself, that had snatched the paddle from her. To the spirits, and the spirits alone, was contrition due.

Before Kadru answered she took a silver bangle from her wrist and flung it into the river. 'To turn the luck,' she explained, and settled herself once more firmly on the raft. 'And now, Miss Sahib, we must wait patiently for the morning.'

'We're somewhere towards the middle of the river,' Louisa reckoned. 'We shall drift with the current. It may take us to either bank in the end. I don't think we shall upset, unless we strike against a floating log in the dark; and, if we did, we shouldn't be drowned, as we can swim.'

She began to plan for Bulbo. She might rearrange the sling and fix it so that his head was just above her shoulder. Uncomfortable he might find it, but he would be safe, she hoped.

Kadru's concern was more for the bundle and its contents. 'If it floats easily, perhaps I can push it to shore,' she said. 'But it may be necessary to let it go. I will try to open it, so that we may eat the bread now, Miss Sahib; then that, at least, will be saved. And, with infinite caution, Kadru lowered the bundle on to Louisa's lap and her own and extracted the loaf.

Louisa tore a couple of hunks from it, and both felt better when they had eaten their share. Kadru found the mug also, and they dipped it into the river and drank in turn. Bulbo alone refused both bread and water; he preferred apparently to meet fate starving. In vain Louisa coaxed and petted, and promised that soon he would be on dry land again. Obviously he did not believe her.

But dawn was coming. The sky was red one moment and blue the next. The sun's rays lit up all the river as the sun slid over the horizon. From side to side Louisa and Kadru glanced, searching for landmarks. They must have covered a considerable distance, for they could find none that were familiar, though often their wanderings had taken them far. Once on shore, however, they had no doubt they could eventually find their way to Faridpur. Both had a bump of locality, and had never yet been lost.

'And look,' said Louisa, hopefully, 'we're not quite in the middle of the river; we're nearer the further side. Perhaps there's an under-current of kinds, and it's caught us. We're gradually edging in. I've thought so for the last hour, but I couldn't be sure till the sun rose; now I'm almost certain.'

She threw a little piece of bread upon the water and watched it drift. Towards the further bank it drew, faster than the heavier raft, but its speed, too, was increasing, as the river bent a little and the bank enforced the current. Louisa drew Bulbo up to her shoulder. The raft might upset presently; she must be ready, but there was no need for her precautions. Smoothly the craft edged into the shallow water, until Kadru could slip over the side and pull it to the shore. The water was not above her knees, and she left the bundle behind her to keep the raft steady.

'Wah!' she said proudly, 'I did not sacrifice my bracelet in vain. The ill-luck was averted.' So pleased she was, she was even inclined to regard Bulbo with more favour. Already he was rolling joyously in the sand, revelling in the warmth. Louisa felt inclined to roll, too, and dug her toes in deep. It had been cold upon the river. There was still a chill in the morning air, but very soon the sun would be almost too powerful, she knew.

'We'd better start for Faridpur at once,' she told Kadru. 'Perhaps we could cut across country if we knew just where it lies.' To which Kadru agreed.

'Look, Miss Sahib,' she said. 'Here is a cart-track, deep sunk, which must be in frequent use. There must be a village near by. Shall I go thither to inquire? The Miss Sahib could wait here for my return, in case we are already on the right road.'

'Yes, go,' Louisa assented, and settled herself to wait. Kadru alone would attract less attention than would the two of them, and they must hide their tracks as much as possible. She began to wonder if the police had already arrived at her home in search of her and if the bearer would be able to keep them from Mr. Lumsdale.

'I hadn't thought of that,' she owned. 'Perhaps they'll say they *must* see father. What a nuisance! He'll have to know everything if they do. But, still, I shan't be in prison, and that's a lot to the good.'

In prison? The thought was more intolerable than ever. As Louisa looked around at the wide and sunlit world, it was good to feel it was all hers to enjoy. She looked next to see if as yet Kadru were returning; but there was no sign of her, and Louisa began to realise that she herself was desperately sleepy. With her head pillowed on the bundle, her eyes closed. Scarcely a second later it seemed when Kadru awoke her, though, in fact, about an hour had elapsed. Kadru liked to gossip when sent on an errand.

'Miss Sahib,' Kadru was urging, 'awake. I pray you sit up and listen; there is much to tell.'

'I'm listening,' Louisa assured her, blinking and rubbing her eyes; and Kadru, satisfied, began to pour out her tale.

'I followed the cart-track and came to a village about a mile away,' she said, 'and I duly inquired for Faridpur. It will not be difficult to find; it lies to the south-west, and there is a clear road thither. We can reach it by noon. But that is not all, Miss Sahib: there is work for us here, I think. 'Twould be better to stay awhile.'

'Work?' Louisa questioned, while Kadru pursed up her lips and nodded importantly.

'After I had learnt the way to Faridpur, I talked for awhile to an old woman I met in the street,' said Kadru. 'I told her I was the servant of one very wise. *Thou*, Miss Sahib! I thought, perhaps, she would give us some food. The Miss Sahib knows that people will often give to those they respect, and why should we pay for food if we can have it free? And when she heard she cried: "Oh, bring the wise woman here, I pray thee. She shall be treated with all honour, and great is the need of her!"'

'And what did you say?' Louisa asked, as excited now as Kadru could wish.

'I answered: "Wherein lies the need?" And the woman replied: "My mistress, who owns all this village, is sick, and I know not how to heal her, nor what to do to ease her pain."

'And there is more behind, Miss Sahib,' Kadru finished. 'There is a mystery of sorts. The woman murmured of enemies and plots; not plainly did she speak, but much she hinted. Shall we not stay for a few hours? I shall be late in returning to my father, in any case; and the Miss Sahib likes a mystery, and so do I.'

'I certainly do,' Louisa agreed.

(*Continued on page* 82.)

"With her head pillowed on her bundle, her eyes closed."

"'Come hither, cat of the wise woman,' he chanted."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 79.)

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was not possible to start for the village immediately. Louisa had first to dye her face, arms, and legs with the stuff the bearer had provided. She opened the parcel of medicines, and found the dye without difficulty; a brownish powder in a twist of paper. And, while Kadru mixed some dye with water, Louisa examined the various medicines closely. Of some she could guess the use; but, what effect the most of them would have, she did not know.

'I'd better keep to my own medicines,' she decided. 'But the amulets and charms will be ever so useful.' In these, at least, her patients would have faith, if Louisa did not inspire at first sight the confidence she hoped. She wished she could have watched Kadru's aunt at work, and so have had a little preparation before she started on her own career as a wise woman.

'I ought to try and look as old as I can,' she told Kadru. 'I'm sure wise woman are usually old. I wish I'd something with which I could bleach my hair; I'll rub some wood ashes into it anyway and make it grey. It's lucky that my eyes are brown. They'd have shown up so if they'd been grey or blue.'

She worked the dye into her skin as she talked, and a little later, a transformed Louisa was arranging her hair, native-wise, with a river pool for looking-glass. The dye had proved most effective. It was a rich even brown, and Kadru provided plenty of ashes from a driftwood fire she had kindled. That no one could recognise her Louisa was certain, as she looked at her own reflection. At first, she had thought she would also disguise her voice and walk with a limp; but she felt sure that, sooner or later, she would forget to do both, and so would arouse suspicion. It was better to trust to the simplest precautions, especially as these were so effective. She packed up the medicines again and the rest of the dye, and tucked a contented and sun-warmed Bulbo into her *sari*. Kadru lifted the bundle, and led the way towards the village.

'When we are close, the Miss Sahib shall sit down and wait,' she said, 'and I will go and fetch the woman who has summoned us. She showed me where she lives. The more respect we demand, the more we shall get. We must not approach humbly, nor as beggars, but as those who confer a favour.'

So that, presently, Louisa found herself alone once more, but now she was not solitary for long. From where she sat, beneath a shady tree on the outskirts of the village, she could see that a group of children were gathering to stare at her. And soon towards her came dawdling a small, fat boy. He looked at the sky. He looked everywhere save directly at herself. But, finally, a little rush brought him almost to her side, and down he plopped in the dust half turned towards her. He slipped a string of blue beads from his neck, and began to dangle it to attract Bulbo.

'Cat! Cat! Come hither, cat of the wise woman,' he chanted to Louisa's delight. Apparently, her wisdom was to be taken for granted; Kadru had established her fame. And the child was evidently afraid because he thought her very powerful—that was all to the good. She must strengthen this impression, for on his report a good deal might depend. He was evidently a leader among the children. Several had followed him a little way, and were watching him with obvious admiration.

'The cat of the wise woman is wise too,' said Louisa, also addressing the sky. She lifted Bulbo from her lap, and set him down in front of her. 'Give me a paw,' she said; and, luckily, Bulbo obeyed. He sat up and begged too at Louisa's suggestion, hungry enough to wish for reward.

'Wah!' said the little boy too impressed for further speech. Expectantly, but in vain, he waited for further marvels. Bulbo had had enough, and more than enough, of tricks. If crumbs of dry bread were the only prize, he did not intend to exert himself further. Louisa knew well that meat was his due; luscious chunks of meat. If she dared to forget, he would teach her to remember. He began to stalk a grey squirrel, which was itself stalking the despised crumbs, and turned his back haughtily on his audience. But, fortunately, he was no longer needed. The fat little boy was now as eager to talk as before he had been shy.

'They are making ready a place for thee in my Great-Aunt's garden,' he told Louisa. 'There is a little hut by a fountain of water where thou wilt sleep. And I heard my Great-Aunt say thou shalt be fed from her own table as long as thou dost remain. Indeed, thou art fortunate. Her food is very good.' He smacked his lips.

'But I'm only staying for a few hours,' Louisa told him. 'Then I'm going to another village.' At which the little boy stared at her in unbelieving surprise.

'My Great-Aunt is *very* ill,' he insisted. 'Very wise thou must be if thou canst cure her so quickly. And she is very rich,' he added, persuasively, evidently sure he had found an irresistible argument. 'She can pay thee well. If I were rich I would buy thy cat. It is most marvellous.'

He began to stalk Bulbo, while the squirrel flirted a cheeky tail at them both, and shot up the nearest tree. Louisa watched, somewhat perplexed. She certainly did not mean to linger indefinitely. But it might be more difficult to resume her journey that day than she had thought; an opinion which Kadru confirmed when, presently, she returned.

'The woman could not come,' she said. 'She is cooking her mistress' dinner. But all is prepared for us suitably; I am content. We shall be well housed and well fed. But they seem to imagine we shall make our home here, Miss Sahib. However, thou canst always say that one dose of medicine is sufficient, and more will do harm. Though still I hold there is a mystery worth the unravelling, if we could spare the time. But come now and eat before we talk.'

Already Kadru had turned towards the village. Louisa caught up Bulbo, who was exchanging insults with the squirrel, and followed, the small boy trotting at her side. Up the village street they went, with a tail of children behind, while the women at the house-doors stared, and the men returning from the fields paused to look. Through a gate in a high wall into a spacious garden, and there, beside a fountain, as the child had said, was a neat thatched hut. Set ready within was a brass tray of curry and rice, flanked by

unleavened bread and a pile of fruit. A big pot of water had been provided, and a chased silver hookah for the wise woman to smoke. It was already filled with tobacco and rose-water.

'Eat and drink,' the small boy urged with a lordly wave of the hand. Then he sniffed at the curry. ''Tis chicken,' he pronounced. 'There will be chicken curry for my Great-Aunt also.' And off he scampered, without further ceremony, towards a low white house that lay across the centre of the garden, partly hidden from the hut by trees.

'They call him Dukhi,' said Kadru. 'He is the only child of the family and much beloved. He comes and goes as he pleases between this house and that of his father. But enough of talk. As I have said already, first let us eat.'

(*Continued on page 95.*)

A RACE FOR LIFE

ALEXANDER NOSCOVITCH kicked the snow off his boots, entered the tent and sat down. All he knew was that he was very tired and wanted to rest. He did not notice the glum faces all around him. Then the captain's voice rapped out.

'Am I to understand, then, that no one volunteers to carry these dispatches to Colonel R——? Don't *any* of you understand the very real danger caused by delay?'

The men looked sullenly from one to another, each waiting for some one else to make the offer. They had been fighting hard for three days and this was their first rest. All they wanted was sleep—sleep. Even if it was to be the last long sleep, some of them felt they would not mind.

All of them felt, in their half-comatose state, that the danger the captain spoke of—the danger of being suddenly surprised by the enemy—was infinitely preferable to a nine-mile ride in the snow and bitter cold, across country known to be frequented by wolves.

'Well, if there are no offers, I shall have to choose the man myself,' said the captain. 'A pity, but the dispatches have got to go—and soon.'

Alexander looked up. The gist of the captain's remarks was gradually beginning to filter through to his tired brain.

Dispatches had to be taken to Colonel R—— at X——. The captain had asked who would take them and no one had volunteered.

Alexander was not popular amongst his comrades. He neither drank nor smoked and was considered dull and stupid, almost wanting in intellect.

After all, he was only nineteen, but his quietness made him seem older. Perhaps they expected too much of him. Anyway, they all admitted that he was wonderful with horses. He had been brought up on a farm and always felt at home in the saddle.

With difficulty he pulled his body up from the seat into which he had so wearily sunk only a few minutes before.

'I'll go, sir,' he said simply.

At that, the others became slightly more alert. There was an audible sigh of relief and a general murmur of approval. 'Alexander will go!' 'Bravo, Alexander!'

'Get your horse ready then, and lose no time,' said the captain. 'Report to me for orders at once. You must not go unarmed,' he added. 'You may encounter wolves on the road.'

* * * * *

'I admire your pluck, Noscovitch, and hope the others feel thoroughly ashamed of themselves.'

Praise seldom came Alexander's way, and the captain's words gave a warm glow to his heart as he set forth on his cheerless ride.

What his thoughts were, as he cantered along, it is difficult to say. He only knew it was very cold, that the captain had spoken of danger, that there might be wolves, above all that he must hurry.

After the first few miles, he became more confident. The steady motion of the animal had a soothing effect upon him; so far, nothing untoward had happened, and it was with difficulty that he kept himself awake.

He was nearing a wood and had not penetrated far into it when he felt the animal under him tremble violently, as with fright; then it gave a terrific shy, which nearly dislodged him from the saddle. He was wide awake now. His hand sought his pistol.

From the wood on his right came a sound of barking, and suddenly a wolf sprang out from amongst the trees and began chasing him. After it came another, and another; then several more.

How hungry they looked, how fierce. He must get out of the woods as quickly as he could. He turned in his saddle, took aim, and fired at the foremost one just as it was preparing to spring.

It rolled over dead, and the others held back for the fraction of a second, then returned to the onslaught.

Alexander, realising that it would be a race for life and that he must make the most of every chance given him, spurred his horse on to an almost miraculous speed.

The animal, even more frightened than he was, needed little urging and made the most of its small start. On they went in their mad death-race, crashing through the wood, out into the open on the other side; the wolves after them in hot pursuit. Alexander fired again and again. Another of his pursuers fell dead; one was badly wounded and howled terribly in its anguish.

Two were left behind and gave up the chase. One had almost seized the boy's leg when he shot it through the head, and another, to his dismay, seemed to be gaining on them and trying to head off the horse.

Then a dreadful being happened. The pistol somehow jammed itself and Alexander could not pull the trigger.

What was to be done? What could he do?

In a frenzy of despair he urged his horse on to renewed effort, put his head down to shut out the sight of the hungry and merciless brutes, whom he felt certain now he would very soon be feeding, and dashed on at a breakneck speed, knowing that his only hope lay in outdistancing them.

On, on he sped, every moment expecting to be dragged from the saddle and torn to pieces.

Suddenly, in the middle of this mad career, it dawned on him that his horse had become much calmer and had considerably slackened its speed.

What had happened? Had the wolves gone? Certainly the barking had ceased. Dare he look up?

Slowly he raised himself in the saddle, turned round. There was not a wolf to be seen. Why?

"Alexander fired again and again."

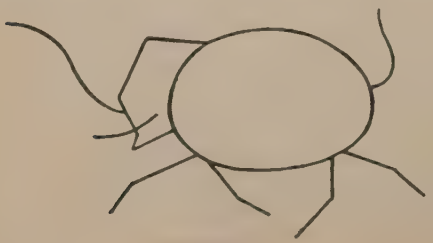
Then he realised that there were signs of habitation about him. He was evidently approaching the village of X——. 'Thank God,' he murmured. 'Oh, thank God.'

* * * * *

Ten minutes later the dispatches were safely in Colonel R——'s hand. 'You are a brave lad,' he said, when he had heard Alexander's story, 'a very brave lad, and I shall recommend you to your colonel for a special decoration.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Alexander, and sank to the floor in a dead faint.

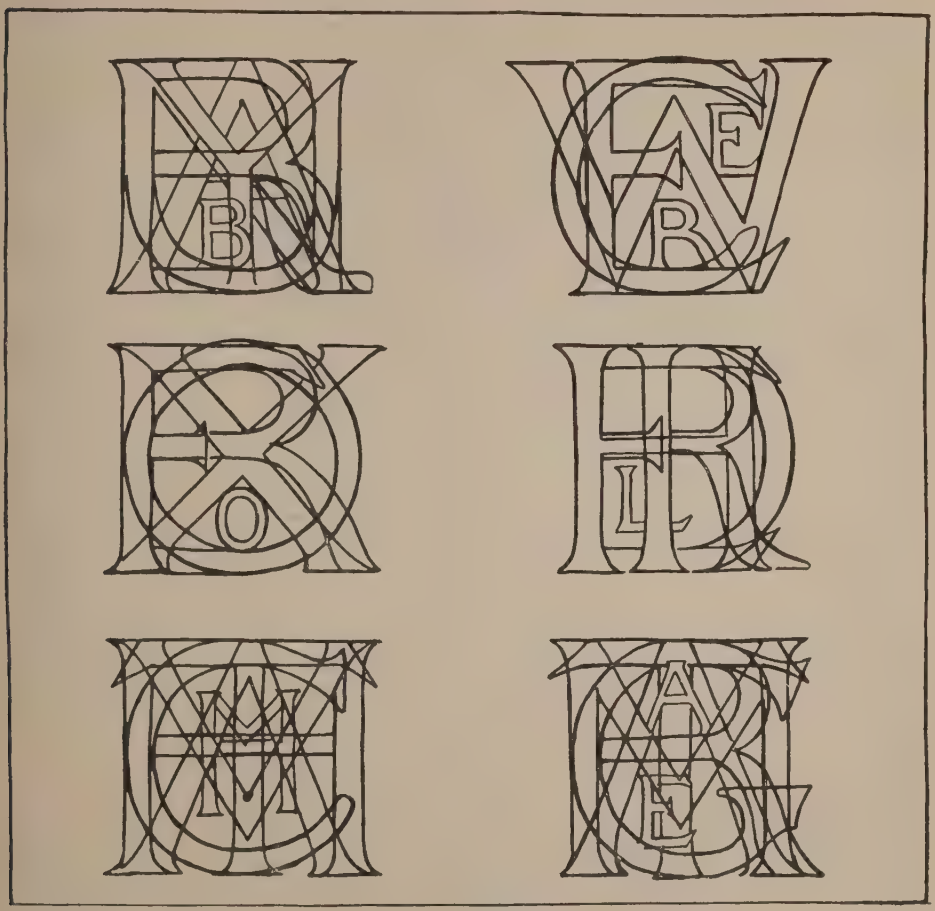
R. W.



First Stage.

Second and Third Stages.

DRAWING MADE EASY—HOW TO DRAW AN ELEPHANT.



PUZZLE MONOGRAMS.

PUZZLE MONOGRAMS.

THESE monograms contain the names of six English towns. All the letters are there, though part of one letter may be also part of another. Reading downwards, left-hand column first, the first town begins with B, the second with O, the third with C, the fourth (top of right-hand column) with C, the fifth with R, and the sixth with M; and the six are contained in four English counties. Now, can you discover them?

Solutions on page 91.

PHIL'S DREAM.

I DREAMED I was to go—as Daddy's going—
To Paris in a whirring aerobus;
I dreamed I heard a chaffinch say: 'He's growing
Like us!'

I dreamed that robins, wrens, and tits were talking,
And this is what I dreamed I overheard:
'To leave your wings behind when you go walking
Is absurd!'

A RASCAL.

SUSIE'S little brother is a rascal—
Yes, he is.
He won't say 'Please' and 'Thank you,' and
He won't give Nurse a kiss;
He wriggles, stamps, and bellows when
She tries to brush his hair;
He really is a rascal—Susie's brother—
I declare!

Nursie says his tricks are quite
'In-com-pre-hen-si-ble';
And wishes he would mend his ways
And be more 'sen-si-ble';
Say 'Please' and 'Thank you' when he's told,
Stand 'mod-er-ate-ly' still.
But Susie's little brother won't turn good—
I never will!

L. H.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 75.)

FAR across the lake, Leonard could see the faint lights of the hotel windows: his father and mother were there, and he wondered if they had gone to bed. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and he imagined them going out into the garden to walk down to the edge of the water before going upstairs. Perhaps at that very moment they were looking at the green signal lamp. Little did they know how exciting the adventure had proved!

To the right, he could see the Hermit's Nab—their island as a big black mass against the dark blue of the night. The rain was hardly falling now, but he was cold and he shivered; but he meant to stay till the boat returned—till morning if necessary. Everything was silent. Sydney and Norma would be asleep in their cave, and on the other side of the wall of rock which was between them and the tunnel the unknown miner would be driving his drill. Why? Simply to lengthen the tunnel seemed a ridiculous idea. Then why? Why did people use drills to cut through the rock in mines? That was to find coal or precious stones. But there was nothing of that sort here. Yet there might be! There were slate mines in the hills and at Penrith: he had seen one when they went over the Pass. Why shouldn't this be a small mine and the man be cutting out gold or diamonds?

Leonard was thrilled by the idea. He couldn't see why so much secrecy was needed, but perhaps the man was merely afraid of being disturbed—afraid of some one else finding the whereabouts of his treasure. If it came to that, there was no reason why it should all be at the end of the tunnel. There might just as well be something in the walls of their own cave! It would be worth while to borrow the drill and battery in the daytime and see if anything could be found.

Leonard pictured himself cutting away the rock and discovering, say, a whole cluster of diamonds. They would be rough in that state of course, but he could polish them, no doubt, and became a millionaire. He would give the biggest to his mother. Norma might have one if there were enough—she was a jolly kid—and Father could have some studs.

It was a splendid idea, and Leonard lost himself in thinking of it. He would buy a yacht and go round the world: and he pictured himself in India and Egypt. And then in Japan. He might buy an island somewhere or other and make himself king of it. Working out an elaborate scheme for buying the island of Ceylon—or Madagascar—he was not sure which would be better, Leonard forgot the cold and fell asleep.

It was some hours later when he awoke, although the day had not dawned and the night was still very dark. He was stiff with cramp and the slightest attempt at movement was painful. He wondered what had awakened him and was instantly on the alert to discover whether it could have been the noise of the boat coming ashore.

The rain had ceased, but a strong wind was blowing, so that Leonard could hear the water breaking in little waves against the foot of the Wirdstone. But over this he thought he could hear the sound of footsteps. With an effort he moved his stiff limbs, and crawled to the edge of the stone. Looking cautiously over, he saw the dark outline of the boat already on its rollers, thirty yards away, while beside it, in the dim light, he could just see the figures of two men.

So it must have been the grounding of the boat on the shore that had awakened him! It was disconcerting to discover that there were two men concerned with the tunnel instead of one, as he had imagined. Still, the thing to do now was undoubtedly to see where they went when they left the boat.

The darkness would help him in shadowing them, he reflected, but, on the other hand, it would make it very easy to lose the trail if they went through the wood.

Leonard looked at his luminous watch. The first gleam of sunrise was almost due; and in that case, this must be the 'darkness before the dawn' which he had read about in books. But even if it very soon became lighter, keeping track of the men among the trees was going to be a difficult business. He wondered whether there was any other way of finding where they went.

If they started through the wood, he could, of course, be pretty certain that they were going to the house. In that case it would surely be possible for him to run on ahead and hide somewhere near the garden fence. Then he would see them leave the wood and watch them cross the garden to the house. It seemed an excellent plan, and as the two men had now left the boat, he prepared to climb down from the Wirdstone.

The men crossed the sand and walked straight towards the trees. Leonard waited until they had entered the wood, and then scrambled quickly but quietly to the ground.

The wood was oblong-shaped, a good deal longer than its width, while the narrow belt of scattered trees through which he had passed when he first discovered the boat, reached almost to the Wirdstone.

He quickly reached the first tree of the belt, therefore, and stopping behind it, peered ahead. Then he ran on, from tree to tree, till he came to the more thickly planted wood. Here he stopped, knowing that he would have to proceed with the greatest caution, for he could see the two men only a few yards ahead.

As they advanced, he followed, still dodging quietly from tree and taking advantage of all the 'cover

that he could find. The men soon reached the middle of the wood, and there seemed no possible doubt that they were going straight to the house.

They were close to the right-hand edge of the wood, and Leonard therefore suddenly turned to the left and hurried on until he reached the open grass. The men were out of sight now, and he thought it safe to break into a run, up the hill and parallel to the wood.

In a minute he reached the garden fence, an open wooden erection with uprights seven feet apart and three wooden cross-bars between. He looked for somewhere to hide, but he was now in the open and he could think of nothing better than standing behind a tree at the top of the wood. The men had not yet come into sight, and he wondered whether he could find a better hiding-place in the garden.

Not far from the fence he could make out a clump of bushes. Quickly climbing over the fence, therefore, he bent double and ran to the bushes, which turned out to be a bed of rhododendrons—a thick clump and an excellent place for concealment. Pushing his way through the branches, he sat on the mould and moved the leaves carefully aside until he could see the whole of the fence between the garden and the wood. By looking to the side he could also see the rest of the garden, and he decided that he could hardly have found a better place for a watching-post.

The dawn had now come and it was distinctly lighter, so that he was able to see a considerable distance and the topmost trees of the wood were quite plain. He wondered why the men took so long to reach the fence. It was true that he had been running while they had walked, but it had taken him some seconds to settle himself among the rhododendrons, and surely they ought to have come by this time?

He listened eagerly, but he could hear nothing but the wind in the trees further down the hill, and gradually he grew impatient. Suppose they had not been coming to the house after all! But then the direction they had taken through the wood led nowhere else.

Still, it seemed impossible that they could take so long, and suddenly Leonard got to his feet, determined to risk discovery rather than sit still while the men might be getting away in another direction. He ran to the fence, and eagerly looked into the wood.

It was now light enough for him to see fairly clearly and as far, he thought, as the middle of the wood, where the men had been when he had turned aside. Certainly they were nowhere to be seen! Climbing the fence, he forgot in his haste and anxiety to be cautious, and ran straight through the wood near the edge which the men had followed; and he did not stop until he was on the shore of the lake, between the boat, which still lay on its rollers, and the Wirdstone.

But no one was in sight. He had seen nobody as he ran through the wood, although he had zigzagged across it and risked collisions with the trees in order to look to right and to left as he ran. Where then could the men have gone? For some minutes he searched the wood until he was satisfied that he had explored the whole of it.

Standing at last at the foot of the Wirdstone, he looked again through the wood in the direction which they had taken. As the boat had not disappeared it was clear that they had not vanished by way of the water. As they had not reached the garden fence which bounded all the top of the wood, they must have left the trees either on the right side of the wood or on the left. But he had himself turned to the left and as the country beyond the wood was entirely bare and open he was certain he would have seen any one who had come out in that direction.

Still, it was easy to make sure, and he ran again through the wood, till he reached its edge at the spot where he had left it half an hour earlier when he turned to run towards the fence. The spot was some little way up the lower slope of the hill, and he was to able to see for a very considerable distance beyond the Nab. There was not even a tree or a bush behind which any one could hide, and undoubtedly there was no one in sight. He decided that it was impossible for the men to have run half-way down the lake to get out of range in so short a time, and anyhow he had never imagined that that was the way they had gone.

The only remaining possibility was the opposite side of the wood, and he determined to put it to the same test. He ran across the wood, therefore, and then, standing at its edge, he looked across the open country, making sure that there was nobody in sight and no sort of 'cover' behind which the men could be hiding.

Then it seemed a hopeless problem. When he ran across the wood to the right edge, he had been convinced that he would discover the men, as the other three directions had been proved impossible; although he had to admit to himself the probability that if they had turned that way into the open country he would have seen them pass beyond the fence from the rhododendron bed.

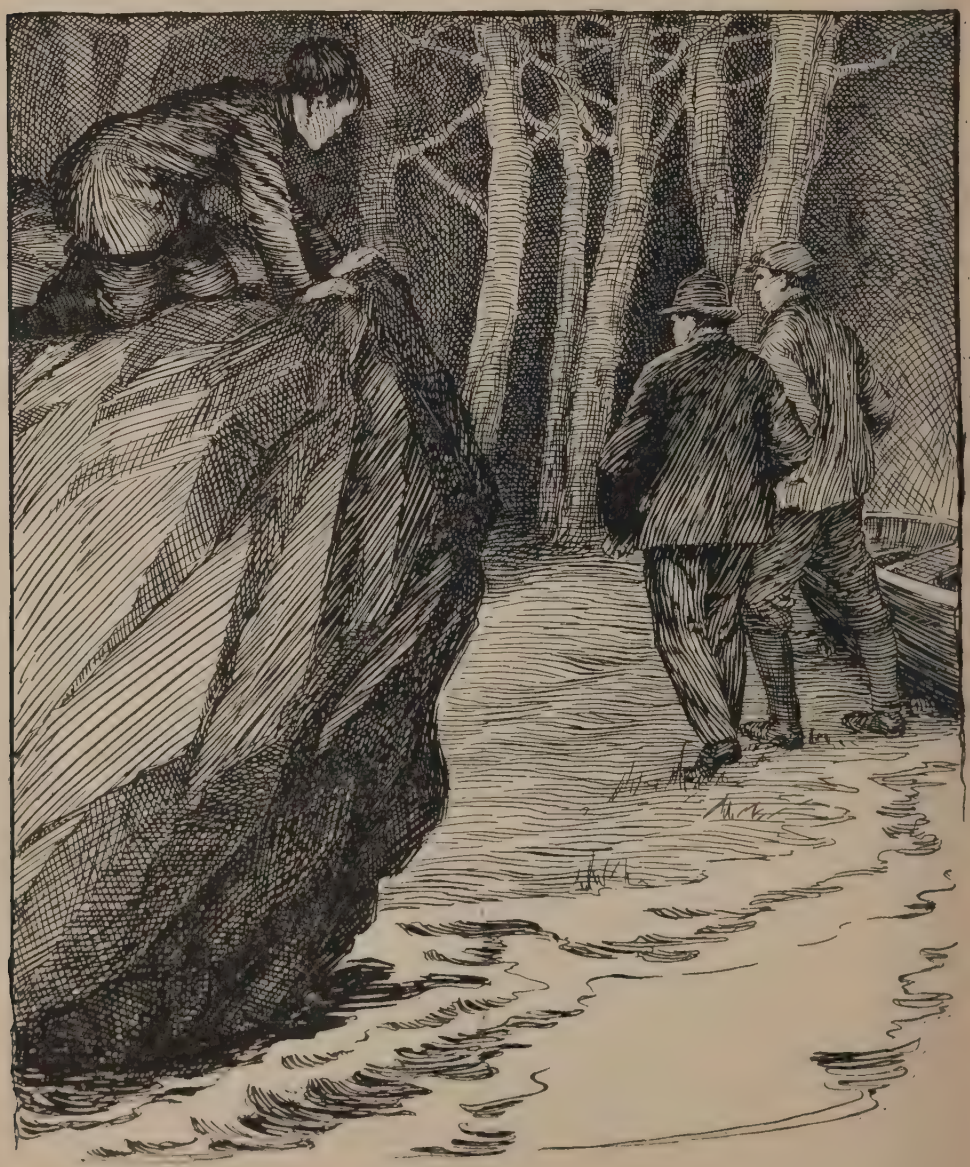
But they certainly had not been in sight, and indeed the problem appeared insoluble. Here was a wood, more or less exactly with four sides. The men had been in the middle of it and now they were certainly no longer there. On the other hand, Leonard felt that he had pretty well proved that they hadn't gone out of it. So they had gone and yet they hadn't gone. An impossible position, of course!

Leaning against the Wirdstone, Leonard wondered whether he had overlooked any possible way for their escape. It was of course conceivable that they might have gone down into yet another cave or tunnel in the middle of the wood, but he refused to believe it. There weren't as many caves lying about as all that!

The only other possibility that occurred to him was that if they had left the wood on either the right side or the left and struck straight across the open country, then, by the time he left the garden and reached the wood, they might have turned up the hill and have got into the house by a back door before he went to the edges of the wood to look for them. It hardly seemed likely, because the men did not know that he was following them and therefore they would have had no reason for such elaborate dodging; while if they had turned up the hill either a minute too soon or a minute too late he would certainly have seen them.

Leonard turned to walk back towards the Nab, feeling that he was up against the biggest problem he had ever known. All the more fun, of course, if he could somehow solve it; and anyhow he meant to go on trying. Without having any argument to support the idea, he still felt that the men must eventually have reached the house. They had certainly started in that direction, and anyhow, if they were not there, where on earth were they?

(*Continued on page* 90.)



"In the dim light he could just see the figures of two men."

"They saw Sydney's head in the water as he swam to the boat."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 87.)

CHAPTER VI.

NEITHER Sydney nor Norma was awake when Leonard reached the cave, and he managed to undress and crawl into his sleeping-bag without disturbing them. He slept heavily in the morning, and even Sydney's call to him to come for a swim failed to do more than make him turn over with a grunt. But he was dressed by the time Sydney returned and he hurried out of the cave, eager to tell his story of the night's adventures.

'Come along, Len,' cried Sydney, cheerfully, as they sat down to the breakfast which Norma had spread in the dell. 'Pity you didn't get up at a decent hour. Topping morning for a dip!'

Leonard laughed. 'I was up in time to see the sun rise, anyhow,' he answered, and then he told them of his expedition ashore. It was fun to watch their surprise at first, but this soon faded into interest in the new mystery of the two men and their sudden disappearance.

'Any theories?' asked Sydney, at the end.

'I tell you they simply vanished,' said Leonard. 'I saw them start through the wood, but they never came out of it. And yet when I went back, ten minutes later, they weren't there!'

'I don't see,' said Sydney, 'that you can be certain that they left the wood at all. They might have hidden behind a tree, while you searched for them.'

But Leonard indignantly denied that it would have been possible for anything of the sort to happen. He had searched the wood too thoroughly, he declared, for any one to have been overlooked; and when Norma suggested that the men might have climbed a tree and remained among the branches, he laughed scornfully.

'Not much chance of their doing that,' he said, 'and anyhow they didn't know that I was following them, so they hadn't any reason to hide. "No," he added, "I believe that they went into the house. I don't know how they get to it, but they were certainly out of sight when I looked from the edges of the wood, and the house is the only place that would have concealed them. So it pretty well follows that they must have gone there.'

'Pity you lost track of them,' said Sydney. 'Still, if they went to the house, as you say, then we have got to watch that as well as the tunnel and the boat. I vote we go ashore in the daylight and explore that wood pretty thoroughly. There might be footprints, you know, and anyhow we'd get a chance of looking at the house. Would you recognise these men if you saw them again?'

Leonard hesitated. It had been a dark night, and the men had all the time been some distance away. He had seen them as rather indefinite shapes in the darkness, and though he knew that one was short and thickset and the other rather tall, he could not possibly claim to have recognised their features. On the other hand, he felt convinced that he would know either of them at a second meeting; although he would have little to go upon except his general impression.

'Oughtn't to be much doubt about it,' he said. 'I couldn't tell by their faces, of course, but I bet I should spot them all right. We might get a chance of looking in at the house. Shall we go ashore this morning?'

'Better go pretty early if we are going,' said Sydney. 'There were some pretty hefty-looking clouds blowing up while I was in the water. Looks to me as if we're in for rain.'

Sydney was right. Down from the head of the lake low clouds were blowing, so low indeed that they hid the mountain on the opposite shore; and when, after breakfast, Norma sat near the landing-place to put the finishing touches to her map of the island, she decided that when the clouds reached the hotel they would almost touch its roof. The map had been practically finished the day before, but now it was necessary to put in dotted lines to mark the tunnel, and Norma had determined to do it while the boys washed up the plates and cups and dishes after breakfast.

She decided, as soon as she had marked the position of the tunnel, to extend the map so as to show the Wirdstone, the wood, and the house; because there seemed no doubt that they were all included in the mystery. It was a pity they did not know more about the house, because it now seemed certain that whoever lived there not only owned the boat, but, if Leonard was right, used it by night to visit the tunnel. Sydney was planning to go ashore that morning, and she guessed that he meant to go into the garden, while he was quite likely to be rash enough to call at the house in order to give Leonard an opportunity of recognising its owner.

Suddenly, looking up from her work, Norma saw a small boat crossing the lake, and she wondered at once whether the man in it could have anything to do with the mystery. From a distance it looked as though this might be the same boat, and in that case, if only it would come closer to the island, so that they could be sure of it, they might be able to hurry ashore and follow the man when he landed.

Running down to the cave, therefore, she called excitedly to Leonard. 'There's a boat on the lake,' she cried. 'I believe it is the same one. Do come and look.'

Leonard came out at once, and followed her to the end of the island; but Sydney, after starting with them, suddenly turned away and ran back to the cave.

'Do you think it is the same boat?' Norma asked.

'Can't see from here,' answered Leonard. 'I think I'll swim out and have a look at it,' but even as he spoke they heard a splash, and a minute later they saw Sydney's head in the water as he swam out towards the boat.

'I wish he'd waited for me,' exclaimed Leonard in a disappointed tone, while Sydney swam steadily till he was in front of the boat, then turned to the left and then to the left again, making a complete circuit round it.

Leonard and Nora ran to meet him as he climbed ashore at the landing-place.

'Well?' they asked together.

'Same old boat,' cried Sydney, as he shook the water out of his hair. 'I swam all round it and could see the scratches. No doubt about it.'

'Did the man speak to you?' demanded Norma.

'Asked if I was out for a swim,' replied Sydney. 'Silly, you know. I couldn't have been doing much else in the middle of the lake. And he's a glum-looking brute, with a face like a wolf.'

'I wish I had seen him!' Leonard exclaimed. 'Then I might have recognised him.'

'But,' Norma objected, 'you said it was too dark last night to see the men's faces.'

'Of course,' said Sydney, as he started towards the cave to dress, 'you can easily recognise a man without seeing his face.'

'Oh, rather,' Leonard agreed. 'I can see from here that this fellow is about the same build as one of the two men, and I bet I could spot him if only he would come nearer.'

'Perhaps he will,' cried Norma, and while Sydney quickly dressed himself, she and Leonard stood under the Signal Tree watching the boat. Its head turned gradually to the right so that it seemed to be making a big semi-circle round the island, but when it was near the shore, the man suddenly turned the boat around and rowed parallel with the land—a course that would bring him straight to the end of the island.

(*Continued on page* 102)

PUZZLE MONOGRAMS: SOLUTIONS.

THE names of the towns, in the order stated on page 85, are Banbury, Oxford, Chatham, Crewe, Redhill, and Margate.

A TALE OF TWO MICE.

LITTLE Vera Velvetpaws,
Who walked to school each day
With Willie Silkywhiskers,
Who lived across the way,
Was missing one fine morning
From their usual meeting-place,
So Willie started off alone—
With very doleful face.

Seated at his desk all day,
So sad was he and glum;
He inked his brand-new copy,
And couldn't do his sum:
And when Ben Stump, the schoolmaster
(A mouse with half a tail),
Called up the spelling-class, he spelt
Snail—S-N-A-L-E!

'Bring your other lessons, Sir,
Your copy and your slate;
Two and two do *not* make five,
Nor six and thirteen—eight;
Four and seven, six and ten,
Can't come to nought, that's plain—
You'd better rub it out,' said Ben,
'And add it up again.'

Willie was released at last,
And home in haste he sped;
'Vera hasn't been to school
At all to-day,' he said.
'Perhaps she's lost, perhaps she's ill,
As ill as ill can be.'
'I think, perhaps,' his mother said,
'You'd better run and see.'

Eagerly he scampered off
Across the stable-yard,
And knocked at Vera's little door
(He knocked both long and hard).
'Come in,' a feeble voice exclaimed,
'Come in and see me, please;
I left my tail in a trap last night,
But I carried off the cheese!'

Horrified Will hurried in,
To find his little friend
With barely half an inch of tail,
And a bandage on the end!
'Cheer up!' she said; 'I'll soon be well.
If you'd been at the feast,
I think you would agree with me,
'Twas worth two tails at least!'

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE WORLD OF MACHINES.

I.—STEEL AND ITS IMPORTANCE TO ENGINEERING (*continued*).

THE STEEL FURNACE.

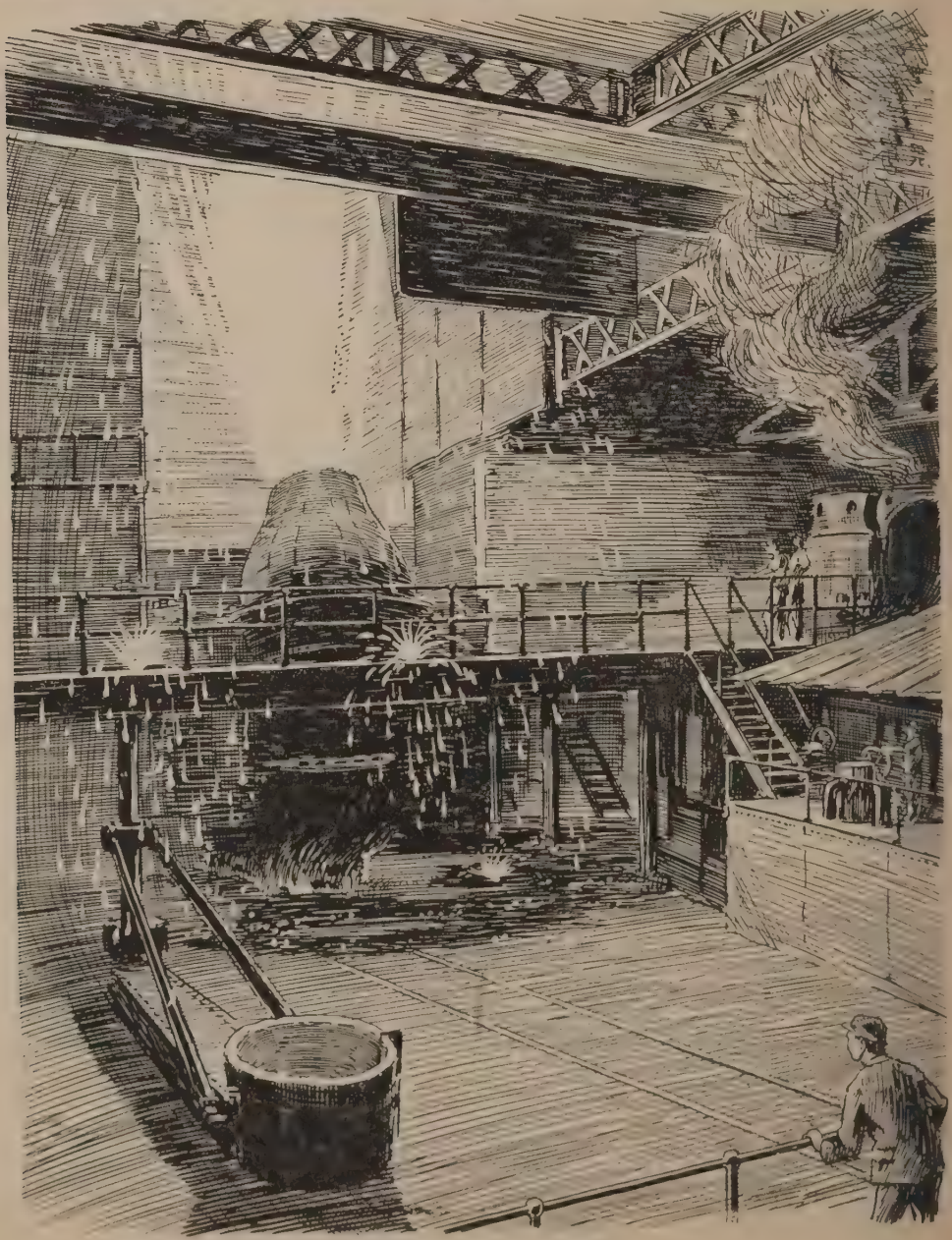
THE pig-iron has to be dealt with in some way if it is to lose its brittle, crystalline form. The old process called 'puddling' and the modern steel furnace both had the same object in view. A fairly full description of the furnace which is the simplest to understand, viz., that known as the 'Bessemer' Converter, will enable the elementary ideas of the operation to be understood.

A converter is roughly a bottle-shaped vessel with a neck pointing to one side in order that it may form a spout. The converter is made of steel, and is lined with heat-resisting material. In its bottom are a number of tuyères through which air—in this case at high pressure—can be forced. It will also be seen that the converter is mounted on trunnions. It is used in the following manner: Molten pig-iron from the mixer, which can be tipped for pouring, is brought in a ladle-truck, from which it can be poured into the converter. The blast is then turned on and the converter turned into its vertical position, so that the air has to bubble up through the molten pig-iron.

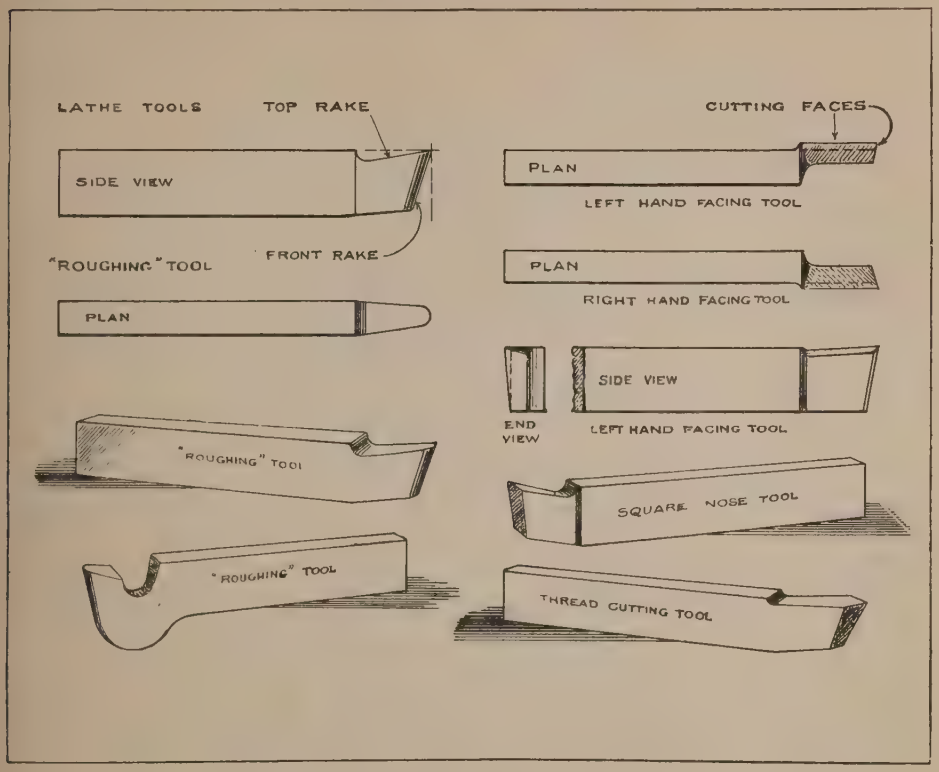
It might be supposed that this would cool the iron, but as the oxygen of the air causes the carbon which is incorporated in the pig iron to burn, the temperature, on the other hand, rises and the mixture remains molten. It would not of course do to turn up the converter until the blast was on, as the molten pig iron would naturally run down into the air-holes and block them up.

When all the carbon has been burnt out, the iron itself commences to burn, a change which can be observed by the furnace man, as the colour of the flame from burning iron is different from that resulting from the burning of carbon. The converter can now be turned on its side and the blast shut off.

At this stage in the proceedings, the metal which we have obtained would be almost pure iron, possibly, to some extent, 'burnt,' and as such it would be incapable of being hardened and would have only a very moderate strength, and a curious addition is therefore made. A quantity of iron rich in carbon is added to the pure



A Bessemer Converter in Blast.



Various Types of Machine Tool.

iron in the converter, and the whole again blown through for a short time to thoroughly mix them.

It seems anomalous that after removing the carbon from the pig iron we should deliberately add carbon. There is, however, this difference: the carbon in the pig iron may be said to have been mixed with the iron, while that now added, on the other hand, combines with it, and this interesting fact should be remembered: Pig iron may be described in general terms as being iron *mixed* with a considerable proportion of carbon. Ordinary or 'Carbon' steel is iron *combined* with a very much smaller proportion of carbon. The amount of combined carbon determines the quality and properties of the steel, as shown later on.

Casting the Ingot.

When the process is complete, the converter is turned still farther over in order to pour out or 'teem' its contents. The first material to pour off is the slag which has been produced during the operations. In many steelworks this slag is of such a character that it can be sold to farmers for use in their fields, as it largely consists of calcium phosphate, which is a useful fertiliser. The steel itself is then teemed into a ladle, from which it can be run into ingot moulds which extend in a semi-circle round the crane carrying the ladle. These ingot moulds are narrower at the top than the bottom, so that they may be lifted off the steel ingot as soon as it has set. A steam crane usually does this, and, in addition, lifts up the ingots, which are not allowed to cool more than is necessary before being taken to be rolled or hammered.

Another Form of Steel Furnace.

The description of the Bessemer converter will enable the reader to grasp the general principles involved in the steel-making process. It is, however, for various reasons—one of which is that it can only be made of moderate size—not so much used now as formerly. The steel furnace shown on page 21 is more commonly used in large works. In this furnace a mixture of pig iron and iron ore, together with scrap ends of steel, is heated in a bath made of suitable heat-resisting material, by a stream of gas and air heated in a pair of stoves somewhat similar to those described for use with the blast furnace. The hot gas and air burn

together over the surface of the materials in the bath, enabling the changes already described to take place, for the pig iron contains excess of carbon and the iron ore supplies oxygen. The furnace roof is also made very hot, and by reflecting its heat on to the charge it helps in the process.

The direction of the draught is periodically reversed, in order that the heat stored in the brickwork may be utilised. When the process is complete the steel is tapped into a ladle from a tap-hole at the back of the furnace, and a fresh charge is introduced. Several furnaces capable of dealing with one hundred tons of steel are in existence. Ingots similar to those made from the Bessemer converter are made by pouring the molten steel from the ladle, which is carried by a crane, into ingot moulds.

The Rolling Mill.

Practically all steel for ordinary sale, whatever may be its grade or composition, is made into plates or bars, in which form it is sold; although there are an increasing number of jobs for which steel castings, made by pouring the molten metal from the steel furnace ladle into moulds, are used. The ingots referred to above are first rolled in the rolling mill between rollers, much the same in form as a domestic mangle. The object of the early stages of rolling is to squeeze out any remaining slag and roughly shape up the ingot into a rectangular piece of steel.

As little time as possible is wasted between the setting of the steel in the ingot and the rolling, in order to save fuel. Red-hot ingots are carried about by cranes, frequently running on an overhead girder and carrying their load of two or three tons of steel in massive jaws in front of them through the works, and are dropped on to the 'live' floor of the rolling mill, which is provided with a series of rollers so that the ingot can be moved into any position without handling. There are also hydraulic 'pushers' to bring it into line with the rollers.

Much dexterity is shown by the man who handles the rolling mill engine in reversing the rollers immediately the ingot has got through, as by acting quickly he may save a re-heat of the ingot. Many up-to-date rolling mills have electric motors of great power to drive them, as they reverse more promptly than steam-engines.

From this first mill, which is known as a 'cogging mill,' the ingot, now a compact mass, comes over to a bar or a plate mill, where suitably shaped rollers give it the desired form. Here, also, as little time as possible is wasted in order to prevent the cooling down of the material; but it has periodically to visit what is known as a reheating furnace, where it is subjected to heat produced by the burning of blast furnace gas. When the ingot has been rolled to size, either in the form of plates or bars or steel rails, it is set aside to cool, straightened, and has its ends or edges trimmed.

The new product thus obtained differs from the cast or pig iron from which it was made. It can be bent or hammered to any form when hot and it can be forged—*i.e.*, drawn out, hammered to shape, swelled up, or squeezed between dies into any form desired, much as the baker moulds dough. Small forgings are made with a hand hammer on an anvil, large ones under a steam hammer. Many of the very largest forgings are made by squeezing the steel into shape under a hydraulic or steam-hydraulic press, such as will be described later. Immense forgings are made to act as stern frames and rudder frames for big ships. It is very interesting to watch an immense ingot of steel placed on the anvil by the overhead crane, squeezed by the press, turned over as necessary—exactly as though it were a few pounds in weight instead of being several tons of hot steel.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHARM.

When you're playing in the meadows
Do you ever chance to see
Little pixie people romping
Round the toadstools on the lea?
Do you hear faint voices calling
Truant pixies home to tea?

If you find a four-leaved clover
You'll be lucky, people say;
Come, we'll seek the charm together;
If we light on one we *may*,
In the magic hours of twilight,
Watch the merry elves at play.

Lilian Holmes.

SAVED BY A PUMA.

It is a remarkable fact that the puma, of South America, is called 'Amigo del Christiano'—the friend of Christians—and James Greenwood relates how in the last days of the Spanish occupation in South America a puma saved a native woman's life in the capital of one of the small states. It was a time of war with the Indians, and of consequent great distress, for the Governor had forbidden any one to leave the city, under pain of death, and food had become extremely scarce.

A poor woman, however, driven almost mad by famine, managed to escape into the open country, and took refuge in a cave to sleep. She was aroused by the moaning of some animal, and, upon looking towards the entrance to the cavern, she was terrified to see a great female puma pacing up and down. Presently the animal paused, and, approaching the woman, began to lick her hand as though seeking for sympathy. The reason for this strange behaviour on the part of the animal was soon apparent, for two cubs were born. Whether the woman ministered to the animal in any way is not known, but the fact remains that the animal not only allowed the woman to share her cave, but found food for her and the cubs.

Later, the woman fell into the hands of the soldiers, who took her to the General—a hard, cruel man. 'Bind her to a tree,' he said, 'and let starvation and the beasts do the rest.' This was done, and two days later her captors, out of curiosity, returned, and were amazed to find her not only alive, but guarded by a puma from the other wild animals who were prowling round her. These all fled upon the approach of the men, and they took the woman back to the General. He, not wishing to appear more heartless than a beast, pardoned her and sent her home.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 83.)

THERE was silence as the curry, bread, and rice disappeared, save for the crackling of bones, as Bulbo took his share in the feast. When the fruit, too, was finished, Louisa looked thoughtfully at the hookah. An elderly wise woman would certainly smoke, and she put the mouthpiece to her lips. It might not be as nasty as the last hookah she had sampled, but after one whiff she pushed the pipe towards Kadru, for whom no tobacco was too rank, and Kadru smoked away contentedly, with half-shut eyes.

But she was not left long in peace. Louisa, no longer hungry, soon grew impatient. 'Now tell me all about this mystery,' she insisted, 'before the old lady sends for us.'

'This have I learnt,' said Kadru, abandoning the hookah reluctantly, but soon warming to her tale. 'The name of our hostess is Surabhi. She is a widow. Her husband was the headman of this village, and it is a year since he died. He was very rich, and he left all his wealth to Surabhi, and ever since the husband's relations have given her no peace. "What need has a widow of riches?" they say. "Her days and her nights should be spent in tears; she should sorrow too greatly to enjoy." Daily they exhort her to bequeath to them both lands and money; they will not leave her alone.'

'She could refuse to listen to them,' said Louisa.

'But they do not stop at words, Miss Sahib; so says the old servant, whose name is Maru. She thinks that they would poison her mistress to clear the way. She thinks that they are poisoning her now; and so she has sent for us to counteract the poison.'

CHAPTER IX.

Before Louisa could answer, round the corner of the hut and through the open door came drifting a little old lady. So silently had she approached, it was almost ghostlike. So small and thin she was, the wind might have blown her thither as it blows a leaf. At first Louisa thought that her servant was come to summon her; then, as Kadru scrambled salaaming to her feet, she realised the visitor was the widow Surabhi herself.

Surabhi was dressed in white, and wore no ornaments, as is the custom of an Indian widow; but despite her simple clothes and her frail air, there was about her something dignified. She signed to Louisa to remain seated and sank herself to her heels. Bulbo inspected her closely with tail erect, and she stroked his head, which pleased Louisa, who waited for her hostess to speak, not sure what she herself should say.

'The wise one's health is good?' asked Surabhi gently.

The correct answer was fortunately easy. 'Through your Honour's favour, it is good,' said Louisa. 'And now she knew she must return the compliment. 'And the health of the lady of the house?' asked Louisa politely.

The reply came from an unexpected quarter. Into the hut came bustling an ancient maidservant, as fat as her mistress was thin, followed by Dukhi. They looked like a big tub and a little tub that some one had set rolling.

'The lady of the house is ill,' said the maidservant repressively; 'very ill. She should not have risen from her bed to come hither. In her place she should have sent her unworthy slave.'

She shook her head at her mistress reproachfully, and produced a huge crimson silk shawl, gold-embroidered, in which she muffled Surabhi until the little lady almost disappeared.

'Already thou dost begin to shiver,' the maid scolded, as she might have scolded a child. Then she turned to Louisa. 'To work, wise woman,' she ordered. 'Thou hast eaten our good curry and rice; now, in return, play thy part.'

Louisa waved a hand and signed to Kadru to open the parcel of medicines. There was safety in silence for the moment at least. If Surabhi were really being poisoned, it was not likely Louisa could help her much; but if she were merely feverish, she might be doctored successfully. It was worth a trial, Louisa thought.

'I shan't poison her worse, and I may do her good,' Louisa argued, and bent above the medicines Kadru spread upon a cloth with an absorbed air.

There was no doubt her audience found her attitude impressive. Surabhi watched her intently, as did Dukhi and the maidservant.

A moment Louisa considered; then she stretched out her hand. 'Lay thy hand in mine,' she told Surabhi, and a hot, dry little palm clasped hers. A feverish palm certainly, Louisa was sure. She hesitated between the fizzy mixture and the quinine. When she herself had fever she liked the fizzy stuff; it made her head better. She did not like quinine.

'Bring water,' Louisa ordered next, 'and a glass.' If Surabhi were of good caste, she would not touch the water already in the hut, nor put to her lips the mug from which Louisa and Kadru had drunk. The maidservant promptly produced a silver cup from an enormous pocket and dipped it in the fountain, while Louisa prepared a little speech. She could not do better, she felt sure, than model it on that of Kadru's aunt. She tried to remember just what Kadru had told her. Then, at random, she chose an amulet, and took the bottle she wanted in her other hand while she looked fixedly at Surabhi.

'Let this amulet be tied about the wrist,' said Louisa; 'let it be worn night and day. And now, drink this.' Louisa tipped some of the white powder in the bottle into the water in the silver cup. 'Drink,' she repeated. 'Do as I bid you, and you shall be cured.'

The last words she chanted, to make them yet more weighty, but Surabhi was already sufficiently impressed. The fizzy stuff was bubbling in the little cup right up to the brim. Dukhi was dancing from foot to foot, hissing between his teeth, in tune with the bubbling, in scared delight. The eyes of the old servant were bulging from her head, and it was all that Surabhi could do to hold the cup. Her trembling fingers nearly let it fall.

'Drink; all is well,' cooed Louisa; and, trembling still, Surabhi drank. Once started, she seemed to like the mixture, and drained it to the last drop solemnly. Louisa nodded approval, and almost felt as wise as she aspired to be, though what would be the result of her prescription she did not know. Surabhi, at any rate, seemed satisfied. She smiled shyly at Louisa.

(*Continued on page 98.*)

"'Drink; all is well.'"

"'A little of the medicine for me also,' he begged."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 95.)

'THAT stuff and the good amulet have put strength into me already,' Surabhi affirmed. 'And, alas! I much need strength. I am too weak, too old, for the burdens I must bear.'

'Ah!' said Louisa—as encouraging an 'Ah!' it was as she could compass—while Kadru pricked up her ears. She had taken up a position behind Louisa in exact imitation of Surabhi's servant, who stood on guard, jealously, over her mistress.

'Heavy burdens,' Surabhi sighed. 'It is my one desire to deal justly with all, but who, alas! believes it? And, since I have been ill, my head turns round and round so that I cannot think clearly. I can decide nothing. Make me well again, wise woman, that I may put an end to the trouble.'

'Or thine enemies will make an end of thee,' the maid-servant muttered. At which Surabhi shook a finger at her reprovingly.

'Maru has been with me since I was little more than Dukhi's age,' she explained. 'She is over-anxious. She does not judge my nephews justly; she thinks that they would harm me. But I cannot and I will not believe they wish me ill. They frighten me at times when they grow angry, but at heart they are good men, I know. But now I will go and rest. Thou wilt stay awhile, wise woman? I pray thee, do not leave me yet. Of thy kindness be content with what I have to offer.'

It was practically impossible to refuse Surabhi's request, or so it seemed to Louisa. The mystery was dissolving into the usual family quarrel; she had come across many similar. One member of the family had money, the others wanted it.

But Surabhi was so helpless, so obviously in need of support which Louisa felt equal to supplying. And surely, for some time at least, the bearer would have little in the way of news to send.

Kadru would be missed, of course; but if the police connected her absence with that of her mistress, they would look for her first, naturally, in her aunt's house. Her father would merely think Louisa had kept his daughter with her for some good reason.

'We're really safer here for a little than we should be at Faridpur,' Louisa concluded. 'There's no reason why the police should search *this* village. We can set the raft adrift again, and pay the ferryman for it later. There'll be nothing by which they can track us. Yes, we'll stop here for a day or two, and then go to Kadru's aunt when the police are quite sure we are not with her.'

'We will stay,' said Louisa to Surabhi graciously.

CHAPTER X.

Once Louisa had promised she would remain, Maru did not permit her mistress to linger. She lifted Surabhi to her feet and half led, half carried her towards the house.

'We will send for the wise woman when my mistress has rested,' she called over her shoulder. 'Let her rest herself meanwhile.'

And, for a moment, Surabhi halted to say: 'Ask for what thou needest, guest of mine. I have given orders that thy every want shall be supplied.'

'It would be fun to ask for something quite extraordinary, and see if she'd give it to me,' Louisa thought. 'A pet tiger, perhaps, or an elephant.' Then she jumped as Dukhi, who had crept close to her unseen, pinched her knee.

'A little of the medicine for me also,' he begged. 'In truth there is much curry inside me. It is likely my evil spirit will soon take hold of me. My evil spirit is ever envious when I have eaten good food.'

Louisa put a tiny pinch of the powder in the palm of his hand, and he smacked his lips joyously as it fizzed on his tongue.

'Ha! ha!' said Dukhi. 'That will scare the evil spirit. He pops through my mouth; he will find the way barred. I know when he comes, for then I have a pain.' He clasped his hands round his fat little middle and began to look for Bulbo.

'Is thy cat a magic cat?' he asked. 'When I told Maru thou hadst a cat with thee, she said perhaps it was a cat that would change into a prince. Dost thou know that tale?'

'I have not heard it,' Kadru admitted. She could not resist a story, even if told by one as young as Dukhi, who ought, rightfully, to listen to tales told by his elders.

(*Continued on page* 111.)

INFORMATION REQUIRED.

SO many things I want to ask
Some one—some day—
Some one, you know, who will not bid
Me 'Go and play.'

Why fish, instead of legs, have fins—
Yes! even whales!
Why frogs and toads have only skins—
Not even scales!

Why some birds, like the skylark, sing,
And others, *coo!*
As well expect one cow to neigh,
Another, *moo!*

Why people, sleeping on their backs,
Should always snore?
These things I want to know, you see—
And many more.

So many things I want to ask
Some one—some day—
Some one, you know, who'll answer me
The proper way.

Lilian Holmes.

FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE.

WHEN I tell my schoolboy readers that I—a weak, silent, altogether insignificant fellow—was treated not alone with kindness, but with real friendship by the captain of the school, Kenneth Munro, they will gauge with what affection—nay, adoration—I regarded him.

He did not excel in learning, it is true, but he was the hero of the whole school because of his ability at sport, and also because of his singularly happy and lovable nature. Yet from the first he had made me his friend and confidant, although I was so delicate I was not allowed to play games, and so painfully reserved I could rarely express my feelings properly.

Kenneth's father had been an artist, but had died a soldier's death in the Great War. 'And Mother is left as poor as a church mouse,' he confided in me. 'It's my uncle—my father's elder brother—who is educating me; that's why I wish I had your brains, and could get a scholarship and be independent.'

'Why, don't you like your uncle?' I asked.

'Oh, yes; he's all right. But, you see, he wants to bring me up to make jams and pickles, as he does, and I want to be an artist like my father.'

I nodded, for I knew his ambition; and the whole school knew his sketches and caricatures, which were so clever that even the originals themselves could rarely be annoyed at them. I, however, was curious about his first statement. 'Pickles and jams? Does your uncle make them?' I asked.

'Well, he arranges that they are made—he's director of Link's Jam Works, so you eat his productions every day.'

I was interested. 'What's he like?'

'Something like this,' and Kenneth proceeded to draw in his sketch-book a jam-pot with a head on the top and small feet protruding from the end. Across it he wrote 'Link's very best.'

I laughed, for, like all his sketches, there was an extraordinary amount of character and life in the few lines that he had put in.

A week or two later my curiosity with regard to Kenneth's uncle was further satisfied, for he came to visit his nephew and stayed at the inn in Southborough village, half a mile from our school.

I, with Kenneth and one or two of his other friends, was invited to have tea with him the day after his arrival.

We had a very cheery time, and left with the understanding that Kenneth would bring his uncle along later to show him over the school, especially his own study.

'I call Munro a jolly lucky dog to have such a decent uncle,' one boy exclaimed, as we were journeying homeward. 'I only wish I had one like him.'

Nevertheless, an hour later I found the 'lucky dog' sitting in the playground, holding his head in his hands. 'Whatever is wrong?' I asked, surprised.

'Only that my uncle has gone off with my sketch-book, in order, he said, to find out if I had enough talent to make an artist of.'

'But, surely, that is just what you wanted him to do, because when he sees how jolly well you can draw he's sure to let you take up art.'

'But he will see the thing I did of him. You remember, the one with the jam-pot for his body.'

'And if he does, he will just laugh, as Mr. Smith'—one of the masters—'did when he saw the thing that you did of him,' I answered.

But Kenneth would not be comforted. 'He's not the sort to see a joke against himself. Besides, I believe his jam is as dear to his heart as my father's pictures were to his. He will most likely punish me by stopping payment for school, and then what will my mother say?'

Remembering how genial Mr. Munro had been to us that afternoon, I felt Kenneth was misjudging his uncle, and yet his despondency affected me. How could I help him? There was only one way, and that was by getting the sketch-book from Mr. Munro before he looked at it. Yet how could I do such a thing? In three-quarters of an hour it would be seven, and any boy found out of bounds after that hour would most certainly be birched, if not expelled. Moreover, I was not the kind of boy who willingly breaks rules—perhaps because of natural timidity and weakness. And yet I must help my friend.

'Where are you off to, old chap?' Kenneth called after me. He would have been surprised had he known.

It was an evening in early autumn, and when I reached the village the street lamps had been lighted. In the inn they were lighted also, and as the blinds had not been drawn down in the drawing-room I was able to perceive Mr. Munro sitting in the hall, smoking. He had not the sketch-book with him. It must be in his private sitting-room upstairs. But how was I to get up and look for it? The front door of the inn was shut. I could hardly ring and ask for the book to be given to me, and if I asked Mr. Munro he would wish to know why I wanted it.

Then I noticed that a street lamp stood immediately in front of the inn, and below the sitting-room window. A moment more and I was scrambling up it. I reached the top, and then swung myself on to the window-ledge. By the light of the lamp the objects on the table in the middle of the room were distinctly visible. I saw the sketch-book, and was just laying my hands on it when the door opened and Mr. Munro entered, flooding the room as he did so with electric light.

He stared at me in astonishment, but before he could question me a loud knock rang through the house, and a moment later a gruff voice was distinctly audible. 'There's a thief in the house! I saw him with my own eyes climbing up the lamp-post.'

I held my breath, and so I believe did Mr. Munro. Anyway, neither of us spoke until a burly policeman, followed by the trembling landlord, entered the room.

'There 'e is, the young scamp!' the policeman thundered, pointing at me.

But Mr. Munro held his ground. 'How dare you insult my visitor?'

'A queer visitor to come in such a way.'

'How my visitor comes to see me is no business of yours, and now I would ask you to leave us.'

Still grumbling, the policeman withdrew, and I was left to face my host.

'And now I want an explanation, young man. For, though I pretended otherwise, it is not usual for my guests to visit me by the window.'

And I gave it him. He had been such a 'sport' that now I was quite sure Kenneth had misjudged him. I was right. He not only returned the sketch-book, without looking at his own caricature (though I am sure he had enough sense of humour not to have got angry had he seen it), but he drove me home in his own car, so that I would not be late. Moreover (and this was the best thing of all!) he has promised that

"I swung myself on to the window-ledge."

Kenneth will learn to paint pictures instead of making jam.

'And I owe it all to you, Kenneth told me, 'for he says that he knew I could draw all along, but he never knew until now that I was sensible and steady enough to make friends with such an old bookworm as you and inspire you with such affection as to make you run such risks for my sake.'

HELEN M. TURNER.

Some Old-time Golf Players.

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

V.—GOLF, LACROSSE, AND HOCKEY.

THAT the Royal and Ancient Game, the national game of Scotland, was originally introduced by the Dutch is believed by some to be the case, and that the name, Golf, is taken from the Dutch *Kolf*, which means a club. There are many Dutch pictures, as early as the sixteenth century, showing players holding a club, and with a ball apiece which they are putting at a hole in the turf, though the majority of these pictures show the game taking place on the ice, the putting being at a post or stake.

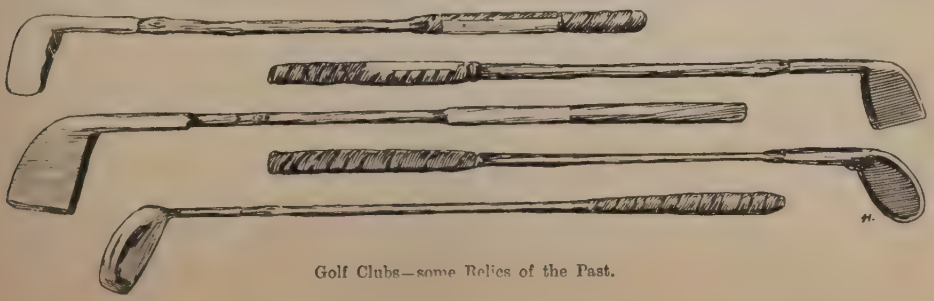
Still, golf must have been introduced at an even earlier date, for we find that in the middle of the fifteenth century it had already become exceedingly popular in Scotland, so much so that it interfered with the more important practice of archery, and caused the rulers of the realm great anxiety. In 1457 it is recorded that the Scottish authorities 'decreted and ordained that golf be utterly cryit down, and nocht usit.' However, this particular decree does not appear to have found much favour with the people, or to have prevented them from indulging in their favourite pastime, for in 1471, another similar Act was passed, ordering attention to the pursuit of archery as being necessary for opposing 'our auld enimies of England.' This decree was no more observed than the former one, and twenty years later, in 1491, a further order was issued forbidding 'Futeball and Golfe,' and containing a list of the pains and penalties that would be inflicted on the enthusiasts who refused to obey.

It is interesting to note that, though this was an edict of James IV., he set a very bad example to his subjects by ignoring his own exhortations and indulging in the 'unprofitabill sport' himself.

Nearly a hundred years later, in 1592, the Town Council of Edinburgh issued a proclamation that 'on the Sabbath day, no inhabitants of the toun be seen at any pastymes sic as golfe,' but this order was altered during the following year, the prohibition applying only to the hours reserved for church services, or 'in tyme of sermons.'

That golf deserves its name of 'Royal and Ancient' is amply proved by the evidences of interest taken in the game by numerous kings. James V. was a player, and James VI., who later became James I. of England, issued an order prohibiting the importation of 'golfe ballis' from Holland, in order to protect home industry, so we must believe that the trade was pretty considerable, for, referring to the payments made for foreign golf balls, the ordinance says that 'na small quantitie of gold and silver is transported yierly out of his Hienes' kingdome of Scoteland.'

Charles I. is another king who was fond of the game,



Golf Clubs—some Relics of the Past.

and when prisoner of the Scots, at Newcastle, he and his train were allowed to 'go abroad and play at golf in the Shield Field without the walls.'

One of the earliest matches on record took place when James II., then Duke of York, at the time in Edinburgh, was challenged by two English noblemen of his suite to play a match against them, choosing for partner any Scots player he cared to select.

He wisely selected a local crack, John Paterson, a shoemaker, who played so well that he and the Duke won easily, dividing the heavy stake. Paterson, with his winnings, built himself a house in Canongate, which stood for centuries as a monument to his prowess as a golfer.

The most famous of golf clubs, St. Andrews, the Royal and Ancient Club, was founded in 1754, and soon became of more than local celebrity, most golfers of note from all parts of the country becoming members.

'The Honourable the Edinburgh Company of Golfers' was founded earlier, and its first records date from 1744, and there are many clubs in Scotland to be found about that time.

Possibly the oldest club in England was that of Blackheath, and tradition places the origin of the club as far back as 1608, when the game was brought into England by King James and his followers, though the earliest records in existence date from 1766, all previous records having been destroyed by fire at Greenwich.

During the nineteenth century, Royalty still continued to show its interest in the game, William IV. becoming patron of the St. Andrews club in 1834, and three years later he presented a gold medal to be challenged and played for annually. In 1838 the Queen Dowager became patroness, also presenting a gold medal, and in 1863 the Prince of Wales was elected captain. The present captain is the Prince of Wales, who played himself into office, and was acclaimed the head of golf in September, 1922, before a large crowd, while the old cannon roared the news that he had been well and truly elected.

In the old days, the captain-elect walked through the streets to the links, with his club fellow-members and headed by a drum and fife band. Nowadays, this part of the ceremony is dispensed with.

The first of the seaside links in England were laid out at Westward Ho! by Tom Morris of St. Andrews, in 1864, and since then, clubs have increased rapidly in number, no town of any size considering itself complete unless it has a club within reasonable distance.

The number of players in England was now gradually on the increase, but golf was not yet in any sense popular in this country, and the progress of the game was slow.

The greatly extended railway facilities that were a feature of the end of the last century, and the still greater assistance to easy and rapid travel provided by motor-cars, are largely responsible for the enormous increase of golfers, and clubs are now numbered by the hundred, not only in Great Britain, but in foreign lands, colonies and dependencies, and the game is now played in cold northern countries, and in the blazing sun of Africa and India.

There have of course been some changes in the rules of the game since the days when the ball was made of leather, stitched together in sections and stuffed as tightly as possible with feathers—a ball that was much more expensive and far less durable than the gutta-percha ball that displaced it.

The Scottish golfer, imbued with the traditions of the game, required but few rules, but when golf was taken up by other nations a code of definite rules became necessary, and the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews was appealed to and asked to take a ruling position, similar to that of the Marylebone Cricket Club in cricket; so eventually the club appointed a standing committee called the Rules of Golf Committee, composed of members of the club, to revise the rules, which were generally accepted by other clubs.

(*Concluded on page* 115.)

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 91.)

NORMA ran to fetch Sydney, and when he ran up, fastening his belt as he came, he quickly took command of the situation.

'Leonard,' he said, 'you stand where you can get the best view. I'll be at the landing-place, and Norma had better stand near me. You keep your eyes open, both of you, while I do the talking.'

Leonard didn't see why he should keep silent, but there was no time to argue the point as almost at once the bow of the boat reached the island, and the man in it, shipping his sculls, leaned forward and caught the edges of the crack in the rock which formed their landing-place.

He was a short, sturdily-built man, and although Sydney's description of his face as being like that of a wolf was certainly an exaggeration, it was not entirely inaccurate. It was a long, narrow face, with ears unusually flat against the head; heavy black eyebrows overhung his deep-set eyes, while his mouth, between lips firmly pressed together, was like a thin slit across his face. His chin was blue where he shaved, and altogether his appearance was far from prepossessing. Yet, when he spoke, a twinkle came into his eyes, and when his lips parted they seemed always to suggest a smile.

'It's going to rain,' he began abruptly.

'I know,' said Sydney.

'Well, you'll get wet,' continued the man.

In spite of his desire to be dignified, Sydney laughed. What a fool the man was, always saying obvious things like that!

'I suppose,' the man in the boat continued, 'that you think the cave will shelter you. It won't. You'll see.'

'Of course it will,' answered Sydney. 'It is cut straight into the rock.'

'It won't,' repeated the man. 'You'll get wet. Look here, my name's Ross. I live on the shore. You'd better come with me.'

'Nonsense,' said Sydney rudely. 'Rain won't hurt us, and anyhow it will be as dry as anything in the cave.'

Mr. Ross stood up in the boat, tightening his grip on the rock. 'The cave will be wet,' he said. 'I'm coming ashore.' And without another word, he picked up the painter of the skiff and clambered into the crevice. 'Fetch some rope,' he said, but Sydney had no intention of being ordered about in that way.

'This is our island,' he said, 'and you've no right to land on it without our permission.'

Leonard and Norma came closer to Sydney, but on the opposite side of the crevice, so that it would have been impossible for their visitor to climb on to the island without forcing one or other of them aside.

'You're young fools,' he said. 'You've got to come with me. Now or later. Better be now, before you get wet.'

But neither of the boys made any attempt to move, and Mr. Ross stepped back into his boat.

'Later, then,' he said. 'Don't blame me. I know this island, and I know that cave.'

'You'll get wet yourself, if you stay here,' said Sydney, for already the rain was beginning to fall.

'I've warned you,' Mr. Ross persisted, and then Leonard, fearful of losing a chance to gain some information, interrupted.

'Look here,' he said. 'You said you lived on the shore. Do you mean that that is your house, just beyond the wood?'

'I do,' said Mr. Ross.

'And,' asked Leonard, 'is this your boat?'

'It is my boat,' answered Mr. Ross.

'And,' persisted Leonard, 'you keep it on those rollers on the sand?'

'Just beyond the Wirdstone,' was the answer.

Leonard hesitated before asking another question. He wanted to get information out of this man, but he must not let him know how much he knew already. If the man got suspicious, he probably wouldn't answer truthfully, but all the same it would be worth while to shoot a sudden question and see how he took it.

'Who is the other man at the house?' he suddenly demanded, but Mr. Ross laughed. 'You're mighty inquisitive,' he said. 'What do you want? You can come and see the house if you like. I told you that. Sooner the better. Anyhow, I'm alone there. Don't know anything about another man. Lived alone here for years.'

'Oh, of course,' said Leonard. The man hadn't turned a hair! He was obviously a cool customer, and it wasn't of much use trying to catch him off his guard.

By this time the rain was falling steadily, and the man in the boat turned up his coat-collar before gripping his sculls. 'Sure you not coming?' he asked, and then as the boys did not reply he started to pull away from the Nab. 'It's your risk,' he called. And then he turned the boat's head towards the Wirdstone.

CHAPTER VII.

By the time the boat was out of sight the rain was falling still more heavily, and the boys ran back to the cave, where Norma had already gone.

'That's an ugly-looking customer!' cried Leonard, as he sat down on a pile of blankets, while Sydney leant against the opposite wall and Norma sat on the higher floor, with her legs dangling down over its edge.

'Do you think he is one of the men you saw?' she asked.

'Of course he is,' Sydney put in. 'No doubt about that now. If some one is up to mischief and there's a man like that around, you don't look much further.'

'But,' said Norma, 'you can't be certain. Leonard couldn't recognise him. Could you, Len?'

'I told you all along I shouldn't be able to,' answered her brother. 'Much too dark. But I can tell you he's built pretty much the same way, and, besides, if he wasn't, why should he be so keen to get us off the island?'

'He *was* jolly keen about it,' said Sydney; 'and I tell you one thing, he must have spotted you last night, Len! Otherwise he wouldn't have wanted to get rid of us.'

'He might have seen the Signal Lamp, you know,' Leonard suggested. 'He would have to row past the head of the Nab at night to get to the tunnel, and if he saw the light he would know some one was here.'

'Not likely,' answered Sydney. 'The tree is too far from the edge for the lamp to be seen from a boat that kept close in, and you can bet these fellows wouldn't risk being spotted by going into the open water. Much more likely that he spotted you, and made up his mind to clear us out and have the island to himself. Wonder what he would have done with us!'

Leonard was sure that they would never have left the house alive if once they had let him take them into it.

'Of course it was all nonsense about the cave not being water-tight. It was all in the solid rock. Just an excuse! Then, when he and the other man had the island to themselves, they would go on with the work in the daytime, perhaps, just as they did at night.

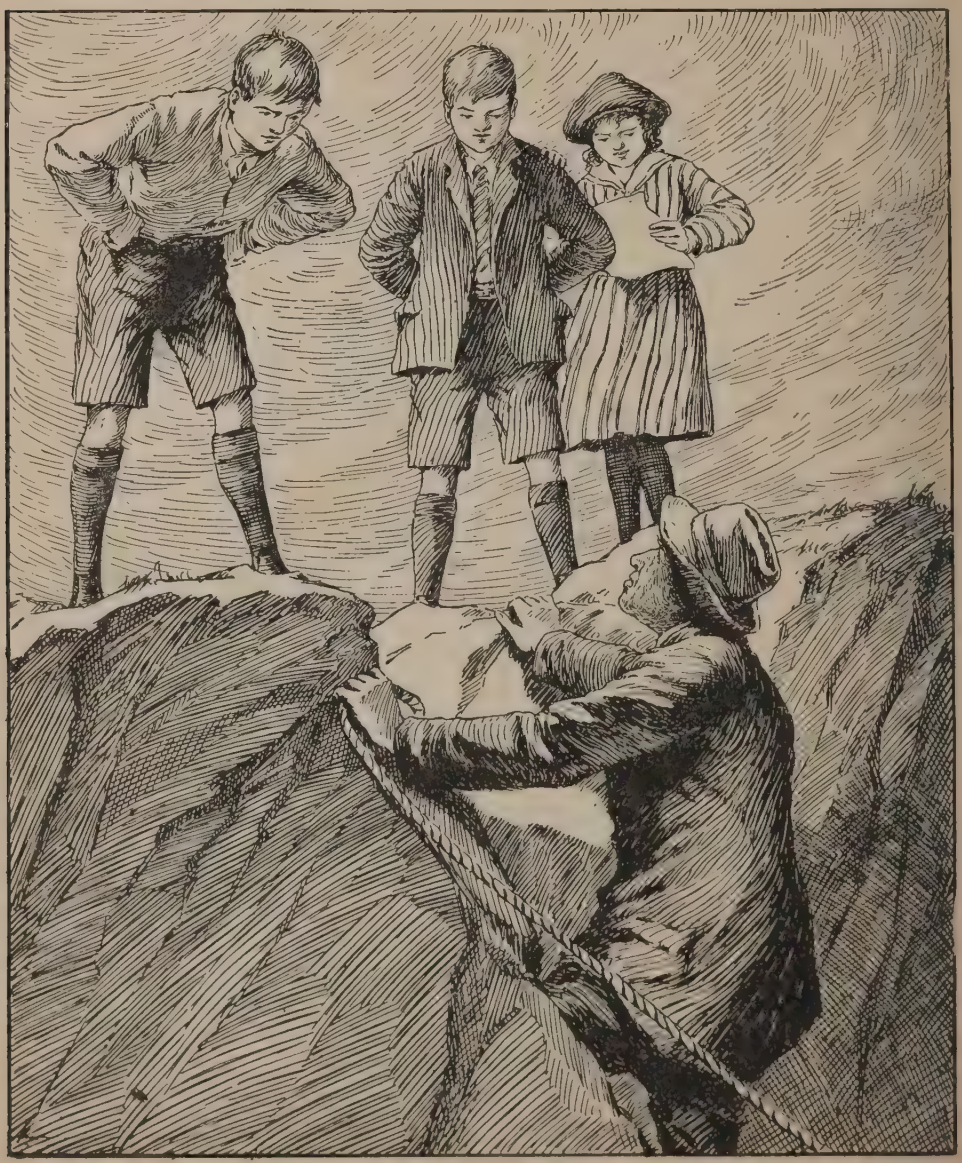
'If you wrapped that man in a cloak,' declared Sydney, 'and gave him a big slouch hat, you wouldn't know him from Guy Fawkes. He's just the sort of man to go crawling about in dark tunnels!'

'He didn't look so bad when he laughed,' Norma suggested, but both the boys turned on her indignantly. 'He didn't laugh much,' said Leonard, while Sydney added, 'I don't see much to like in a face like that! Glum-looking beggar! Think of the way he talked, too.'

Norma was silent. But she did not feel so sure as either of the boys that Mr. Ross was the villain he appeared to be. His eyes, when you looked into them, were rather jolly—and of course it was always possible that he was right after all about the cave and the rain: in which case he must have been perfectly friendly in his efforts to get them to come under a roof. While Leonard worked things out and Sydney jumped to conclusions, Norma usually judged by appearances, and it was not always the handsome people that appealed to her. Still, it was no use arguing with the boys. She rarely disagreed with Sydney, who really made an excellent leader and—even when he was wrong—had a way of rousing her enthusiasm; but whenever she did suggest that he was making a mistake, he always shouted her down in the subsequent argument, while Leonard always found reasons enough to prove his point. Still, she decided, it would be nice if they could see Mr. Ross again and find out whether or not the boys were right.

The expedition to the shore was abandoned for that day, partly because, as Leonard declared, now that the man at the house knew them all by sight, it was no use going by daylight to risk walking into a trap: and partly because the rain was now falling more heavily than they had thought possible. It came down in a continuous deluge, so that, in the open, they would have been soaked to the skin in a couple of minutes. Inside the cave, however, they were able to keep perfectly dry, although the rain was running in tiny streams down the sides of the Pit.

(*Continued on page* 106.)



"He clambered into the crevice."

"'It's rising higher every minute,' cried Norma."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 103.)

TO light a fire for tea seemed impossible, as the remains of the packing-case were wet and there was no dry wood, but after munching dry biscuits and drinking cold water for some time, they decided in desperation to break up the stands on which they had hung the lamps; they could easily replace them when the rain stopped. Accordingly, the stands were soon broken up into small chips, and when a space had been cleared on the floor, Sydney laid the fire and Leonard struck a match.

The fire burned at once, and Norma filled the kettle from the spring that trickled beyond the partition at the back of the cave. Flames a foot high rose from the burning wood and Leonard had to pull the blankets and sleeping-bags out of danger. Then smoke rose round the sides of the kettle and soon the air became uncomfortably thick. The smoke hung under the low roof of the cave, and five minutes after lighting the fire they were all coughing and choking and rubbing their eyes.

'It's no jolly good,' cried Sydney. 'We shall be suffocated like this,' and he and Leonard trampled on the fire until nothing remained but a few glowing cinders. Even then the cave was still full of the smoke, which seemed to cling to the corners and then float out into the middle of the cave whenever any one made a draught, and it was not until they had all worked hard for five minutes, waving towels and hats, that the air once more became clear.

'Can't do that again,' said Sydney, as he kicked the cinders out into the rain.

At supper-time it was still raining as much as ever, and cooking was still impossible. Soup was therefore out of the question and everything had to be eaten cold. After their arrival on the island, they had soon got tired of the cold tinned meats, and Norma had lately been kept busy inventing hash and various forms of stews. Now, however, there was nothing to be had but cold pressed beef, biscuits, and tinned pears. Compared to the food they had had a few days before at the hotel, it was a decidedly uninteresting menu, for tinned meat, in one form or another, and some kind of tinned fruit, had appeared at every dinner and supper since they came to the island.

'Wish there was something decent to eat,' exclaimed Sydney, as he cut the beef into slices. 'Never had so much tinned stuff in my life.'

'I could do with some of that salmon and cucumber they gave us at the hotel,' said Leonard.

'Or chicken and bread sauce and Brussels sprouts,' suggested Norma.

'We might try to catch some fish,' suggested Leonard. 'There are bound to be plenty in the water.'

'Plenty of water, anyhow,' said Sydney, but they all found it difficult to laugh.

It had been an unexciting evening, and altogether it was poor fun sitting in the cave without being able to go outside. After the meal, Leonard suggested that they should start making the new lamp-supports out of the damp sides of the broken packing-case, but neither he nor Sydney worked with much energy. A discussion of what might have happened if they had let Mr. Ross take them to his house died out after the first few minutes for no one had enough spirit to make much of an argument.

Norma had nothing to do, for it soon became dark and the light of the lamps was too poor for reading. After sitting still and watching the boys for half an hour, she suggested going to bed.

'It will be fine in the morning,' she said, 'and then there'll be something to do. It isn't much fun like this.'

The boys willingly agreed, and a few minutes later, after Sydney had gone out into the rain to light the Signal Lamp, they were all lying in their sleeping-bags. Outside, the rain poured without ceasing. Two puddles on the floor of the Pit had joined together, so that practically all the bottom of it was under water. The streams that splashed from the top of the island were now little waterfalls, and suddenly Leonard, after watching the water in silence for some minutes, sat up with a start.

'I say!' he exclaimed, 'I believe that man Ross was right after all!'

'What do you mean?' demanded Sydney.

'Why,' said Leonard, 'if this goes on all night, the cave will be flooded. Look, there's a regular waterfall!'

'Nonsense!' cried Sydney, but he sat up and looked out, while Norma crawled down to join them.

Even as Leonard had watched it, more of the bottom of the Pit had disappeared under water, and now it seemed evident that if the flood rose another inch, it would spread over the floor of the lower part of the cave.

'It can't go on like this all night,' said Sydney. 'It has been raining for five hours already.'

'I've heard Mother say that it sometimes rains for days at a time in the lakes,' said Norma. 'Oh, what shall we do?'

'Have to get on to the other floor,' said Sydney, slipping out of his sleeping-bag. 'Come along, we'd better move.'

Hastily, they piled the blankets and bags on to the upper floor, but then there was very little space for them all to lie down. Norma crawled right to the back of the cave and the boys curled up close together in front.

'I do wish we'd done as he said,' cried Norma, but the boys refused to admit that Mr. Ross might not have been attempting to kidnap them.

'We should never have got back,' said Sydney. 'And anyhow,' he added, 'the rain can't possibly fill the Pit as high as this.'

But the water was now certainly rising more rapidly. Already it was at the level of the lower floor of the cave; twenty minutes later, as they watched it with growing excitement, it flowed over, and at the end of another half-hour it had touched the wall that led up to the part of the cave where they were lying. And after that it was agonising to watch the water creeping up. At first they could not tell that it was still rising, but after Leonard had noticed it gradually covering a rough patch on the rock, they all watched with horror as it came nearer and nearer.

'It's rising higher every minute,' cried Norma, as she peered over the boys' shoulders.

'Can't think where it all comes from,' said Sydney. 'It gets worse all the time. At first it merely made puddles. Now it is flooding the whole place.'

'It must have filled up the island and overflowed,' said Leonard.

'What do you mean by "filled up the island?"' Sydney demanded. 'The island isn't a bottle!'

'No,' said Leonard, 'but it is something like a saucer. The island runs downhill from the edge all the way round. I mean, it is lower in the centre where the dell is than anywhere else. You know we noticed that when we first landed. And right in the middle is this Pit. Well, I suppose that when there's a shower, the rain runs off the patches of rock and sinks in wherever there is earth to sink into. But when it rains like this, the water can't sink in fast enough, so it just flows about till it reaches this Pit, and then it just topples over the edge like it is doing now.'

'How long did it take you to work all that out?' demanded Sydney.

'Well,' said Leonard, 'I've been thinking about it ever since we went to bed. 'Not much else to do, you know.'

'But,' cried Norma, 'the water can't stay here—I mean it must have rained as much as this before, and yet the Pit was pretty dry till to-night.'

'Oh, it would soak into the earth in time,' said Sydney. 'I don't suppose it has rained as hard as this all the summer. Just the sort of thing that would happen to us, of course. Have you worked out how long it will be before we are all drowned?' he added, turning to Leonard.

'Oh, dry up,' returned Leonard. 'It's no use talking like that. The question is, what shall we do?'

'I wish the weather would dry up,' said Sydney. 'How about going ashore? We might find a shed or something.'

'Do let's go to the house,' said Norma. 'Mr. Ross is certain to be all right, or he wouldn't have warned us about this.'

But Sydney refused to hear of it. The fact that Mr. Ross had been right about the rain proved nothing. He wanted to get them off the island and whether the excuse he gave was true or not didn't alter the facts. The rain was bad enough, but it would be a jolly sight worse to be locked in a cellar by the man Ross.

'A cellar would probably be about as damp, anyhow,' said Leonard. 'We might hide in the stable for the night, though.'

'Suppose I go and look,' suggested Sydney, and a few minutes later, wearing his mackintosh and with one of the tarpaulins folded into a cape over his head, he crawled out of the cave and splashed into the hollow. The water covered his boots while the rain still poured down unceasingly. Holding the tarpaulin close round his throat with one hand, he groped with the other for the little ledge by which they always climbed to the top of the island.

(*Continued on page* 118.)

A STRANGE GUARDIAN.

MR. HUDSON narrates an instance, which he believes to be authentic, of a gaucho who, when out hunting, had the misfortune to fall from his horse and break his leg. He lay on the pampas all night, and was saved from the attacks of wild beasts by a puma, who came and sat beside him. During the night the puma fought and drove away a jaguar, which would undoubtedly have killed the wounded man and made a meal of him. With daylight the puma disappeared, and the man was presently taken away by comrades who had come in search of him.

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

IV.—THE SHADOW-SHOW.

WE now begin work on the first section of the actual theatre and that is the fitting for the shadow-show. The proscenium no longer occupies our attention, so we turn the whole front round and work on the back of it.

In passing, it will not be out of place to mention one or two interesting facts concerning these shadow-shows. Their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. That the idea is exceedingly old is certain, for China, that land of origins, has had its shadow theatres for many centuries and still has them. The Burmese and Indian puppet shows also partake of this shadow element in some of their theatres.

The island of Java is also noted for its wonderful shadow-shows and puppets. There they are called 'Wayangs,' and there are three distinct varieties, two of which, the *Wayang purwa* and the *Wayang gedog*, are pure shadow-shows—the third is the ordinary wooden puppet show. The visitor to the British Museum may see quite a fine collection of these Javanese shadow puppets in the rooms devoted to the ethnographical exhibits. They are made, as a rule, of flat leather, highly decorated, about a foot to two feet high, and are worked by means of wooden or bone rods attached to the jointed limbs. The plays enacted are very serious affairs and the subjects deal with early Javanese history or Hindu mythology. Like our own modern theatres, these plays are accompanied by an orchestra which plays a variety of very weird instruments, and also by a recitation on the part of the proprietor of the show, who describes to the audience the story of the play as it proceeds.

In Northern Africa, Algeria, in fact in all Oriental countries, these shadow-shows provide constant amusement to many hundreds of people, and in nearly every case the spectators sit on the floor of the theatre, or stand around the sides, no attempt being made to provide anything like the comfortable seating arrangements of the modern theatre. It has been previously mentioned—in the introductory chapter—how that the Germans to-day are reviving the interest in both the shadow-shows and true puppets, and are producing most wonderful effects in silhouette.

The chief feature aimed at in the working of a shadow-show is the presentation of a clear, sharp edge to these silhouettes, with, at the same time, great brilliancy of light and intense blackness of shadow. In order to achieve this result, one very important point has to be strictly attended to, and that is, that no light whatsoever, either faint or brilliant, be allowed to penetrate between the screen and the character or object from which the shadow is desired to be produced: in other words, the screen and the object must TOUCH. If this is done, the shadow will then be distinct and dark, but if not and a faint film of light penetrates between, the resulting shadow will be dimmed, its edge lost and indistinct (fig. 1). Now in this shadow-show that we are making a permanent screen will not be used because each scene will carry its *own screen*, so that all that will concern us at this particular stage of the building will be the arrangements for the holding and presenting of the sliding scenes. The first thing, then, to be done will be to mark off on the BACK of the stage front half an inch

below the stage level of the opening (fig. 2 c) and draw a line right across parallel with the bottom (c′) then above the top line of the opening (d) mark one inch and draw another parallel line across (d′). Now, if you have any three-ply wood, cut two pieces as shown in the diagram

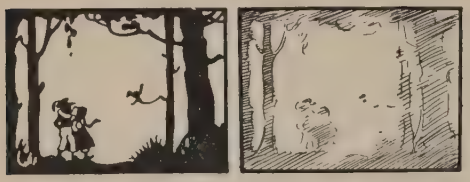


Fig. 1.—The Shadow Show.

in print, to exactly fit the spaces above and below the lines d′ and c′. This done, glue and tack them strongly on to the stage front (use quarter-inch nails when fixing). If you have no three-ply wood, two thicknesses of stout cardboard to each part will serve as well, but they must be cut in exact pairs and glued with very strong glue when fixing.

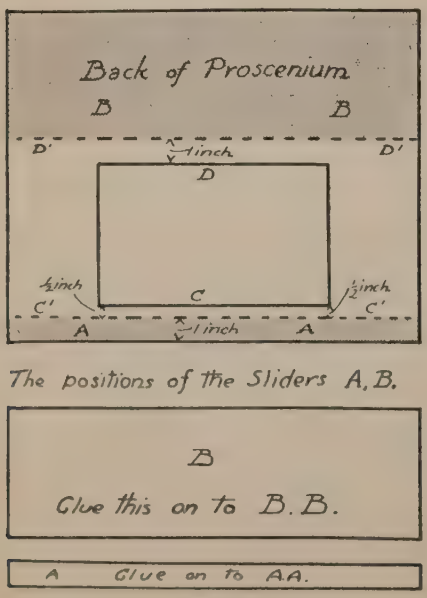


Fig. 2.

After this, take another sheet of cardboard exactly the size of the whole proscenium—seventeen by sixteen—and cut out the stage opening in absolutely the same way as when you cut it out on the stage front and with all the measurements perfectly the same (fig. 3). This should be fairly strong card—good strawboard will do splendidly. When cut, it must be glued as shown in the diagram and fixed on to the two sliders, A and B, thus leaving spaces quite free for the movements of the slide. Study the sections and side views shown in fig. 4 carefully as you proceed, and compare your own model, side view, to see that you obtain the same effect. You will notice that you have now made a narrow passage between two walls, namely, the sliding-space between the proscenium and the divisional wall, this passage being actually less than a quarter-inch in width; also that the lines c and d on the divisional wall being exactly the same as those on the opening of the stage front, they act as protecting ledges for the scenery when it slides along the lines c′ d′ and also serve to keep that same scenery perfectly flat and rigid while it is in use.

Another thing to observe is that a scene can be put in at the left side, pushed right across and pulled out at the right side, so that, if required, a scene much longer

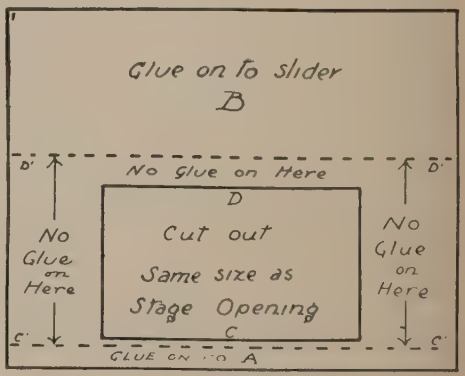


Fig. 3.

than the actual front—a sort of panoramic view—can be used.

The next stage will be to repeat the procedure and cut and fix a second set of sliders exactly the same in size and thickness as (A) and (B) of the first section, cut them just the same as before in either three-ply wood or double-thickness cardboard. Mark off the line c′ half an inch *below* the stage level and d′ one inch *above* the top line in the opening of the divisional wall, just the same as was done on the back of the proscenium at the commencement. Draw the parallel lines across and then glue this second series of sliders on to the division exactly as you did the first. A side view in section will now appear as No. 3, in fig. 4, so that there are now *two* sets of sliders c′ with *one* divisional wall between. It follows then that a second wall is also needed to regulate the movements of the additional sets of slides, which will actually be the colour and tone screens, when we come to the stage for making them.

Now in this second set the divisional wall will be constructed in a slightly different manner, and the first thing to do will be to mark off half an inch horizontally, at each corner of the stage opening, on division wall

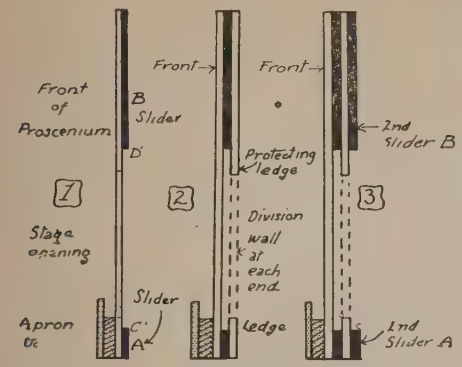


Fig. 4.

No. 1 (see fig. 5.) For the bottom protecting ledge cut a strip of stout cardboard, or use three-ply wood if desired. This strip must be eleven inches long by one-and-half inches wide and must be firmly fixed along the bottom, so that it rests half an inch beyond each side of the opening (A). Next cut a piece, in similar thickness, eleven inches long and six inches wide (B) and fix this carefully above the top line of the stage opening, lapping half an inch each side of the corners the same as the under-stage piece and with its bottom line on a level with the bottom line of divisional wall No. 1; in other words, on a level with the top line (D) of the stage opening. See also the three-quarter view (fig. 6). These two pieces when fixed will constitute the second set of protecting ledges. But the two end divisional walls are yet to be done, and for this purpose we shall require two strips of wood. Ordinary deal wood will do, selected without knots. The strips must be sixteen inches long, three inches wide, and three-eighths or half-inch in thickness. Carefully plane them nice and smooth if they are not already so when you get them, see also that the edges are nicely squared and

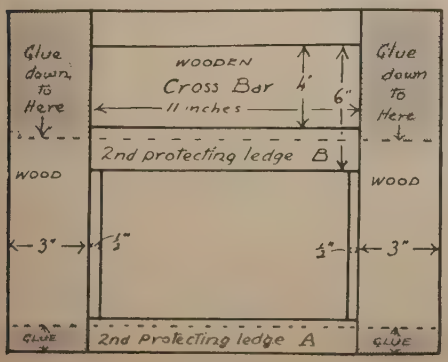


Fig. 5.

that all the saw-cuts are clean and without jagged edges.

This last point can be always attained by a very light and careful use of the tenon saw when nearing the end of the cut-through and by not allowing the cut-off end to suddenly hang down before the saw is quite through,

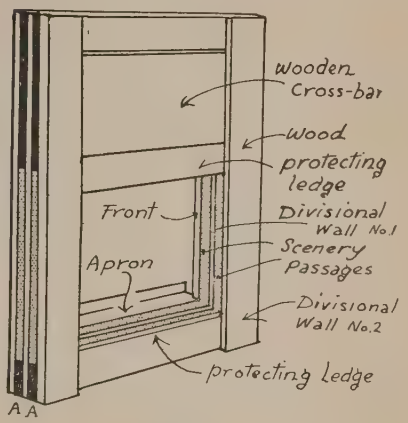


Fig. 6.

so putting the jagged finish to the piece you wish to use and more or less spoiling it.

All saw-cuts, whatever they be, should be most carefully finished off, as a nice cut will go a long way towards making the whole job look neat. Rough, jagged edges and bad joints are infallible signs of what is known as the 'C.N. brand' of goods—otherwise 'cheap and nasty' stuff. We must never let it be said

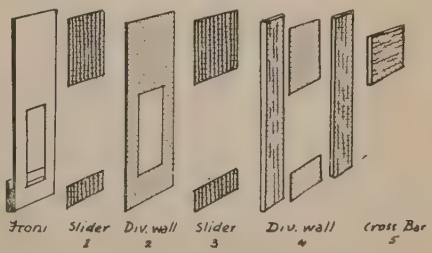


Fig. 7.—A Dissected View of the Progress we have now made.

that any of us were specialists in *that* class of work. So, when we have made our nice clean cuts, and got our pieces of wood down exactly to sixteen inches long and three inches wide, the next thing will be to fix them in position, by simply glueing the top and bottom, as shown, and afterwards, when set, nailing them strongly as well; and in this case, as well as in the case of the cross-bar next to be described, a good three-quarter-inch nail that will go through all the whole lot should

be used, and should be driven in from the *outside* of the proscenium; then, if too long, they can be bent over neatly into the back. All the nails used should be of the thin, or 'pin,' type, as there is less chance of splittings, and they will bend over neater than if too thick.

One thing more remains to be done to finish this section, and that is to put a cross-bar of wood eleven inches long, three or four inches wide, and half an inch thick, between the two side-bars, and with its top edge level with the top edge of the top protecting ledge, B. Needless to say, this cross-bar, like the upright bars, must be neatly cut and planed before fixing. When this is done, we shall have completed another stage in our task. One more section will be necessary for us to make, and after that we shall be well away with our scene-making and colour-work.

H. W. Whanslaw.

COUNTRY CHICKS.

OFF they go, picnicking, far away,
Far away, far away,
Off they go picnicking far away,
On a merry May-time morning.

What will they have to bear them away,
Bear them away, bear them away,
What will they have to bear them away,
On a merry May-time morning.

Horse and lorry and load of hay,
Load of hay, load of hay,
Horse and lorry and load of hay,
On a merry May-time morning.

Over the hills and far away,
Far away, far away,
They'll rumble and tumble and roll away,
On a merry May-time morning.

Lilian Holmes.

TRAVEL IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Concluded from page* 67.)

NOWADAYS we know that there are no savage wild animals in Australia, but of course Captain Cook's sailors were ignorant of this fact, and they seem to have been nervous of the strange beasts that might be met with in the deep valleys and thick forests of the strange new land. They were startled by the kangaroos, 'bounding on two legs, instead of running on four,' and one man who met with a wombat, which is a harmless little beast about the size of a rabbit, declared that he had seen the devil with horns and wings creeping slowly through the grass.

To any one who knows the Australia of the present day, with its great cities and railways and modern buildings, it seems almost impossible to believe that, only a century and a half ago, the whole great continent was uncivilised and unknown.

Even after the first discoveries were made, it was a long time before any travellers ascended the mountains or reached the interior of the huge island. At first only the coasts were explored, and the accounts of some of the early journeys are so wonderful that they seem more like story-book adventures than sober fact.

One of the strangest tales of all is that of the two young sailors, Matthew Flinders and George Bass, who, having made up their minds to explore the coast north of Botany Bay, in 1795 set out in a little open boat called the *Tom Thumb*, with a crew of one boy, who baled water out of the unseaworthy little craft, while Bass steered and Flinders managed the sail.

Several voyages were made by the *Tom Thumb*, and Flinders and Bass met with many dangers and strange experiences. On one occasion, when the water supply ran short and there was no safe landing-place on the rocky coast, Bass swam ashore and filled a cask; while, another time, a gale springing up, they were drenched to the skin, but dared not land to dry their clothes, because of the savage blacks who watched them from the shore.

Later, Flinders was recalled to duty on his ship, and then Bass, turning inland, tried to climb the Blue Mountains, but in this he was unsuccessful; and the great range, which lies like a barrier along the eastern coast of Australia, remained unconquered until 1813, when a long drought drove the colonists inland, in search of new pastures for their sheep and cattle.

And so the work of exploration went on, and a difficult, dangerous work it was; for, although there are no savage wild beasts in Australia, many of the early travellers were murdered by hostile natives, while others died of thirst and hunger, or lost their way in the pathless deserts of the interior, and never returned.

This last terrible fate most probably overtook Leichardt and his great expedition, which set out to cross the continent and disappeared, no trace or relic ever being found to give a clue as to what happened.

For more than ten years it was hoped that some survivors might be found, and many search parties were sent out, but the mystery has never been solved; and, while some authorities think that the unfortunate explorers were swept away by a flood, others believe that they were killed by blacks, and others, again, say that they may have perished in a forest fire.

Another attempt which ended in disaster was that of Burke and Wills, who actually succeeded in travelling across Australia from south to north, but who, on the return journey, met with one mishap after another, only one man being left alive in the end to tell the terrible story of suffering and failure.

This was in 1860, but, two years later, another explorer, Sturt, crossed the continent successfully, and since then the work of exploration—and the work of colonisation, too—has gone on apace. 'Advance, Australia' is the motto of the great southern land 'Down Under,' and marvellous indeed has been the progress made during the last half-century.

Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide are splendid cities now, which rival the capitals of the Old World, but, in its swift and wonderful advance Australia does not forget the brave men who first led the way into the pathless deserts and who faced the horrors of thirst and fire and loneliness.

Bass Strait, Flinders Island, Burketown, Eyre Lake—the names of the early explorers will mark the map, and, as their names are remembered, so their courage lives, too, in the Australians of the present day, who were ready to leave their homes and fight and die on the battlefields of France and Gallipoli in the Great War.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 98.)

'THERE was once a cat that lived in a temple,' Dukhi began. 'And there was a great festival at which there were many lamps to be kept alight. And, in the middle of the festival, the priest of the temple fell ill. So ill he was he could not trim the lamps, and the wicks were charred, and the light grew dim.'

'I know,' Kadru nodded. 'So do all lamps.'

'Yes,' Dukhi agreed, looking very wise. To both of them now the story seemed entirely true. 'And the priest wept,' Dukhi went on. 'And he said—"Alas and alas! The lamps will go out, and the people who have paid me to keep them burning will be very, very angry. They will come no more to my temple with gifts, and I shall die of hunger. Also the temple god will think that I neglect him, and will smite me with a plague."'

'Alas, poor man!' said Kadru.

'Alas, poor man!' said Dukhi. He dropped his voice. 'But the temple cat heard,' he whispered, thrilled. And swiftly Dukhi pounced on Bulbo, and grasped a paw firmly.

'With his paw, thus,' Dukhi intoned, applying the paw to the bowl of the still warm hookah. 'He raised the wick, and ——' But Bulbo, with a squall of rage, burst from his grip, hurtled to the other side of the hut, and turned and spat.

'The pipe-bowl was hot. You've burnt him,' Louisa cried indignantly. 'You *bad* child!'

'Well,' said Dukhi, equally indignant and sucking a torn finger, 'what if I did? The temple cat did not mind the heat. He was brave and good; and so his tail fell off and all his fur, and he became a prince. *That* cat will *never* be a prince.'

Still sucking the finger, he ran out of the hut, while Kadru again regarded Bulbo with distaste.

'He should have been patient with the child,' Kadru argued; 'then Dukhi might continue to look on him with favour. A cat cannot be too careful. As I told the Miss Sahib, there are many who think that cats are of evil omen; there are those who say that cats are the friends of witches. A wise woman, that is a good thing to be; but a witch, that is bad.'

Louisa, however, was too busy consoling Bulbo to listen. Kadru, disgusted, set about tidying the hut with the air of one solely devoted to duty; but presently her curiosity got the better of her dignity.

'Miss Sahib, what do you think of Surabhi?' she asked. 'Was it a cure for poison that you gave her? How did you know which medicine to give?'

'I didn't really know,' Louisa acknowledged. It was boring to keep up a pretence with Kadru; it was more amusing to talk to her freely. 'I think very likely Surabhi's only feverish; and that medicine does me good when I have fever. Besides, it says on the bottle the fizzy stuff is good for everything. It *might* be good for poison, if Surabhi is being poisoned.'

'It might,' said Kadru, reassured; 'and the amulet will certainly be helpful. And now, Miss Sahib, when we have rested, shall we wander a little in the village? Perchance we might glean from the talk of the people more light on our mystery.'

'We've found out all there is to find,' said Louisa, still somewhat ruffled on Bulbo's account. 'It's only a money squabble. I shall stay in the garden; it's nicer than the street. But you might set the raft loose, so that it can drift away, and then there'll be nothing to help the police.'

'I will set it afloat or burn it,' Kadru agreed. 'But now I will prepare the Miss Sahib's bed,' she ended, becoming all at once the prim handmaid again.

In a corner of the hut a bedstead had been placed, heaped with soft cushions and covered with a quilt of orange silk. Kadru shook the cushions and smoothed the quilt, and Louisa cuddled down, with Bulbo beside her, leaving her own blankets for Kadru.

It was just the moment for sleep. The hut was filled with warm and scented air, for Surabhi's garden was a wilderness of flowers. The splash of the fountain, the cooing of doves, crept softly through the open door. Louisa slept so soundly and so long, she never stirred until the sun was almost setting. For a moment, when she opened her eyes, she thought that she was in her bedroom, but remembrance came quickly; she sat up, yawning, and reached for a drink of water. She was alone, save for Bulbo. Kadru had evidently awaked earlier and had gone already on her errand. A heap of tumbled blankets marked her late resting-place.

'We will explore, beloved,' said Louisa; 'we will walk about the garden and see what we can find.'

Bulbo was washing his face; Louisa took the hint and washed hers, too, with due care for the dye. Then, together, the two strolled down the garden-paths, Louisa noting carefully where each led. Past experience had taught her that to study her surroundings was always wise; and the fear of prison was still very vivid. If she had to escape in a hurry, she must know how to do it. She talked to Bulbo meanwhile for company's sake.

'There's a wall all round the garden,' she told him, 'and plenty of trees growing close to the wall; easy trees to climb. We'd have to get out that way if the police came after us. But we like climbing, don't we, pet?'

Bulbo purred and rubbed against Louisa's legs. What affection he could spare from himself was at her disposal temporarily. On the whole, Bulbo thought, Louisa treated him properly. She made him do tricks, but they brought him applause, and she seemed to grasp her position as his servant. He did not object to her company in the garden.

But, tiring of the paths, he strolled towards the gate. It was a big double gate, and it was open. Bulbo chose a seat midway between the posts, and from thence surveyed the world outside. The main village street was full in view. He could see a loathsome dog gnawing a bone. He could see some children, equally loathsome, he decided, playing in the dust; and, far down the street, coming towards the gate, he could see two insignificant men. They were probably horrible, too. An astonished, an indignant, cat he was when suddenly Louisa, standing just behind him, caught him up and raced towards the hut.

'Quick, Bulbo, quick!' she whispered in his quivering ear. 'Quick; we must hide. That's Santoo and Mangli coming. What a good thing I saw!'

(*Continued on page* 114.)

"Dukhi pounced on Bulbo, and grasped a paw firmly."

"Louisa tried on the embroidered slippers."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 111.)

CHAPTER XI.

JUST short of the hut Louisa stopped. Whatever the risk, she must discover, she felt, whither Santoo and Mangli were bound and what was their errand. It was quite possible they were merely passing through the village, and that she had taken for granted too soon that they had tracked her down in order to betray her; though they probably knew that she was missing, since they had left the city later than had she. She dropped Bulbo. She knew he would not follow her; he was too angry. Then, her *sari* pulled forward over her face, she strolled towards the gate once more. She walked slowly, in case she should be watched. She might have attracted undue attention already by her flight.

Santoo and Mangli—it was they undoubtedly—were almost level with the gate when she reached it. They certainly glanced in her direction. She began to be afraid that Santoo meant to stop, to speak to her, yet she doubted if he knew her by sight, and why should he expect to find her in native dress? Now that she had time to reason, the thing seemed impossible. But hesitate for a moment he did; then he caught up Mangli, who had glanced back impatiently.

'Why dost thou linger?' Louisa heard Mangli question. 'We have been long enough on the road already. I gave orders that all should be prepared for my return at noon, and now it is sunset almost. The food will be spoilt by waiting, and the money I left for its purchase will therefore be wasted.'

'I had a question or two to ask,' said Santoo, jerking his thumb in Louisa's direction. 'Who knows what may have happened since we left? But ever thy first thought is of food; thou canst not forego a meal however great the gain.'

Puzzled, Louisa listened, but she could make little of this conversation. The two men passed the gate without addressing her, and up the street they went, and into a house at the further end. From that, at least, something could be gleaned. Mangli lived in the village evidently. It was probably Santoo's home also. But what did Santoo wish to ask? Still pondering, Louisa strolled back to the hut in time to meet Maru, who came waddling from the house. Her face was one broad smile; she was carrying a huge parcel tucked under one arm.

'The mistress is better. She is almost well!' Maru cried, joyfully, as she caught sight of Louisa. 'Truly, that was a potent medicine. She slept like a child and woke an hour since, her skin cool and fresh. Then she called for a little milk and some of my cakes, she who has not eaten with appetite for days. To the wise woman she sends her thanks and this expression of them.'

And Maru began to unfold the parcel, and laid the contents on the hut floor at Louisa's feet. There was a wide skirt, and bodice, and *sari*, all of the finest cotton. There was a dainty pair of hand-embroidered leather shoes. There were under-garments, everything that Louisa would require for a complete change. Already, her own clothes were very grubby, and no gift could have been more welcome.

'Convey my thanks to thy mistress,' said Louisa solemnly. She wanted to put on the new clothes at once, but it would not do to seem too eager. Maru might guess that this was the first gift that she had ever received in payment for her services. She might also guess that Louisa was equally surprised at the effects of the medicine. But Maru, for the moment, was too content to be critical.

'I will give my mistress the message,' she promised. 'I will give it when next she wakes. She was asleep again already when I left her. She will need no more medicine for the present. I go now to cook food for her and for thee. I grudged the curry somewhat, I admit. I have known too many impostors in my time to take a stranger wholly on trust. But, now, thou shalt have of the best, since at once thou didst discover the source of the evil.'

She looked round the hut to see if anything were lacking, and murmured she would send another quilt. Then, on the threshold, she turned for a last question.

'What poison was it, wise woman?' she asked. 'And how was it given? Surabhi eats no morsel of food that I have not prepared. I taste each dish that is set before her. I put my lips first to her cup save when I draw water from this fountain which is fed by a running stream. In truth I am greatly puzzled.'

'The poison came from the air,' Louisa pronounced. Germs came from the air, she knew, and was pleased with her answer. It obviously impressed Maru though it did not lessen her puzzlement. She accepted it quite literally.

'But who can guard against the air?' she questioned, dolefully. 'We must all breathe, or we die. It needs such wisdom as thine, stranger; we cannot let thee go. Thou must remain with us to purify the air my mistress breathes.'

Aways she waddled up the garden path, as friendly as before she had been distrustful. And, so delighted was Louisa with this new development and her own added importance, that it was not until the massive figure disappeared that she remembered that Maru probably knew all there was to know about Santoo and, Mangli.

'I'll ask her all about them next time I see her,' Louisa concluded as she tried on the embroidered slippers—they fitted well. 'She's sure to know all the village gossip, and what the case in court was about and why it was given against them. And I'll keep out of their way just in case—— I'm almost sure there was no need to be frightened though. But it was rather startling to see them coming.'

She picked up the skirt and bodice, and measured them against herself, as Kadru turned in at the gate and came running to the hut. Kadru desperately excited: in a hurry to relate her adventures.

'I did as Miss Sahib bade me,' she panted. 'I let the raft go and it floated down the river. I waited till it was out of sight. And then! And then! *Whom* should I see as I returned?'

'Santoo and Mangli?' Louisa suggested as Kadru paused a moment to gape at her.

'So the Miss Sahib saw them too,' she said slightly crestfallen. But her voice rose, triumphant again: 'The Miss Sahib saw them perhaps, but she does not know what I know. She has not guessed who they are, nor what is their business in this village.'

Then, before Louisa could answer, Kadru answered herself. 'They are the nephews of Surabhi,' she cried. 'They tried to prove in court that Surabhi's husband owed the money to them, and failed. They are the enemies Maru fears. They are the heart of the mystery. Aha! Aha! What does my Miss Sahib think of that mystery now? Will she again make light of it?'

(*Continued on page* 126.)

THE LEGEND OF CHARING CROSS.

IN the green peace of Charing
Rests the brave queen adored,
Finished her faithful faring
In the wake of an unsheathed sword—

Edward's, the Captain royal,
The Scotsman's Hammer grim;
Kind consort, knight love-loyal,
The side *she* knew of him.

The forests sigh round Charing,
And on the new-raised cross
A grey dove croons, despairing
Of earthly love and loss.

With dirge, and flambeaux flaring,
The long-drawn funeral train
Moves on, its burden bearing
To high Westminster's fane.

The doves still coo round Charing,
Unheard,—for motors sob,
The trains clank past, loud blaring,
And the crowded streetways throb

With the pulses' beat to that Britain
King Edward toiled to mould,
Forged to a realm rough-smitten
In the deathless days of old!

M. I. K. Carruthers.

A MAY-DAY SONG.

LADS and lasses, come away,
See! the dawn breaks, rosy bright—
Homeward bring the flowery May!

Now the mist-wreaths, chill and grey,
Vanish with the shades of night—
Lads and lasses, come away!

Gather yellow cowslips gay,
King-cups, full of golden light!—
Homeward bring the flowery May!

Bring the hawthorn's flowery spray,
And the woodlands lilies white—
Lads and lasses, come away!

Crowns and garlands rare display,
Fashioned all to charm the sight—
Homeward bring the flowery May!

Deck your Queen in rich array,
Fill her brief reign with delight—
Lads and lasses, come away,
Homeward bring the flowery May.

Maud E. Sargent.

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

V.—GOLF, LACROSSE, AND HOCKEY.

(*Concluded from page* 102.)

THE Open Golf Championship was not started until 1860, when a belt was given by the Prestwick Club to be played for annually, subject to the condition that it should become the property of any player winning three years in succession. This feat was accomplished in 1868-9-70 by Tom Morris, jun., of St. Andrews, who thus became the owner of the challenge belt.

In 1871 there was no competition, but the following year three clubs (St. Andrews, Prestwick, and Musselburgh) provided a cup that should never become the property of the winner, the competition to take place over the course of each of the subscribing clubs successively. Later, other clubs were admitted into the list of championship courses, so that the championship was no longer necessarily played in Scotland.

This championship was open to amateur and professional alike, but in 1886 an amateur championship was played at St. Andrews, and remained an annual and popular event. So popular has the game become, that there is now a ladies' championship, besides a similar event for juniors, and many other competitions in all parts of Great Britain, many of them being attended by the best of the foreign players, as is now the case with so many sports.

Lacrosse.

Though not much is known in this country of the early history of this splendid Canadian game, it is supposed to have been played by the Redskins perhaps even before the discovery of the New World by Columbus and Cartier. The different tribes played it in various ways. The one thing that they had in common was the violence of the play, which was second only to actual warfare in ferocity, a number of casualties being the inevitable result of a game, which was played by all the available males, irrespective of the number.

The older men acted as umpires, and the squaws enjoyed the peculiar privilege of providing themselves with switches with which they were allowed to belabour their husbands' backs should the latter show any signs of slacking, and it was considered extremely bad form for the harassed husband to retaliate. The reason for this peculiar custom is that the women betted heavily on the result of the match, wagering blankets, beads, and even ponies, and so had a very good excuse for their keenness.

The wild scramble lasted for hours, often lasting far into the night, and the nearly naked red men must have been pretty weary and done-up by the time the 'game' was finished.

Early white settlers saw the game; sometimes with dire results. In the eighteenth century, at Fort Detroit, the Redskins were playing a game, when they suddenly treacherously attacked the fort. In this case they were repulsed; but in 1763, at Michillimackinac, on a long throw sending the ball into the fort, they followed, and suddenly turned on the unsuspicious whites who were watching the game and massacred them all.

The 'crosse' used by the Indians was very much smaller than that which was evolved later, the netted portion being scarcely larger than the ball, which was

Red Indians playing Lacrosse.

made of deerskin rolled up tightly and tied. Some of the tribes played with two crosses, one in each hand, the idea being to carry the ball between the two.

The French Canadians learnt how to play the game, and gave it the name of La Croix, or La Crosse, and English settlers soon followed suit and enjoyed the sport.

As white men took up the game, it became less violent, and the 'crosse,' instead of being strung with strips of deer-hide or gut, was furnished with a network of string. A code of definite rules became necessary, and in 1867 the National Lacrosse Association of Canada was formed and drew up rules that were binding on all the clubs belonging to the Association.

The same year an Indian team travelled over to England and introduced the game to the Old Country, with the result that an English Lacrosse Association was formed the following year, the rules differing slightly from those of the Canadians. For instance, the goal-posts were seven feet apart, with a tape across the top, instead of consisting of two flagged poles six feet high and a like distance apart. Since then the goal has been furnished with a net, and resembles a small Association Football goal.

During the Canadian winter the game is sometimes played on skates, when a large sheet of ice is available, or on snow-shoes.

Lacrosse never caught on very much in this country, and did not succeed in displacing any of the numerous ball games that had a place in the affections of the people. It is played by a few clubs, who managed to put up a very good game against a Canadian visiting team, but can by no means be considered a really popular pastime; which is a pity, for it is one of the fastest and most interesting games to play or watch.

Hockey.

There are few records of hockey, except during the last fifty or sixty years. It is a scientific development of the rough-and-ready game known as 'shinty' in Scotland, 'bandy' in Wales, and 'hurley' in Ireland, a game that has doubtless been played for centuries. It is also very probably an old French game, and the name very possibly derived from 'hoquet,' a shepherd's crook, which much resembled the heavy hooked stick that was, until modern times, used by the players.

Besides the French, other continental nations seem to have been acquainted with the game, for there is in existence in Denmark, at the Copenhagen Museum, an altar-pot with a design showing two players with sticks, similar in shape to the hockey-stick, and a ball, and they are apparently 'bullying,' as in the modern game. This interesting relic of the past is dated the middle of the fourteenth century.

In our own country, the first mention of the game of 'hockie' occurs in 1527; then there is a long interval,

until 1785, when 'hockey' is first mentioned. During the last century it was played in schools, in a very free-and-easy way, with apparently a delightful absence of rules, any kind of ball, any stick, and any number of players being allowed. No doubt it was great fun, but it certainly was not scientific or brainy, consisting chiefly of wild scrimmages and equally wild swipes at the ball, or the other players' shins.

Around about the seventies it was played in rather similar fashion by various clubs round London, until 1875, when an Association was formed to draw up a code of rules. The new Association, for some reason or other, did not add to the popularity of the game, which practically died out until it was revived by the Wimbledon Club in 1883.

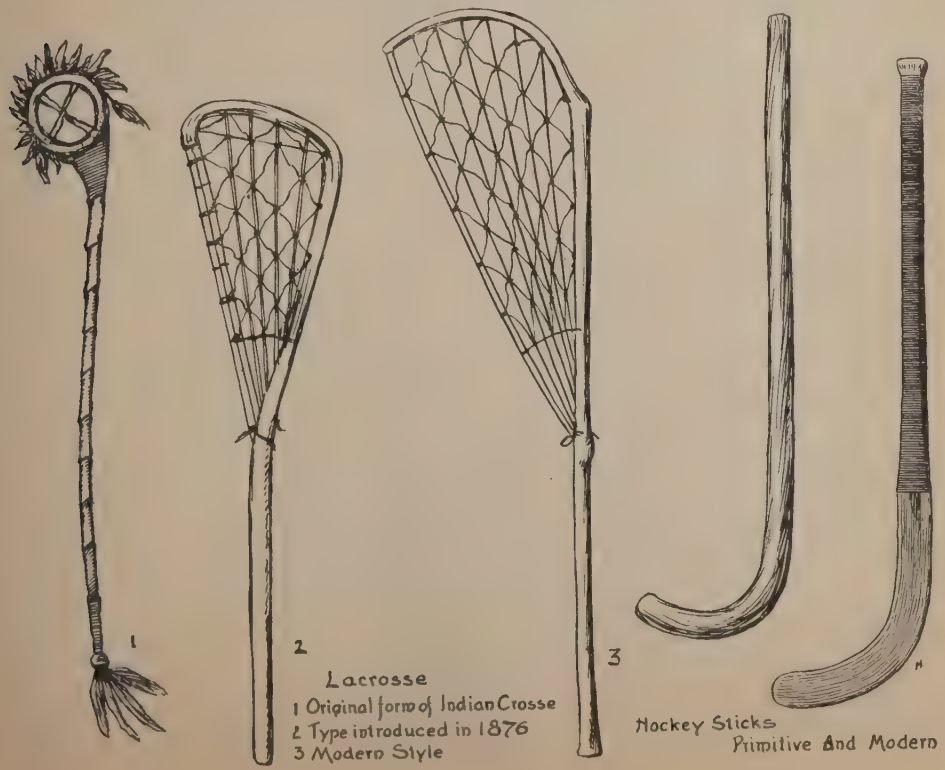
The year 1886 was really the year that gave birth to the modern game, for the Hockey Association was formed, and hockey became increasingly popular, new clubs springing up in all directions, many of them running several teams. The Universities soon took up the game; the Army formed an association, and naval teams were soon in the field.

The year 1907 saw the formation of the International Hockey Board, consisting of ten members, whose duty it was to frame and amend rules, though international matches had started some ten years previously, in 1894-5, when England played Ireland. Since then all the home counties regularly play international matches, and teams have played against continental countries.

When rules were first drawn up the team consisted, as now, of eleven players, but their positions in the field were very different. The forwards numbered eight, with two half-backs and a goal-keeper. The game consisted almost entirely of scrimmages between the two sets of forwards and very occasional bursts of individual dribbling. There was little combination, and the game was therefore not over-scientific. As the idea of combination developed, the number of backs was increased. First of all, a third half-back was introduced, thus making three half-backs. Then one of the three was placed behind the others to act as back. The number of half-backs did not remain at two for very long, a third soon being added again. And, finally, the forwards were reduced to five and an extra back added.

The sticks are usually lighter than those in use in the early 'slogging' days, the lighter sticks being much more easily handled, and much preferred, particularly by the forwards.

In no game that women have taken up have they excelled to such an extent as in hockey, which is played in most girls' schools and many ladies' clubs with wholehearted enthusiasm. County and international



matches are always well worth watching, the players showing great keenness and remarkable skill.

An All-England Women's Hockey Association was formed to govern women's hockey, and proved very successful and well-managed.

Hockey's popularity is still on the increase, and the reasons are not far to seek. For one thing, it is what so many games are not—absolutely and purely amateur. It requires many good qualities, such as pace, skill with eye and hand, and fitness, and can be played in later years, when football would be too strenuous. All legislation has been against brute strength and wild hitting, so as to diminish the risk of accidents, and one may predict for hockey a long and brilliant future, with ever-increasing popularity.

W. Herbert Holloway.

AN AFRICAN POLICE FORCE.

THE French, who have great possessions in Africa, have made much use of the Senegalese, a reliable tribe of fighters similar to the Hausa. Under the leadership of French officers, they make most excellent soldiers and military police, and have been of great assistance to the French in their West African colonies. In Senegambia they had to contend with powerful native kings and chieftains such as Samoury, who for a long time kept the French forces at bay, several times succeeding in inflicting severe defeats upon them. They also had a great deal of trouble fighting the Arab slave-raiders, who, being well armed and moving rapidly, were difficult to catch.

In the Ivory Coast and Dahomey the French have had the same difficulties to overcome that our own native police have had to tackle in Nigeria and the Gold Coast—witch doctors, unrest, and an occasional outbreak.

In parts of Algeria there are a sort of native police, the *Gouins*, mounted on camels, and one of their duties is to follow and capture men who have deserted from the Foreign Legion, and who are trying to make their escape to the coast in the hope of getting safely away, a hope that is but rarely realised, for the *Gouin* on his camel soon overtakes a weary man plodding along.

The islands round Africa belong to many nations; some, such as Madeira, which is Portuguese, are policed by a force similar to that in Europe.

The Spanish islands, such as the Canaries, are policed as in Spain, and very effectively, too.

The largest island, Madagascar, belonging, as it does, to the French, is well looked after, for the French keep their colonies in good order, and are believers in a powerful and well-equipped police force, which being more effective than a weak one, often causes those desiring to foment trouble, or start a revolt, to think twice before doing so, for they know that a strong detachment on the spot can deal promptly and severely with any trouble-makers.

In most forces of native police one of the greatest difficulties that the white officers have to contend with is the fact that they cannot rely on them to tell the truth, which may easily result in a miscarriage of justice, and the wrong man being punished.

The native has quite a different point of view to our own, and if he can save himself any trouble by telling a lie, will cheerfully do so. This, and the habit of many to use their authority in order to extort from their less fortunate countrymen, money, or anything else that they may covet, make it necessary to keep a very close watch on their doings.

When serious trouble comes, and there is fighting to be done, then they are all smiles and at their best, and often have done deeds of heroism, and sacrificed themselves for their officers.

As with all races, they have bad points and good, and are steadily improving, so that some day they will no doubt be quite as reliable and trustworthy as a well-trained European force.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 107.)

'PASS me the lamp, Len,' Sydney called, and then waded back to fetch it. By its light he was soon able to find the ledge, and quickly he stepped on to it and then to the top of the island.

The tarpaulin slipped back as he clambered to his feet, and the rain started to run down his neck. Then he ran into a boulder and realised that he could not hold the tarpaulin in place, carry the lamp, and still have a hand with which to feel his way among the rocks. It was impossible to get along like that, and when he tripped suddenly over a corner of the tarpaulin, he decided that the only thing to do was to throw it away.

After all, he was wet already and was bound to be soaked through before the job was finished; so there wasn't much point in trying to keep dry for the first few minutes. Letting the tarpaulin fall to the ground, therefore, he hurried across the mound in the direction of the Ridge.

Reaching the end of the island he held the lamp forward, so that its light should show him the downward slope. But he could not see the Ridge. Instead of running gradually down till it joined the narrow broken Ridge, the slope led straight into the water, and where the Ridge should have been he could see the rain splashing on the lake.

For a second he was thoroughly startled and he peered about to see whether he had come to the wrong part of the island. But there was only one place where the cliffs were broken, and that was where the rocks sloped down to the Ridge. There was the slope all right, but the Ridge had completely disappeared!

Sliding down the slope, while he grasped the top with one hand, he put his foot into the water and felt about with his toe until he touched ground. Turning, he sat on the slope and drew back his foot while he considered the position.

It *was* a beastly night! Not only was the cave being flooded, but obviously the water in the lake must have risen, so that instead of only flowing over the Ridge for distances that they could easily jump, it must now cover the whole of it. All very well pretending to be on an island, but it was precious poor fun when the whole place suddenly turned into a real island just when you wanted to go ashore.

Still, there were only a few inches of water over the Ridge, and it ought not to be much more difficult to cross it by paddling than it had been to get over when it was dry. The others had got to get ashore if he could

find anything with a roof to it to shelter them, and he had better get on with the job.

Holding the lamp firmly in one hand, therefore, he put both feet into the water and started across. To run, as he had done at the time when Leonard fell into the lake, was impossible now that he was unsure of his footing, and he moved carefully, sliding one foot forward, then bringing the other up behind it, and then groping forward over a few more inches.

Suddenly he remembered the gap in the Ridge. It had been easy to jump it before, but now it was impossible even to tell where it was.

Standing carefully, he held the lamp close to the water, but though it showed him the rain dancing and splashing on the surface of the lake, the ground on which he was walking was completely hidden. He ought to be pretty close to the gap, but even if he knew that he was right on its edge, it would be impossible to jump or to take a big stride, because he had no idea where he would land.

A wretched position! It seemed impossible to go on, although if only he had had a stick, he might have been able to feel for the gap in front of him. Still, even if he managed somehow or other to get ashore, he couldn't see himself coming back to fetch the others and then guiding them across. Ten to one, Norma would stumble into the lake and he and Leonard would have to fish her out and it would all be dark, and anything might happen and they would be in no end of a mess.

No, he wasn't going to risk that, so it seemed pretty useless to go on. Might as well go back while he had the chance, and tell the others that they would have to make the best of the rotten old cave.

Suddenly, as he began to turn round to go back, his foot slipped and he fell on to his knees. Putting out a hand to save himself, he let go of the lamp. It floated on the water and he reached out a hand to grasp it. But it was just too far away. Well, he was wet through, anyway; his knees were under water and his trousers were sticking to his legs. It didn't much matter if he fell in now, and anyhow, he jolly well wasn't going to lose that lamp.

Facing the island, he let his legs slide down into the water till he was sitting astride the Ridge. Then pressing in his knees as if he had been on horseback, he leaned out to the right as far as he could. His fingers touched the lamp and he fumbled till he could get a grip on the wires that protected its glass. Then he started to sit upright again, but as he did so, he dragged the lamp under water and the light sizzled out.

Still, he had got the wretched thing, and that was something. Not that it was worth much now! Carefully he got on to his knees and started to crawl on all fours towards the island. He reached the slope, got on his feet, clambered up, and then, setting down the lamp, shook himself while the water poured off his trousers.

He felt utterly miserable. Rain didn't matter and if it came to that it didn't matter paddling through water that came up to your boot-tops. But sitting down in the water was a different thing altogether. It made you so beastly wet afterwards. It wouldn't be easy to get dry, either. Beastly wet!

Feeling too reckless when he reached the edge of the Pit to try to avoid the water at the bottom of it, he sprang down and sent up a splash that wetted Norma and Leonard.

'Steady,' cried Leonard. 'I say, you *are* jolly wet!'

'Is it all right?' asked Norma. Did you find anything?'

'Pretty nearly fell in,' answered Sydney, and quickly he told them what had happened. 'You will jolly well have to stay where you are,' he said. 'No use trying to get ashore in the dark now, anyhow. Ugh! I am beastly wet!'

'You'd better wrap yourself in a blanket,' said Leonard. 'We can't possibly dry those trousers. You might as well throw them outside; they will only make the cave wetter.'

'Do you think I'm going to live in a blanket for the rest of the holidays?' demanded Sydney. 'Where are the spare things?'

Luckily, the trunk full of extra clothes, which Captain Burnaby had insisted on sending with the stores, had been put at the back of the lower part of the cave, and although the water had reached the bottom of it, and had soaked through at the corners, Sydney was able to find a dry pair of trousers, some boots and a pair of socks.

While he had been away the water had got considerably deeper over the lower floor of the cave and it seemed only a matter of time, if the rain continued, before the whole would be flooded and they would have to wade through the water and stand out in the open till morning. The trees on the island promised but poor shelter, but there seemed no hope of finding anything better.

They decided to wait, at any rate for another hour. Leonard declared that by that time the water would have risen to within an inch of the upper floor.

'We can't wait much more after that,' he said, 'unless you want to sit in the water and wait till it comes up to your chin.'

'I'm not going to sit in any more water for anybody,' said Sydney, and he rolled up the bottoms of his trousers in preparation for climbing out of the hollow.

Norma was silent. Earlier in the evening she had tried again to persuade Leonard that they ought to have gone with Mr. Ross to the house, but without any success. Both he and Sydney were still convinced that they were at any rate bettter off than they would have been when locked in a damp cellar, and they were both sure that that would have been their fate if they had entered the house. So Nora had given up arguing. It was horrid in the cave and she hated getting wet. But nothing could be done now. It was all too late! She looked at her watch. Two o'clock! Daylight would come in another two or three hours and then perhaps it would stop raining.

'Look here, Norma,' cried Sydney suddenly, 'would you like to go back? We could light the red signal lamp if you like and then Father would come with a boat. This isn't much of a place for you, you know.'

But Norma had no wish to give up the adventure. She was as keen on it as either of the boys and if they were going on, so would she. Besides, they had got to clear up the mystery!

'Good girl!' exclaimed Sydney. 'Anyhow, the rain must stop some time.'

But it showed no signs of stopping at present. Waterfalls still poured over the edge into the pit and the water was still creeping nearer to their floor. Three-quarters of the hour of grace had passed and Leonard had begun to wrap the blankets and sleeping-bags in the remaining tarpaulin, when suddenly they heard a voice.

(*Continued on page* 122.)

"It was just too far away."

"The bucket was soon refilled."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 119.)

'GETTING wet?' the voice asked. 'You'd better come out. I said you would come in the end.'

'Ross!' cried Sydney, and peering out of the cave he saw a lamp. By its light he could make out the figure of Mr. Ross, dressed from head to foot in oilskins, standing at the edge of the hollow.

'You'll be drowned in the morning,' the voice continued. 'Come to my house. I've brought the boat.'

'Oh, do let's!' cried Norma. 'Let's go at once.'

But Sydney and Leonard were both unwilling to trust themselves and Norma to his keeping. It would be topping to get off the island, but after all there were worse things than getting wet. If once they went into the house, there would probably be servants to overpower them, and they wouldn't have any chance to make a fight of it. It was all very well for Norma not to look farther than the end of her nose; but the boys had jolly well got to look after things, and it was no good getting into a mess.

'Better leave us alone,' said Sydney, after he and Leonard had settled the matter in whispers.

'You won't catch us that way,' cried Leonard, and though Mr. Ross argued with them, while the rain poured off his oilskins, they refused to give way either to his protest or to Norma's anger. For Norma lost her temper. Mr. Ross was all right. He had been right all along. Couldn't they *see?* He had told them the cave would be flooded, and instead of going to his house they had got excited over some nonsense about Guy Fawkes and cellars. Now it *was* flooded. Now Sydney had been sitting in the lake. In half-an-hour's time they would all be sitting in the rain. Oh, why wouldn't they see?

But Leonard could argue quite as readily as Norma, and in a whisper he started to show her that Mr. Ross must be the man who worked by night in the cave and, in that case, of course, you couldn't trust him.

'Oh, don't be silly,' cried Norma, and Leonard stopped indignantly.

Meanwhile Mr. Ross had jumped down into the pit while Sydney knelt defensively in the entrance to the cave. Out of the litter of tins and pans that had for long been floating on the water, Mr. Ross chose a saucepan and started to bale out the rain, throwing it far back across the top of the mound. The rain still poured down, but rather less heavily than before.

'Let them argue,' said Mr. Ross to Sydney. 'Lend a hand. No use talking, but if you won't come we'd better clear this out. Silly young fools. Ought to have done as I said. Take that pot and scoop it out.'

Sydney did not move, but watched Mr. Ross in silence. Perhaps the man wanted to get him out of the entrance to the cave, so that he could run in and collar Norma. Still, it would be good if they could clear out some of the rain. Pity they hadn't done that before.

It wasn't raining quite so hard now. Of course, if he kept carefully between Mr. Ross and the cave, he might lend a hand and it wouldn't do any harm. Might make the cave habitable, in fact.

Picking up a bucket, he quickly filled it and then without a word passed it to Mr. Ross, who lifted it to his shoulder and tossed the water over the edge. The bucket was soon refilled and by the time it had been filled and emptied half-a-dozen times there was a distinct difference in the height of the water in the pit. Then Leonard joined them and without further argument took the other saucepan.

Half an hour later the first very faint light of the coming dawn was visible, and already the rain had lessened to a drizzle. So successful had been the work of baling, the lower floor of the cave was clear at last of water.

Then Mr. Ross put down the bucket and stopped.

'Ready to come?' he asked, turning to Leonard. But Leonard shook his head. The cave would be all right now, and as he wouldn't have agreed to go before, he certainly would not go now. It was obviously going to stop raining and with another half-hour's work they could get the bottom of the hollow practically clear.

Sydney agreed, and started baling once more. But Mr. Ross did not pick up the bucket. 'Think you are all right?' he asked, and then he laughed.

'Your bucket,' he said, and then as Sydney picked it up, he turned and climbed out of the hollow. Leonard jumped on to the ledge and watched him across the island in the direction of the landing-place. Stooping, he picked up a heavy stone on the edge of the cliff. Round it a cord was fixed and this no doubt had secured his boat. Mr. Ross turned to clamber backwards down the crevice and his eyes met Leonard's. 'Obstinate young beggar,' he called. 'Come to tea.' Then his head disappeared behind the cliff.

CHAPTER VIII.

When at last the rain ceased, it was followed by brilliant sunshine; and when Leonard awoke in the upper part of the cave from a sleep that had lasted till midday, he could see the light dancing on the water that still covered the bottom of the pit. Watching it, he wondered how long the water would take to drain away. It would be a nuisance to have to wade through the puddles every time they had to enter or leave the cave, and the bottom, under the water, was certain to be pretty muddy. Perhaps they could turn the packing-case that acted as storeroom, and make a sort of bridge with it and the trunk, so that they could walk across without going through the water.

At any rate, it was a good job they had got rid of so much of the rain by baling. A good idea, that! Funny that it should have been Ross who suggested it! It didn't seem to fit in with the idea of Ross as the man who wanted to kidnap them, and gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling as he lay on his back in the cave Leonard began to recall all the incidents of the night, and then to consider again all that they knew about Mr. Ross.

At last he sat up and, leaning forward, caught his brother by the shoulder.

Sydney awoke with a start. 'What's up?' he cried.

'That man Ross——' began Leonard, but Sydney sat up at once. 'Where is he?' he demanded.

'I don't know,' said Leonard. 'But, look here: I've been thinking things out. I am not so sure now that he is the man from the tunnel at all. I don't know that he seems that sort of man. And after all, he did us a jolly good turn last night.'

'Oh, rats!' exclaimed Sydney now thoroughly awake. 'Of course he is at the bottom of the whole mystery, and as we are on the track of finding it out, you can't

expect him not to want to get us away from the island.'

'But,' objected Norma, who had awakened at the sound of their voices and was listening eagerly, 'he can't possibly have known that we were finding out about things!'

'He found that we were here, any way,' answered Sydney, 'and any one living on the Nab would be pretty sure to find the tunnel. Stands to reason. So you can bet he would assume that we knew, and try to get rid of us.'

'Yes,' said Leonard, 'but supposing he hasn't anything to do with the tunnel?'

'But he must have,' Sydney persisted. 'We're proved that if he was the tunnel-man he would want to get us off the island; so conversely, as you'd say in geometry, as he has tried to turn us out he must be one of the men who want to keep things dark about the tunnel.'

'Still,' said Leonard, 'when we refused he didn't seem to bother very much. In fact he started to make things ever so much better for us here. And then, when we still refused to go, he just laughed and went away quite happily. Not much of a conspirator about that! If he had been one of the men from the tunnel——'

'You've got the whole thing wrong,' Sydney interrupted. 'Of course he is one of the men from the tunnel. Don't know what is the matter with you, Len; you agreed to it all yesterday, you know. Look here, let's put it this way. First, there are the two men who work in the tunnel, they know all about the island, they use the boat, and you've proved that they come from the house. Then there is this man Ross: *he* knows the island well enough to find his way to this cave in the dark, *he* uses the boat, and *he* comes from the house. Very well, then: Ross must be one of those two men. That follows. Q.E.D., you know.'

'That's all very well,' said Leonard, 'but still I don't feel so sure. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you were wrong.'

'Jolly certain I'm not,' declared Sydney. 'Anyhow,' he added, 'I vote we keep a jolly sharp watch on the mouth of the tunnel to-night.'

'I wonder,' Leonard suggested, 'whether any one was at work there last night. Might have been, you know. We couldn't have heard them with all that rain and splashing of water.'

'We might have a swim,' said Sydney, 'go to the tunnel and see whether any more of the rock has been cut away.'

But Norma interrupted them. 'Do let us have some dinner now,' she said. 'It is just ready. We can spread it in the Dell.'

The boys were both hungry enough to be eager for the meal, and they readily agreed to leave the swim till afterwards. They washed in a bucket filled at the spring, finished their dressing, and then climbed out of the Pit with Norma and set to work to spread the picnic on a dry patch of rock.

(*Continued on page* 134.)

SOME SHIPS OF RESEARCH.

THE first means by which man, in the far-off days of his early existence, learnt to navigate the water was some fallen tree, borne down a flooded river, on which he was able to float from place to place; and, having thus taken the first step, his observation and inventive genius soon showed him the advantage of having the log hollowed out. To effect this, he would either have to burn it out or patiently hew it with infinite labour by his primitive flint axe, just as is done to-day in many savage lands. Then, still progressing, he made his boat of wickerwork plastered with bitumen, like the ark of bulrushes in which Moses was laid; or else he covered it with skins, in the same manner as the coracles still used on some of the Welsh streams and the circular craft on the Euphrates at Baghdad. Gradually improving by experience, as man has always done, he discarded the hollow log and began to *build* boats, by shaping and joining timber to timber, and, instead of being dependent on the passing current for his motive-power, he devised paddles, oars, and sails—as we know he did, even as early as 7000 B.C., on the Tigris and Euphrates; and, within a short time, ships large enough to carry elephants are depicted in the representation of Nile boats.

In the dawn of navigation voyages were only made at first on rivers and lakes, then on the estuaries, and finally upon the open sea; though in this latter case the seaman contented himself with hugging the land and only venturing from cape to cape, so that in bad weather he could always easily run for shelter. Apart from this, however, the early seafarer had no means of knowing his course when out of sight of land, so that it was only after learning about and noting the positions and apparent movements of the sun and stars, but most of all by the discovery of the magnetic compass, that he left his river, lake, and shore-skirting voyages and boldly struck out across the trackless sea. In a way, all early seafaring was really in the nature of discovery, and it was only after a certain knowledge of the relative positions and contours of lands and seas became familiar that voyages for certain legitimate trading were made, though perhaps even then plunder was the general incentive, and it was only when this was scarce or unattainable that real trading was done. Now, in those far-away days shipping was chiefly centred around the shores of the Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf, and the western arm of the Indian Ocean, the tributary rivers of which no doubt acted as bases and harbours. Of all the peoples dwelling upon these seaboards, the Phœnicians were no doubt the most daring, and it is to them that subsequent sea adventure and exploration is chiefly due. Indeed, one of the first and most notable voyages of which we have any records was made from the Phœnician colony of Carthage, when Hanno, in 570 B.C., sailed, with sixty ships, along the Mediterranean coast through the Straits of Gibraltar, thence having skirted the shores of Liberia, and, passing the Senegal River, penetrated as far as Gambia, where, after many adventures and much exploration, he captured some chimpanzees and returned to Carthage. But an even more wonderful journey was related by Herodotus—which, though long doubted, is now believed to be true—who describes how Pharaoh Necho commissioned certain Phœnician mariners to attempt to sail around Africa. Starting from the Gulf of Suez, and sailing down the Red Sea, they skirted the coast part. and, what is more, Zanzibar, Natal, the Cape, Congo, Gold Coast, and Morocco, eventually making the Mediterranean, and so home to the Nile, after an absence of over three years! Of the actual vessels employed in these marvellous voyages we have no record, though a fairly

The *Fram* drifting.

good guess can be made from the wall-paintings of the period.

Leaving these far-away periods, let us come to the thirteenth century, when the Hansa merchants were exploring the bleak North Sea, and sailing regularly from Bergen to Iceland, and even to Greenland; though the great revival of the spirit of sea-adventure really made itself felt two centuries later, and culminated in the greatest of all voyages of exploration, when Columbus sailed westward to a New World. We do know a little of the three vessels which made this glorious adventure, two being mere open boats of fifty tons burthen; and even the flag-ship, the renowned *Santa Maria*, was only of one hundred tons. A full-size model of this was built some few years ago and anchored in Lake Michigan, at the time of the great exhibition at Chicago. We gave a picture of her in one of our recent 'Travellers' Tales.' But it is of modern ships we wish to speak, so we must leave the old voyagers and their work, which went steadily forward, until, with the discoveries of Captain Cook in the Southern Hemisphere, one might say, apart from some small exceptions, that the seaboard of the whole world was known and charted. Now, of all these untraversed regions, by far the most important were—and are—those lying around the poles; now, the explanation of these, particularly in the Arctic, has, since the time when Other the Norwegian first entered it during the reign of Alfred the Great, a loadstone attracting some of the world's most intrepid and illustrious seamen. Of these, we can only just mention the names of Hudson, Davis, Baffin, Franklin, and McClintock, among the older men, and of the more recent ones, Nares, Nansen, Parry, Amundsen, Scott, and Shackleton. Unfortunately, our space will only permit us to describe a few of these ships and their doings in high latitudes.

Now, the old-time wanderer had generally to be content to make his voyage in the first ship that, in a way, he could beg, borrow, or steal, irrespective of whether she was fit for his particular purpose or not: now-a-days however, we have fortunately changed all that, and a vessel for research has to be specially built or selected, and specially equipped. If for Polar exploration, she will be either a new ship, or an old whaler converted for this particular purpose; but in any case there are one or two considerations common to all these vessels that must be observed.

Firstly, she must be strong, not only as an ordinary ship is strong, but of extra strength to withstand the shocks and pressure of the ice; also she must not be too large—for of course, her purpose is not the carrying of cargo—nor of too deep draught, that is, she must not sink too deeply into the water; and lastly, she must be short and easily handled. This last is an all-important thing, because in navigating the narrow and winding channels of the ice-fields, amidst which she must work, she must be able to turn and twist in the smallest possible space. Then the interior arrangements too have to be just as carefully thought out, for instead of

The *Roosevelt* in a tight corner.

the living and sleeping accommodation and large holds of an ordinary trading ship, she has to be subdivided into a lot of small rooms, each fitted up for its own special purpose, all of which have to be heated by pipes and lighted by electricity, whilst all doors, hatches, &c., must be most carefully fitted to keep out the intense cold. And as our ship has to be a little world of her own, cut off for years possibly from all supplies from outside sources, it is absolutely necessary that she must contain all manner of stores, and be fitted up with tools, and conveniences of every sort, and also arranged that they can be easily got at, at any time and all the time. Besides all these attributes, there will be others, in accordance with the exact purpose of the expedition and the special ideas of her commander. To the above we may add, that until recent years, arctic ships, whalers and exploration vessels alike, were dependent on the wind for their motive-power, but now they are partly driven by the wind and partly by steam, as circumstances demand. They are generally barque-rigged, though sometimes the square sails are dispensed with on the mainmast. Sometimes, however, as in the *Roosevelt*, the *Quest*, and one or two others, they have been schooners rigged of two or three masts, but whatever the type of ship or rigging, they have all the most necessary crows-nest at the mainmast truck, as the vessels' missions require a sharp and extensive look-out.

Leaving now the general characteristics of a polar research ship, let us describe in some detail a few of the more noted ones.

Commencing with Dr. Nansen's ship, the *Fram*, which in some ways is one of the most interesting, as it was the intention of the expedition to use the boat herself for the actual discovery of the Pole. Now, this idea was the outcome of the observations of Nansen, Sverdrup, and five other Norwegians, who in 1888 made exhaustive studies of the winds and currents off the coast of Greenland, and noted particularly the trend of ice-laden water and drift-wood between Spitzbergen and Greenland, from which they concluded that there was a marked drift across the polar basin, and probably part of the Pole itself. Turning this evidence over in all its bearings, they decided to take a ship as far as possible into the ice-bound sea, where she would with the approach of winter be frozen in, and—if these conclusions were correct—gradually drift westward, probably passing near the Pole, and eventually emerge from the ice in the neighbourhood of Greenland; so with this end in view the *Fram* was built, and provisioned for five years. She was a lumpish-looking barquentine, of exceptional strength, having sides about twenty-eight inches thick. Her great peculiarity was in the sectional shape of her hull, which instead of having the usual U shape of an ordinary vessel, she was built more in the shape of a V because this section would cause her to be filled up by the ice instead of being crushed, and she amply justified her designer's theories, for throughout her long drift across the Polar Sea, she was never really nipped. Another peculiarity of this expedition was the great innovation of the company's clothing. In all Polar work hitherto the practice had been to rely upon heavy fur garments for warmth; but Dr. Nansen changed all that by introducing comparatively light clothing, the one-and-all essential being that it should be wind-proof, so as to conserve the natural heat of the body, and at the same time prevent the outside air penetrating it. This experiment was so successful that nearly all subsequent Arctic expeditions have been equipped an similar lines.

Leaving Christiania on June 24th, 1893, the *Fram*, with Sverdrup as captain, entered the ice near the New Siberia Islands, and drifted during two winters towards the Pole; but as it was likely, from the course she was taking, that she would pass some distance from it, Nansen and one of his officers, Lieut. Johnson, left the ship and advanced as far north as eighty-six degrees fourteen minutes, where they were obliged to turn back. Reaching Franz Josef Land just at the end of their resources they most opportunely fell in with the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, with whom they sailed in the *Windward* to Vard, arriving there on the very same day that the *Fram*, after her long drift across the Polar Sea, broke out of the ice off Spitzbergen. The following week the ship and all her men were again united at Tromso.

Windward, which we have just mentioned, was an old whaling barque, bought, equipped and dispatched by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth (afterwards Lord Northcliffe) for exploration work around Franz Joseph, Land, in which she was engaged from 1894 to 1897. Afterwards she was presented to Lieut. Peary of the U.S. Navy, who had already done useful work in the Arctic, and in her he made some memorable voyages; though his most famous boat was the *Roosevelt*. She, like most Arctic boats was built as small as possible consistent with the capacity for her work. She was a wooden vessel of seven hundred tons, designed on the lines of the famous Scotch whaling craft, remarkably strong, and somewhat resembling the *Fram* and the *Discovery*. The *Fram's* great point was her ability to *lift* under ice pressure, and though the *Roosevelt* was to a certain extent designed in a similar way, still, as her special work was not drifting, but threading and pushing her way through icefloes and cakes (sometimes from fifty to seventy feet thick), which, although impossible to break a way through, her great strength enabled her to squeeze through. For this she had a very sharp bow, with raking steel stern, and was generally sheathed in steel, and so built as to keep the ice away from her propellers. She was a three-masted schooner carrying fourteen sails, and having very powerful engines. Her first journey to the Arctic was made in 1895, and in 1898, after having been altered and repaired, she again steamed north on her most triumphant voyage, resulting in the discovery of the North Pole by the most deserving and plucky commander, Peary.

(*Continued on page* 90.)

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 115.)

CHAPTER XII.

'SANTOO and Mangli?' said Louisa slowly. She was trying to recall that this discovery meant. One thing seemed certain: if Santoo and Mangli were Sarabhi's nephews, then Kedar had good cause for triumph, her mystery was worthy of solution. And Mary's fears were built on a solid foundation; had not Louisa proof

already of the length to which these two men were prepared to go?

But, though they had been successful once, they should not succeed again; somehow she would frustrate their plans, save Surabhi from their clutches, and at the same time pay the debt she herself owed them. Indirectly they were responsible for her flight. They meant to shift their guilt to her shoulders. It was Louisa's turn now, or so it seemed to her; she might never be able to prove that Santoo and Mangli had set fire to the Barringtons' bungalow, but this new crime she would bring home to them. She must let them attempt it first, since evidence she must have. She must not pounce too soon, that vengeance might be the more sure. She went to sleep on the plan, and woke to perfect it next morning.

'I won't let Surabhi get really hurt,' she assured herself. She did not often lack confidence. 'The medicine's cured her. They won't try poison again, if they tried it before, now there's a "wise woman" handy. But they won't know it's Kadru and I who are watching them. How careful they must be in every way! I'm sure they haven't the least idea who we are. Their business in this village is only with Surabhi. Santoo wanted to ask me how ill she was yesterday, of course.'

Louisa was dressing herself in the clothes that Surabhi had sent as thus she reflected. They were wonderfully soft and beautifully stitched, a generous reward for the medicine and the amulet. And the most wonderful quilt had followed the clothes after Maru's visit; it was made of little squares of red, white, and green satin, each square wadded with cotton-wool, though barely an inch across. The quilt was warm and yet light, and Louisa had slept very comfortably beneath it and the other.

'I like Surabhi, and I'll defeat her enemies,' declared Louisa, and spun round joyfully on the tips of her embroidered slippers until her full skirt stood out balloon-wise. She felt better after that, though Kadru, who had been in the garden gathering fruit, and returned with full hands as her mistress billowed to the ground, did not approve of the performance.

'If any one had chanced to see the Miss Sahib, what would they think?' she asked reproachfully. 'They could not take her for a woman well on in years, grave and sedate, one in whose wisdom they might put their trust. Though, indeed,' Kadru admitted, 'thy fame has already spread abroad. I talked with the gardener who gave me these custard-apples. They have heard, the village folk, that Surabhi is cured, and great is their faith, in consequence.'

'It will be greater before I've finished,' Louisa boasted rashly, beginning on a custard-apple. 'I'm going to put a stop to Santoo's little game. He and Mangli will have a surprise. We'll save Surabhi from them, Kadru; I'm certain we can.'

'We will,' Kadru agreed heartily. She had a right to a full share in any credit obtainable, she considered, since she had first discovered the existence of a plot. 'And, if all goes well,' she went on, 'I might spare time to visit my aunt. My father will send to Faridpur to inquire for us, very likely. I can contrive a message to acquaint him with our whereabouts, and we can remain here as long as we choose.'

She chanced to look at the gateway as she spoke, and pointed, open-mouthed. 'Miss Sahib,' she whispered gleefully, 'a procession approaches. The sick of the village come to be cured. I see a woman with a bandaged hand, and others behind. I will go to meet them and admit them, one by one, to thy presence, with due ceremony.'

'Go; be quick,' Louisa urged, disengaging herself from the custard-apple, and preparing to face her new patients. She had set out to be a wise woman, and a wise woman she would be, though from whence she should obtain unlimited wisdom at a moment's notice was by no means clear.

'Very likely a real doctor often guesses what's wrong with people,' she argued. 'I'll have to guess, too. And there are always the charms and the amulets; they'll do to fall back on.'

Quickly she spread her little store of remedies in front of her, and was ready for the first patient, ushered in by Kadru. A dollop of ointment met the case, a dose of quinine the next. Then half-a-dozen charms and amulets were graciously bestowed and gratefully received. Kadru meanwhile did her best to help. She talked so loudly of the wise woman's skill, there was no need for self-praise. Instead, Louisa sat motionless, mysterious, her face half hidden by her veil, Bulbo on her lap, to add an extra touch of magic. He grew bored presently, and strolled into the garden long ere the last patient had departed. If none were seriously ill, all wished to describe their symptoms at great length. Each left a small gift behind—a handful of raisins and nuts, a twist of sugar-candy, a cocoanut, a dozen little cakes, a pound of potatoes.

Kadru surveyed the spoil with pride. 'We shall undoubtedly earn more each day,' she said; 'we shall make our fortunes very likely. And these are only the poor folk that we have doctored this morning; presently will come the rich, and they shall pay more.'

'I've done quite enough doctoring for one morning,' said Louisa. She turned again to the custard-apple. She had earned a rest from responsibility, she felt. Kadru had only to talk, but she had to decide on the right remedy, a far more exhausting occupation. But, as she took a mouthful of the creamy pulp, with its black seeds, Kadru nudged and pointed again. In the hut-doorway stood a young and well-dressed woman. She was panting a little, as though she had been running or was frightened.

She twisted her fingers together nervously as she addressed Louisa. 'Thou art the wise woman?' she asked. 'And ——'

'Yes,' Kadru answered for her mistress, to give Louisa time to swallow the pulp and extract the seeds.

'And canst thou answer questions as well as cure the sick?'

'Yes,' replied Louisa, able to answer for herself now. This new development promised to be interesting. Apparently she was to be an oracle.

'Questions that deal with the future? Then wilt thou answer mine? Yet 'tis not on my own behalf that I have come; the nephews of thy hostess, Surabhi, have sent me. The one is my husband, the other my brother-in-law.'

She held out a shaking hand, with a couple of rupees on the palm, as she finished speaking, and came closer to Louisa.

'Answer, oh, answer, I beg!' she cried. 'Have pity, wise woman. Send me not empty away, or, very surely, I shall suffer.'

(*Continued on page* 130.)

"'If any one had chanced to see the Miss Sahib, what would they think?'"

"She closed her eyes and tried to speak as if she were in a trance."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 127.)

CHAPTER XIII.

'THE nephews of Surabhi?' Louisa repeated.

She could hardly conceal her excitement. Here, indeed, was a piece of good fortune. She had forgotten she might be credited with a knowledge of the future until this visitor had appeared. She had not remembered the profession of a wise woman has many sides. She had never thought that Santoo and Mangli would come to her for advice; that they would actually deliver themselves into her hands.

Kadru, meanwhile, fidgeted uneasily, yearning to advise her mistress. She felt she could give Louisa valuable hints on her behaviour, had there been time or opportunity, for Kadru had seen more than one fortune-teller at work.

But, in any case, Louisa had already marked out a line of her own. She had remembered a tale she had once read where the fortune-teller had used seeds for his divining. Here were the custard apple seeds ready for use. She laid them on the ground in front of her, and signed to her visitor to sit down opposite. Trembling, the woman obeyed. So nervous she was, that Louisa, who had meant to keep her waiting a little longer, came promptly to the point.

'Ask, and I will answer,' she announced.

'Will Santoo be successful?' the woman breathed. 'Will he gain all that he wishes, and lose nought?'

Louisa paused. What should she answer? What would be safest for Surabhi? What best for her own plans? The question did not reveal enough of Santoo's intentions. She must know more. She must increase his belief in herself so that he should come to her again.

She thought she saw a way; a risky way, perhaps, but an interesting. And caution never attracted Louisa greatly. She always preferred a risk. She smiled to herself as she thought of Santoo's face when his messenger returned.

But she must stage her message properly. The fortune-teller of the tale had held something in his hand that belonged to the person whose fortune he told. Louisa picked up a rupee. Then aloud and very slowly, she counted the custard apple seeds that nothing might be neglected; and finally, she closed her eyes and tried to speak as if she were in a trance.

'He who sent this rupee,' said Louisa hollowly, 'has the smell of fire on him.' She sniffed delicately at the coin. 'I see a house in flames. I see the face of Santoo. I see him triumph. But the future is not yet clear. Come to-morrow again, and I will answer further. The count of the seeds was even. On the whole a good omen. Yes—*on the whole*.'

'Wah!' said Kadru admiringly, as the woman took her departure. 'That was well done, Miss Sahib. Thou hast him now on a hook. Didst thou see that woman's face—as thou didst speak? She drank in every word. She will repeat the message faithfully. But thine eyes were shut. I had forgotten.'

'They weren't quite shut.' Louisa admitted. 'I saw her face all right. She did look scared. I'm sure she has a horrible time. Which do you think is her husband, Santoo or Mangli?'

'Mangli, doubtless,' said Kadru. 'The gardener told me that Santoo's wife is dead; she was the mother of Dukhi. Moreover, the woman did not mention Mangli's name, though she spoke of the other. Surely the Miss Sahib knows a Hindu wife does not name her husband lest ill come to him?'

Louisa nodded. She had only forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

'We'll help her as well as Surabhi,' she arranged. 'I never saw any one more frightened.'

'In the end we may have enough to do to help ourselves,' Kadru warned. 'The Miss Sahib was clever just now, but also, she was rash. What will Santoo guess when he gets the message?'

'That we were at the fire perhaps,' Louisa retorted. 'You know what a crowd there was, and he knows we arrived here the day after. But he will be puzzled that I know he was triumphant. He will put that down to my credit. This is a good game,' she ended joyfully. 'The best game we've ever played. We've never really been mixed up with people before; only with things, and that's not half as good.'

'A game?' questioned Maru's voice, a trifle suspiciously, as she loomed suddenly in the hut doorway. 'Why does the wise woman talk of games? It is not her purpose to play with my mistress, I trust?'

But Maru was not seriously disturbed. She was still too pleased with the improvement in Surabhi which was still evident. And, as she spoke, she beamed on Louisa indulgently.

'Well, well!' she conceded, 'I hear thou hast doctored many this morning. It is right to do good always, and thy wisdom will increase with use. But keep the best of thy skill for my lady. She must come first, do not forget. She bid me now invite thee to eat with her. Come. All is ready.'

'And every dish cooked by my own hands,' she assured Louisa, as she led the way towards Surabhi's house. 'Fat, toothsome quails, rubbed first with spices, then cooked long hours in butter. Sweetmeats made from sugar of the finest, wheaten cakes and vegetables in plenty. Day after day I have cooked food that has gone away untouched, but my mistress will eat of this. She has promised. Hast thou brought the medicine with thee? There is still plenty? Thou hast not given of it too lavishly to those others?'

(*Continued on page* 143.)

A SUMMER MORNING.

THERE must have been a wedding here,
For everything I see
Is dressed in silver gossamer,
With pearl embroidery.

The lilies wear a lacy wrap,
With jewels round their throats;
From jessamine and lavender
A filmy mantle floats.

There must have been a wedding here,
For all the pinks and peas
Have put their wedding garments on—
Perhaps it was a bee's!

Lilian Holmes.

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

V.—ONE STEP TO FAIRYLAND.

TO tired travellers who cross a long and dreary desert, an actual glimpse, even though it be far away, of an oasis of palm-trees and clustering houses is as 'cold water to a thirsty soul,' full of reviving power, and spurs them on to supreme efforts to reach the town of their hearts' desires, with all its joys and recompenses for the journey.

We have just arrived at such a stage in our constructional efforts, and are now, like the desert travellers, able to see at a short distance our little show fit to be used and ready to supply us with an endless round of pleasures.

Before we actually make these final steps it will be well if we turn back to the first, or introductory, article of this series—'Something to Think About'—and take just a glance at figs. 3, 4, and 5 in that chapter (see page 4). Here we see our stage front A (proscenium) and the fittings for the shadow-show exactly as we have, so far, constructed them, and we can also see what remains to be done to complete the theatre-model itself.

You will notice that what are now required are two frame-like wings (D D) and a flat platform—the stage itself (B). When we have made these and fitted them to our front (A), the show will be ready for its scenes and characters. Now both the wings (or scenic frames) and the stage are perfectly simple things to make, but at the same time they will need to have a great deal of care taken in their manufacture to ensure their accuracy. They are the most important sections of the whole thing, because upon the frames will hang or rest the scenic effects, the movable top-lights, hand-rests for puppet displays, and a whole host of other important things. Archways, walls, curtains, and pillars will all be kept in position by means of the bars that, unseen by the audience, will cross from wing to wing. So it is perfectly plain how necessary it will be for us to put our greatest care into this part of the work, and follow exactly the instructions here given; for, if we make *this* part of the theatre correctly, the whole show will stand as steady as a rock, be perfectly compact, and yet capable of being folded up and packed, or opened out and fitted up, in almost less than a minute.

The first thing to do before we make the scenic bridges will be to make sure that they will fold up properly against the front when they are actually fixed; and this is done by just cutting a pair of wooden blocks half an inch thick and two inches wide by two-and-a-half inches deep (fig. 1, A, of this chapter), and fixing them with glue and nails to the right-hand side wooden 'backing' (B), as shown. The bottom block is at the extreme right corner, and flush (or level) with the outside edge; the upper block is also flush with the outside, but its *top* edge should be twelve inches from the bottom of the front. In doing this little job we must be most careful to select wood at least half an inch in thickness and *never* less; otherwise our folding arrangements will go all wrong. Do not forget also that there is only *one* pair of blocks required. The reason for this will be seen when we have made our scenic frames and hinged them into position.

Now let us make these all-important frames. First take two strips of three-ply wood for the top pieces, and, as the one for the *left*-hand side (fig. 1, C) will be the longer of the two, we will begin with this. It *must* be thirteen inches long and one-and-a-half inches in width (fig. 2, A, B, and C). Select a stout piece of three-ply, and when you have cut it *exactly* to size—thirteen by one-and-a-half inches—mark down half an inch from the top edge at both ends, and draw a line right along (dotted line on A and B). On this line, starting from the left-hand corner (X), mark off three-quarters of an inch, and draw a little line square to the top; next mark off spaces in the following order (fig. 2, A): half an inch, then a quarter of an inch, half an inch, a quarter of an inch, and half an inch. Then mark a three-quarter inch space, to be followed by another set of three half-inches, spaced between by two quarter-inches; then three-quarters of an inch again, and another group of halves and quarters, and so right along the strip of wood, until at the end you will find the markings finish off with two half-inches and a quarter-inch space between.

When you have carefully and accurately marked all these points and squared each line to the top, cut out with a fretsaw the space marked at X, and all the other alternate quarter and three-quarter inch spaces, thus leaving only the half-inch squares remaining along the top row (fig. 2, C), and giving the strip the appearance of battlements on an old-time castle.

So much for the left top bar. Now for the right-hand one. Think of those two blocks of wood half an inch thick you have just fixed to the right-hand side of the front, and cut your next top bar half an inch *shorter* in length than the one you have made for the left side. To be exact, make it twelve-and-a-half inches long and one-and-a-half inches wide, and mark off all the half- and quarter-inch spaces, with the three-quarter inch breaks in between, just as you did on the first one—*with this important difference*: you only take out a quarter of an inch at X to start off with, and then follow on with the halves and quarters, &c., because you have *already* got the remainder of your three-quarter inch in the half-inch thickness of the wooden blocks. Cut out the spaces as on the previous one with the greatest care, and this will complete the two top bars.

Next get four strips of wood three-eighths of an inch in thickness, each strip to be twelve inches long by one inch wide, and see that they are planed nicely smooth and square. They need not be three-ply wood—ordinary deal from a margarine-box will do—and finally cut two more strips of the same wood half an inch in width and exactly the same lengths as the two top bars—that is to say, one must be thirteen inches long, the other twelve-and-a-half inches. Take the four twelve-inch pieces, the uprights, and mark up from the bottom of each one-and-a-half inches, and see that your glue is nicely thick and hot; then glue your two sets of pieces together into their respective frames. Be careful, though, to study the drawings given here first, and see that you have the bar thirteen inches long on to the same frame as the notched top bar that is thirteen inches in length, and the two twelve-and-a-half pieces together. The two narrow half-inch strips must be fixed to the twelve-inch uprights, so that the top edge of each strip comes exactly level with the one-and-a-half inch mark you made from the bottoms, and the tops of the uprights come exactly level with the line of the bottom of the notches, or half an inch below the *top level* of the scene bridge bar. When these parts are thus glued together we shall have made the two separate frame-bridges, and, first seeing that these frames are perfectly square, and not on the twist, we must let them dry and set before we

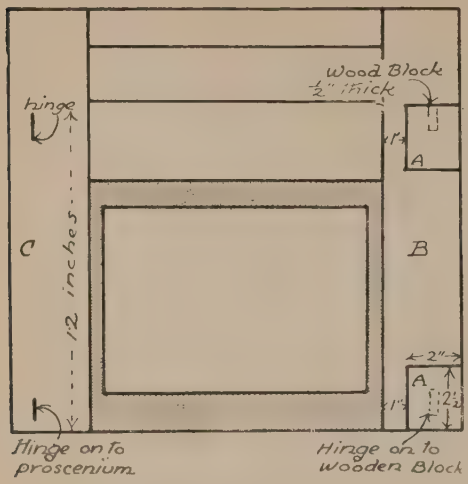


Fig. 1.—How to fix the Scenic Bridges.

tack one or two half-inch brass nails to make them all the more secure.

Now that we have made our scenic frames, our next important duty will be to hinge them to the back of the proscenium. This, again, is quite a simple proceeding, and requires just a little care to make it a neat and accurate job, because it *is* possible to so hinge these frames on as to give the theatre, when eventually fixed up, the appearance of being mixed up with an earthquake and endeavouring to spoil the reputation of the leaning tower of Pisa. Therefore, let us obtain two pairs of small brass hinges, each one inch in length and a quarter of an inch in width when closed—which means that they will screw nicely on to the three-eighths inch wood of our scene-frame uprights. Each half of the hinge will have two screw-holes. Be very careful when making your purchase to get only those hinges with *bevelled-in* holes, to allow the screw-heads to sink in and be perfectly flat with the faces of the hinge; otherwise your frames when in position for 'fixing up' will not stand at a perfect square with the stage-front, because the hinges do not properly close. Each hinge will have four holes, and as there are four hinges required, that means you will have to purchase sixteen screws at the same time as you get your hinges. Be certain that you get *steel* screws and FLAT-headed ones, and let them be about three-eighths of an inch or half an inch in length.

Keep your screw-driver perfectly 'square' with the hinge when working, so that each screw will be driven in quite straight and not on a slant; and bore a little hole in your wood with a drill or small gimlet before inserting the screw, as it gives you a better chance for a clean 'drive' when you come to use the screw-driver. The screw-heads being very small, a screw-driver with a very small (quarter-inch) point will of course be needed or you will not be able to turn the screws without a lot of trouble.

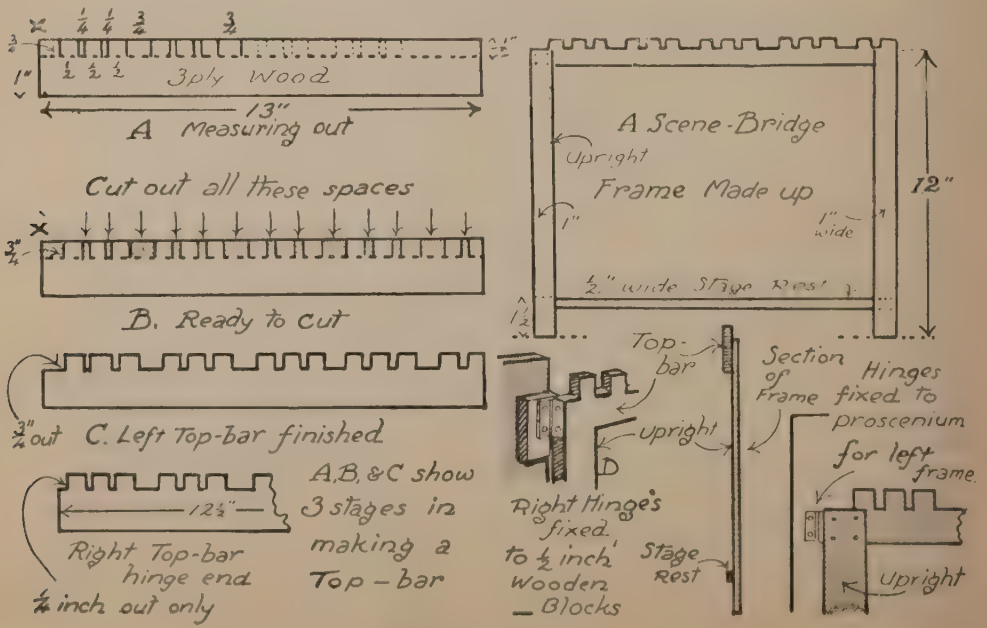


Fig. 2.—The Scenic Frames.

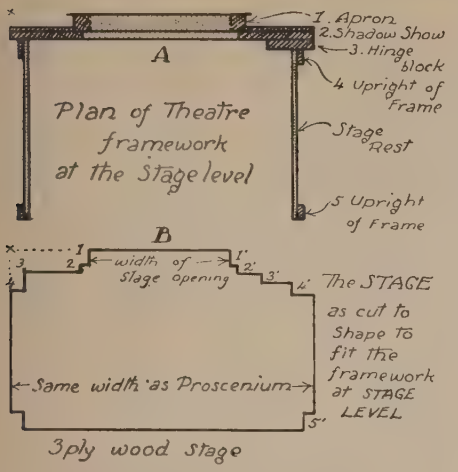

1. Apron
2. Shadow Show
3. Hinge block
4 Upright of frame
A
Plan of Theatre framework at the Stage level
Stage Rest
5 Upright of Frame
B
width of Stage opening
The STAGE as cut to Shape to fit the framework at STAGE LEVEL
Same width as Proscenium
3ply wood Stage

Fig. 3.—The Stage to fit the Theatre.

Remember that the *wider* of the two frames—that with the three-quarter inch corner out of the top bar at X—must go on the LEFT side of the proscenium, and the frame with only a quarter of an inch out at X screws on to the half-inch wood blocks on the RIGHT (fig. 2 D). In each case the hinges will be about one inch from the *outside edge* of the front and the upper edge of the top hinges will be at the twelve-inch line from the base edge of the front.

So much for the scenic frames which are now made and hinged to the front, against which, when not in use, they can be folded; the *left* one first, and then the right one outside, and resting quite flat against the other, because of the two half-inch wood blocks which hold its hinges forward for that purpose.

Now we will make our *Stage*, the platform for our little actors to swagger and stagger on, the floor for our miniature carpets and furniture, the ground for tiny steps, for garden walls, fountains or flower-beds; indeed, the most important part of all our little building, and, as the keystone of an arch is the secret of its strength, so our stage not only serves its purpose for the plays, but holds the show together too, and keeps it up and steady while the show is on.

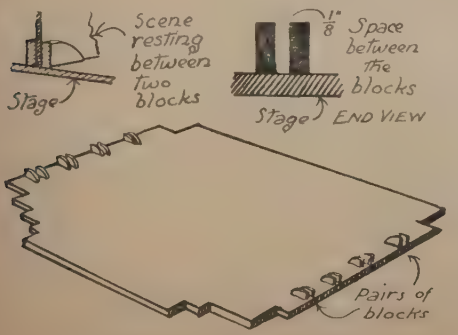


Fig. 4.—More details of the Stage.

So first let us select a nice piece of three-ply wood and cut it exactly to the *width* of the Proscenium—seventeen inches (fig. 3) in this case. Its 'depth' will be the same as from the inside front of the apron (fig. 3 A, 1,) to the full width of the scenic frames (A. 5) about fourteen and a half inches. A glance at fig. 3 B, and fig. 4, will show exactly what shape this stage-board will have to be cut to make it to fit into all the little corners and turns of the framework at stage level. The best way to mark off the various points. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, each side, is to measure these same points off the proscenium and frame and mark them on the stage board in their corresponding places, commencing at the extreme outside left-hand corner X, and measuring in to where the stage front opening begins (1), transferring this measurement to the three-ply board at 1, then fixing the width of the stage opening and marking

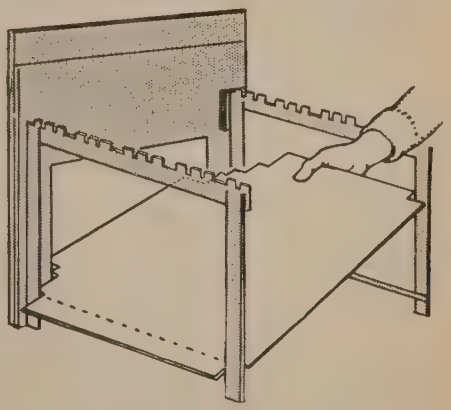


Fig. 5.—Dropping the Stage into the Frame.

this off on the board from 1 to 1'. You then mark *inwards* the width of the apron and front, card included, about one inch, and proceed to measure off points No. 2 and 2' in the same way as you did the first two points, always starting from the outside edge and measuring in. It will be seen on fig. 3, B, that the left side of the stage varies somewhat from the right: this is caused at the point 3 on the right side, where an extra piece has to be taken out of the stage to allow it to fit round the half-inch wooden block that holds the frame hinge. When the front of the stage is thus carefully measured and marked off make sure that you get all your corners. 1, 2, 3, 4, perfectly square, and then cut them away with a fretsaw. Take plenty of time in doing this section of the work, for if these corners and angles are not done neatly and squarely with the fretsaw kept upright, there will be a pretty bad kind of mix-up when you first try to fit the show together and get it jammed through a bad fit. However, we feel sure that no one who takes this job in hand will do their work in a slap-dash way, and so we take it for granted that a

particularly nice piece of work will put in on this stage, and that the front part of it will fit like a wedge in a window. Then all that remains to be done is to cut out the two back corners, No. 5, so that the stage will fit nicely round the two rear uprights of the scenic frames. Fig. 4 shows exactly how the stage is 'slipped in' to the framework and how it acts like a lock in holding the whole thing together. So much for our Proscenium, our shadow frames, and our stage. We have built our Playhouse. Now we will be furnishers and artists and fit it up.

One little thing more we can add to our stage, which is first of all the fittings—that is a number of tiny blocks of wood a quarter of an inch high arranged in pairs exactly beneath the three-quarter inch spaces on the tops of the scenic frames. These can be simply glued to the stage to act as grooves in which scenes or wing pieces can be slid to give them additional support. These grooves are not absolutely necessary, but they come in very handy at the right time and they will be there when we want them. H. W. Whanslaw.

A LESSON REMEMBERED.

'RITA, lay down your book, and come and play with baby whilst I finish your frock.'

Rita looked up as she replied, 'Yes, Mother, in one minute.' But directly she began reading again she forgot she had been called.

Presently her mother called again, in a pleasant voice, 'Rita, dear, are you coming?'

This time Rita did not raise her eyes from her book as she said, 'I will come as soon as I have finished this page, Mother.'

But it was not until her mother called her for the third time, and that too in a very vexed way, that Rita threw down her book with a sigh, and slowly entered the nursery. Her face showed how unwillingly she had gone to amuse her baby brother, for she did not like to be interrupted in her nice story-book; upon reaching him she exclaimed: 'You are a tiresome little fellow, you spoil all my pleasure.'

Yet this was the same girlie who often tells him he is the loveliest and sweetest baby, and what would she do without him, he is so much better than dolls, for they cannot laugh and hold out their arms to her.

Rita took up the baby with a rough impatient jerk which made him scream with fright, and, as he had already become irritable from long waiting, it took her some time before she could quiet him.

Dinner was finished, and away ran Rita to her bedroom to her book. Presently a peal at the bell, and in came two of her cousins. 'May Rita come with us to the Circus this afternoon? We are in such a hurry, it is late now,' said the cousins.

'Rita,' her mother called at the bottom of the stairs, but no answer. 'Rita, are you upstairs?' Still no reply, so turning to the children, 'You must not wait, run along, and I hope you will enjoy yourselves.' As they went out of the gate they pulled it to rather roughly and it banged. Hearing this, Rita, who was sitting close by the window, looked out and saw her cousins running. She too ran to the top of the stairs and called 'Mother! What did Eva and Ivy come for?' Her mother explained the visit, and told how she had called her.

'Well, Mother, had I known that my cousins had come I would have come down directly.'

'But you must learn to put down whatever you are doing when called; and though I am very sorry you have lost this nice pleasure, it will help you to remember to come directly you are called.'

This indeed was a punishment, but it was entirely her own fault. She ran upstairs to her room and cried a great deal until she was called down to tea. She did try to improve, and as she grew older was a help in the home, as all girls should be.

A. Minot Clark.

RASCALS THREE.

RAG, Tag, and Bobtail they were called—
Fat little puppies three,
Who waddled, tumbled, teased and squalled
In company.

Rag was a tattered ruffian,
Tag had a crumpled ear,
While Bobtail was a fluffy 'un—
A little dear.

Rag, Tag, and Bobtail ate and ate,
And grew, and grew, and grew;
Plunged into mischief soon and late—
As puppies do.

They hunted shoes and tore up books
With calm indifference;
Then pleaded, with sweet, guileless looks,
Their innocence.

But as they're old—and quite sedate
And dignified their ways—
Perhaps it's hardly fair to prate
Of puppy days.

Rag, Tag, and Bobtail—quivering ear
And twitching tail I see—
You're only feigning sleep, you dear
Old rascals three!

You're full of mischief yet.—Come, own
Your dignity's a bluff!
As you're asleep I'll walk alone . . .
Ah! *Down*, sirs, *down*—enough!

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 123.)

THE sun was now shining brightly, every cloud had disappeared, and the lake looked more beautiful than they had ever seen it. Looking across the water as they reached the top of the island, they could see the hotel clearly in the far distance, looking like a doll's house with innumerable windows, and behind it the mountain with its summit in view for the first time since they arrived.

At the head of the lake they could see the winding road of the Pass. And then as they turned, following the panorama to the left towards the wood and the house, the Wirdstone and the slopes of Wirdfell, Norma gave a cry of astonishment.

Down the side of Wirdfell, as it sloped, steeply above and then more gradually to the water's edge, had appeared three silver streaks. Certainly, they had not been there the day before, but now they were unmistakeable—narrow lines of silver, broken here and there and curving among the irregularities of the hillside. And there was something moving in them, so that they seemed to be alive.

'Waterfalls!' exclaimed Sydney and Leonard together.

'But where have they come from?' cried Norma.

'The rain, of course,' Leonard explained. 'It's all pouring down the hill. That must be why the lake has got so full.'

'But there wasn't anything there before,' said Norma.

'Must have been,' said Sydney, 'only we couldn't see them. Must have been dry then, you know. Now the rain has got into them and turned the dry ditches into waterfalls. Pretty wonderful, anyhow!' he added, while Norma watched the distant water with delight.

One of the waterfalls was almost directly above and in front of them, as they watched it from the Nab, until it disappeared from sight somewhere at the back of the house. But they knew that it must reach the lake without winding far away, for they could hear the dull roar of the water as it dashed helter-skelter over its rock-strewn bed.

They watched the hill as they ate their dinner, Norma being so intent on it that she helped herself to salt instead of sugar with the fruit, and when Sydney grew tired of the sight and suggested going for the swim, Leonard refused to move for another quarter of an hour. At last, however, the boys went down to the cave to undress, and after diving into the lake from the top of the mound it did not take more than a minute to swim to the mouth of the tunnel.

Both Sydney and Leonard were surprised to find how high the water of the lake had risen. When Sydney had attempted to reach the shore in the night, it had already risen several inches—enough at any rate to cover the Ridge. But with the rain pouring on all sides off the hills and rushing also, no doubt, into the stream that came down the pass at the head of the lake, it had now risen considerably higher. The cliffs of the Nab looked appreciably less high than before, and—most surprising of all—the floor of the tunnel was under water.

It was Sydney who saw it first, and when with a swift side-stroke he reached the rock, he put his hands under water to grasp the edge and then swung himself forward and crawled into the tunnel. Then he knelt in the entrance, with the water covering his legs, until Leonard joined him.

'They couldn't do much work while it is like this,' he said. 'Flooded a jolly sight worse than our cave was. I don't wonder Ross gave it up early and came on to the island.'

'I bet you are wrong about Ross,' said Leonard. 'It's much more likely that he's a decent sort of fellow and that he hasn't anything to do with the tunnel at all.'

'Then,' said Sydney, 'who are the two men who you were so jolly certain went into the house?'

Leonard had to admit that he didn't know, and Sydney felt that Mr. Ross's guilt was consequently proved. But Leonard was still unconvinced. He felt that he was getting the worst of the argument, but that didn't make any difference. He had assumed at first that Ross was connected with the tunnel, and of course the idea had fitted in with his theory that the two men in the wood had disappeared into the house. But now he had had time to think things out, and he was pretty certain that Ross was all right. If that smashed the theory about the two men, it couldn't be helped. After all there probably was some other way for them to get out of the wood, although he hadn't been able to find it in the night. Now that the storm was over, they had better go ashore and look. They might as well go that night.

'Not much use,' he said, 'watching for any one to come to this tunnel, you know. The water won't start falling yet and the tunnel will be out of action for a week.'

'I'm not going down that Ridge again,' said Sydney.

'Rather not,' answered Leonard; 'we shall have to swim. But what about Norma?'

'Oh, she will be all right,' said Sydney. 'No chance of any one coming here to-night, and anyhow if we start at sunset we can easily be back by eleven.'

'Right you are,' said Leonard. 'But we'd better ask Norma if she minds about it,' and although Sydney declared that there was no need to hurry back for that, he insisted on swimming round to the landing-place at once.

But Norma seldom admitted fears in front of the boys. When Sydney declared that she would be all right, he said it because, although she always wanted to go with the boys in their adventures, she never showed the least objection to being left alone in the dark. Sydney thought her a 'a smart little kid,' and she knew it and meant to live up to her reputation. So, although she hoped that the boys would come back as soon after dark as possible, she said nothing about it and agreed at once to their going ashore.

'Are you going to swim,' she asked, 'or to wade through the shallows where we went aground in the boat?'

'Good idea, that,' said Leonard, but Sydney refused to hear of it. 'No earthly use,' he said. 'For one thing, they won't be very shallow any longer, now that the level of the water has risen; and anyhow it's no use trying to wade when you don't know what is under your feet. The rock is sure to be uneven, and we might get out of our depth at any moment.

Leaving Norma in the Dell, the boys went to the cave to dry and dress, and then joined her for tea, ten minutes later.

'I've seen Mr. Ross again,' she said. 'He rowed across the lake an hour ago, soon after you started for your swim.'

'Which direction?' demanded Sydney.

'Straight towards the hotel,' she answered, and Leonard suggested that he was probably going into the village. 'If he went ashore at the hotel landing-stage,' he explained, 'he could cross the grounds, and reach the road where the shops are.'

'You had better watch the lake, Norma,' said Sydney, 'while we wash up. Give us a call if you see anything.'

But they finished their work without interruption and stacked the plates and mugs in the packing-case that acted as storeroom. Then as they climbed out of the pit they saw Norma running towards them, carrying a large brown-paper parcel.

(*Continued on page* 138.)

"It did not take more than a minute to swim to the mouth of the tunnel."

"He held at arm's length a pair of long rubber boots."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 135.)

'HULLO!' cried Leonard. 'What on earth have you got there?'

'I don't know,' said Norma, dropping the end of the parcel to the ground. 'I went for a walk round the island, and when I got back to the Signal Tree I saw the end of the boat just going behind the Wirdstone.'

'Which end?' Sydney demanded.

'Oh, the back, you know,' Norma explained. 'The end where the steering part is.'

'Stern, then,' said Sydney, kneeling down beside the parcel and taking out his pocket-knife. 'All right. Go on.'

'Then,' Norma continued, 'I saw this parcel, just above the landing-place. I don't know how it can have got there unless Mr. Ross brought it. And I think I should have heard if he had landed on the island.'

'Jolly funny thing!' exclaimed Sydney, cutting the string and unfolding the paper. 'I say!' he cried, and turning to face the others he held at arm's length a pair of long rubber boots.

'There are some more,' cried Leonard, and kneeling beside his brother he uncovered two more pairs of the boots. 'I can't see Ross making us a present of these,' said Sydney. 'How much of that boat did you see, Norma? Did you see the man in it?'

'It was just turning the corner,' Norma explained. 'I suppose I saw some one in it, but I didn't notice exactly. I assumed it was Mr. Ross, as he took the boat out an hour ago.'

'Much more likely to have been Father,' said Sydney. 'I expect Mother thought we would be getting our feet wet in the rain.'

'I'm sure it wasn't Father in the boat,' said Norma.

'Thought you said you didn't notice the man,' cried Sydney. 'No, but——' began Norma hesitatingly, when Leonard interrupted. 'That's just it,' he said, 'If it had been Father, she *would* have noticed! But I bet it was Ross. If Father had come to the island he would have stayed to see us.'

'Oh no, he wouldn't,' Sydney declared. 'He said we should be by ourselves on the island, you know, and anyhow he's not the sort to interrupt a game.'

That was true enough. When Captain Burnaby started them on an adventure, as he did from time to time, he made all sorts of preparations and precautions beforehand, but once the thing was started he left them to themselves. Leonard knew that having said they should live alone on the island, their father would not come and see how they were getting along: he would count on their lighting the lamp when they wanted to come home. And if he wanted them to have extra supplies, he would certainly contrive that they should appear on the island without any sign of how he had brought them.

But nevertheless, in this case, Leonard was still unconvinced. If Mr. Ross was really all right, this was just the sort of thing a man who would spend half the night trying to get them out of the rain would do when they refused to come ashore. If only they could make certain about it, he would be still more sure about Mr. Ross and he might even be able to convince Sydney.

'Is there any writing on the wrapper?' he suggested. 'Any label or anything?'

Norma turned the paper this way and that, without discovering any inscription. Suddenly, Leonard, who had sat down on a rock to try on a pair of the boots, looked up excitedly. 'This pair has got my name on it,' he cried. 'A label with "Leonard" on it tied to the tag!'

'Well, that proves that they don't come from Ross, anyhow,' said Sydney. 'He doesn't know our names. How about the others?'

The first pair that he picked up was labelled for Norma, and he passed them to her and reached for the others. Then he looked at his label curiously for some seconds. 'Beats everything,' he said at last. 'My name is spelt wrong! 'S I' you know, instead of 'S Y.'

'And that proves they don't come from Father,' cried Leonard triumphantly. 'And it isn't his writing, anyhow. That's certain. The question is, leaving out Mr. Ross and Father—and Mother of course—who is there who knows we are on the island?'

But they could think of no one, until Norma suggested the boatman at the hotel, an idea which both the boys ridiculed. 'No fear of his sending a parcel like this,' said Sydney, while Leonard declared that anyway he would not know their names.

By this time Sydney had drawn his pair on and was stamping up and down on the rock. 'Jolly good fit, anyhow,' he exclaimed.

Both Norma and Leonard found that theirs fitted equally well, and they had to admit the further complication to the problem, that the mysterious person who had sent them, although he did know how to spell Sydney's name, nevertheless knew exactly their sizes in boots! It seemed incredible, and the more they discussed it the more puzzled did they become.

'Any one might get *one* right by a lucky shot,' said Sydney, 'but not all the three. It's simply impossible. Beats everything, you know.'

They found as they talked that every possible theory contradicted itself. It seemed absolutely certain that boots which fitted them and also bore their names must undoubtedly come from some one who knew them: but for that matter it was equally certain that inscriptions which spelt a name wrong must be from a stranger; so that theory after theory had to be put aside and they were no nearer a solution, until Norma suggested that their father might have sent the boots, disguising his handwriting and mis-spelling the name, simply in order to make them think that the parcel came from some one else.

Sydney admitted grudgingly that this was possible, and a few minutes later he accepted it as the most likely solution. 'Just the kind of thing Father would do, you know,' he said.

But Leonard insisted that it wasn't likely at all. 'Father knows nothing about Ross,' he declared, 'and he'll know we wouldn't think they came from an utter stranger. So that for all Father can tell we would be bound to assume that they came from him. And then what would be the sense of his trying to pretend they had just dropped like that out of the sky? And for that matter,' he added, 'how did they arrive? You said that you would have seen any one who landed on the Nab, Norma.'

'I found them just lying near the landing-place,' she

explained. 'Couldn't they have been thrown on to the top of the cliff from a boat?'

'Not much difficulty about that,' said Sydney, and then Leonard suddenly got to his feet.

'It's no use talking,' he said. 'We've all said the same things about sixteen times, and we haven't decided anything at all. You can go on gassing about it if you like. I'm going to walk about and get used to these boots: they are so jolly long and uncomfortable where they flap against your knees.'

He set off across the island, but in spite of what he had said to the others he did not stop thinking about the problem. In fact, knowing that he could think more clearly when he was alone, he made up his mind to spend the next hour settling the whole affair.

He decided to work it out from the other end, so to speak. Assuming, for instance, that Ross had sent the boots: well, Ross knew that the bottom of the pit would still be under water, and that would be why he had sent them. Always a good plan, thought Leonard, to start by finding a good motive. Sherlock Holmes used to do that, anyway. Then, if Ross had the best motive for sending the boots, how could he have learned their names?

Leonard reached the slope that led down to the Ridge. Seeing a slight projection just above the surface of the water, he slid down till his feet rested against it, so that he could lean and be out of sight from any one on the island who did not actually look over the edge of the cliff. Then he folded his arms, shut his eyes, and began seriously to work out the possibilities of his new idea.

Meanwhile, Norma and Leonard grew tired of their discussion and began to consider the best way for Sydney and Leonard to get their clothes ashore when they started on the night's expedition. They obviously could not run about without drying after the swim for two hours, but on the other hand it would be difficult to take the towels and clothes ashore without getting them wet. Sydney had heard of an explorer in Africa who forded rivers with a bundle tied at the back of his neck by a strap fastened in the middle of his forehead; but after they had discussed this and other plans, Norma at last suggested that they should put everything into a bucket which would float and could be pushed through the water in front of them.

'Jolly good idea!' cried Sydney, and then he suggested that they should go back to the cave for supper.

In the Pit they found Leonard. He had pulled the packing-case forward across the puddles, and was in the act of placing the trunk to connect it with the mouth of the cave; so that they were able to jump down on to the packing-case, and crawl into the cave, dry-shod.

'Better take the things out of the trunk, if you are going to leave it out here,' said Sydney and then, as Leonard leant down to unfasten the straps, he added: 'How about the boots? Did you get them comfortable?'

'Oh, rather,' said Leonard. 'Have you and Norma solved the problem yet?'

'Have *you*?' retorted Sydney.

'Rather,' said Leonard. 'Those boots came from Ross, you know.'

'Oh, nonsense,' said Sydney. 'He couldn't have sent them'—and it looked as if the whole argument was to start once more.

'All right,' said Leonard. 'I could prove it to you now, but you wouldn't believe it. I've worked it all out.

Sydney merely laughed, and then went into the cave to fold up his towel, ready for the expedition ashore. Leonard watched him go, and then he also laughed. 'Good old Sydney! A pity he was so jolly down on "brain-waves." Left to himself, he'd worry it all out in another fortnight, perhaps.'

But, anyhow, they ought to be able to prove to-night that the two men could have disappeared from the wood without going into the house; and then even Sydney would have to admit that there wasn't much to connect Ross with the tunnel mystery. They might even find who the two men were, and why they were cutting at the rock. And then it would be fun to tell Sydney all about Ross, and make him admit that thinking things out was the best way to go to work, after all.

(*Continued on page* 150.)

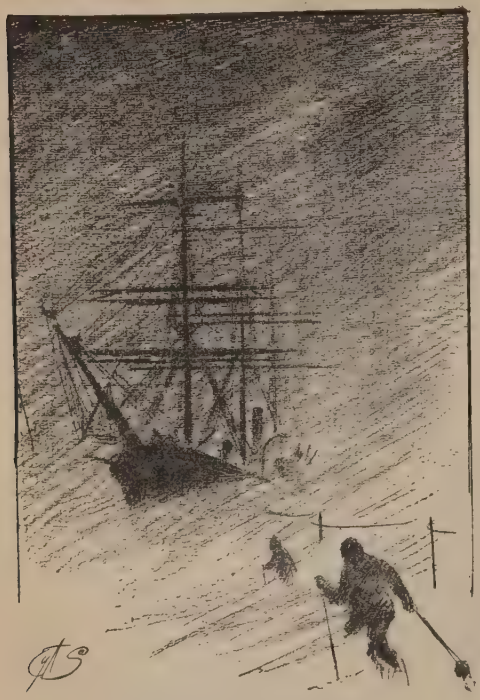
SOME SHIPS OF RESEARCH.

(*Concluded from page* 126.)

LET us now leave the north, and, bearing away southward, turn our attention to two or three ships which made themselves famous 'down under.' The *Discovery*—the sixth of her name since Hudson's ship went to Baffin's Bay in 1607—was built at Dundee in 1901, for work in the Antarctic, under Captain R. F. Scott. Coming from Dundee, she naturally followed the lines of the famous whalers launched there, and, like them, was of remarkable strength, her general thickness being about thirty inches, strengthened at the bows to nine feet. She was barque-rigged, of one thousand seven hundred and fifty tons displacement, with engines of four hundred and fifty horse-power. A noticeable feature was a windmill on the forecastle, used to drive the dynamos for generating electricity when the engines were not working. As it turned out, however, it was of little use, as it was soon wrecked in a gale. Her cost to build was fifty thousand pounds, and the total cost of her first expedition was one hundred thousand pounds, to which the Government contributed forty-five thousand pounds.

Leaving Cowes August 6th, 1901, after being inspected by King Edward the Seventh, she reached the great ice-barrier on the Antarctic Continent, in the following January, which in places was so low that she was able to come alongside, as at a quay, and discharge the expeditionary party and their stores. Afterwards she was frozen in, for two winters, when the relief ships, *Morning* and *Terra Nova*—dispatched by the Admiralty to take off the survivors, in case the *Discovery* had come to grief—arrived. Fortunately, she had safely withstood her rough treatment, and, breaking out of the ice on February 17th, 1904, returned home in perfect order.

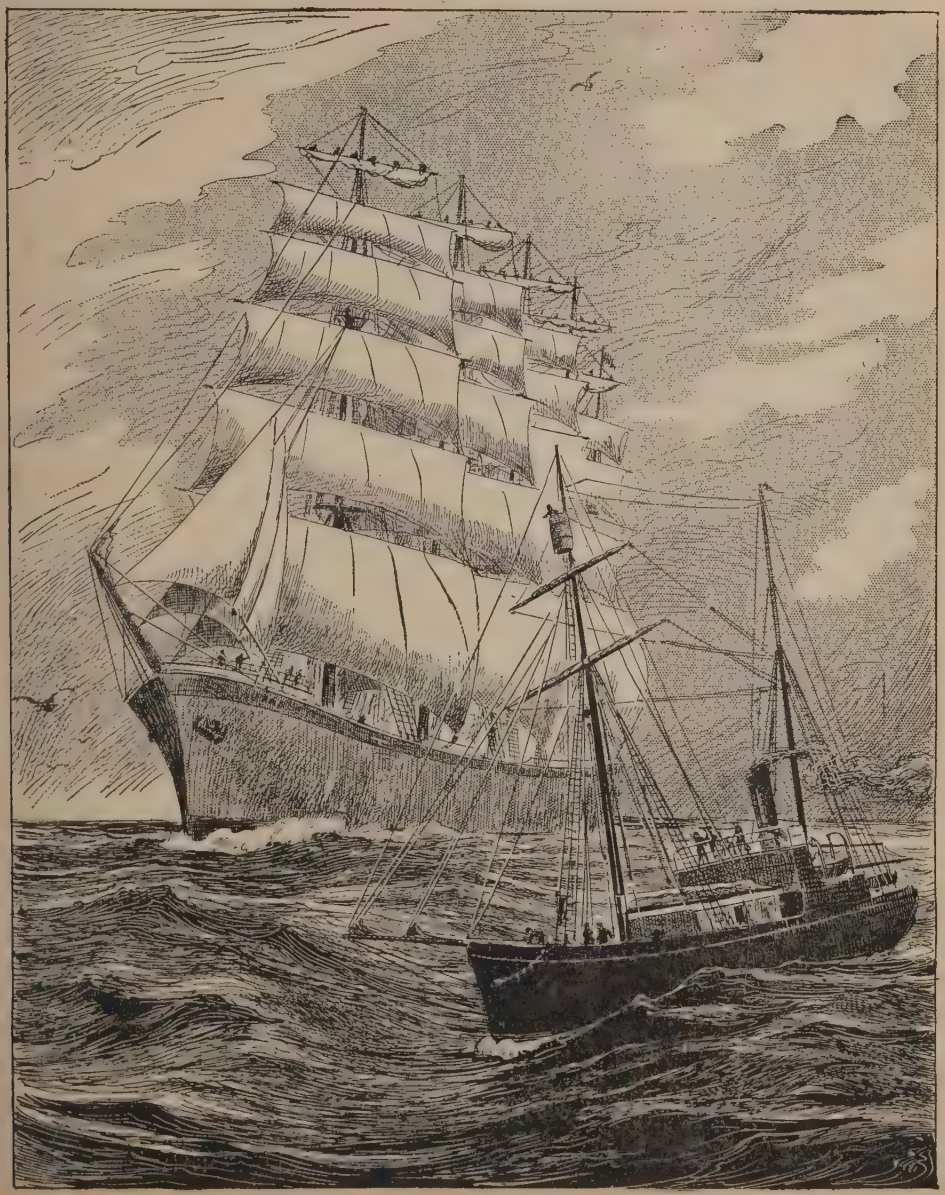
The next British boat to visit the Antarctic was the *Nimrod*, a forty-years-old sealing schooner, purchased for Lieut. Shackleton's first expedition. She was quite a small boat, with auxiliary engines of only moderate power, but what she lacked in size she made up for in strength, and was still a stout craft, after the rough treatment and hard knocks she had already received. After docking, she was overhauled, repaired, and re-rigged as a barquentine—that is, a three-masted vessel with square sails on the foremast only. Sailing from the Thames for New Zealand, where she took some Manchurian ponies on board, she left for King Edward's



The *Discovery* in a blizzard

The *Terra Nova* leaving the Antarctic.

The *Nimrod* steaming along the Great Ice Barrier.



The *Quest* sailing round *La France*.

Land, with the intention of landing an exploration party there and returning the next year. Owing to the heavy ice-floes and altered coast-line, she could not carry out this plan, so had to return from the eastern edge of the great ice-barrier to Cape Royds, where, amidst great difficulty, she at last landed the shore party and stores. When this was done, she returned to New Zealand, where she was docked and thoroughly overhauled, after which she took in fresh stores, and once more left for the South on December 1st, 1908. Her progress was so impeded by ice that she did not make Cape Royds until the middle of January. Shortly afterwards she was frozen in, about twenty miles north of the *Discovery's* winter quarters, until February 4th, when, having picked up the various shore parties, she returned to New Zealand and then to England.

After Captain Scott's return to England from his first adventure, another expedition to the Far South was planned, for which purpose the barque *Terra Nova*—already mentioned—was acquired. She was one of the largest and strongest of the Scottish whaling fleet, her lofty rigging and tall funnel, together with her general graceful lines, making her quite a smart-looking craft. After fitting and coaling at Cardiff, she left on June 15th, 1910, for Port Lyttleton (New Zealand) and then proceeded to the South. Unfortunately, her voyage was greatly delayed by continuous bad weather and ice until she reached the Barrier near Cape Crozier. Without delay, she landed the expeditionary party, ponies, stores, &c., who made their winter quarters there, after which she commenced survey work, before returning to New Zealand in April. Following a three-months' cruise from July to October, she again set sail on December 15th for the ice-fields, to pick up the shore party left there in 1910. It was not, however, till January, 1912, after another journey to New Zealand and back, that she was able to do this, near McMurdo Sound, just as Commanding-Officer Campbell and his companions were commencing preparations for a third winter ashore. But, instead of this opportune meeting being one of overflowing gladness, the officers and men of the *Terra Nova* were greeted with the terrible news of the tragic fate of the southern portion of the shore group. They did, indeed, reach the Pole, but, on their return, Captain Scott and four of his heroic comrades perished in the blizzards of the Antarctic. So again the *Terra Nova* turned her prow for the last time northward, but with very different feelings from the happy expectations of the expedition; for, instead of entering Lyttleton Harbour with flags flying and cheers of triumph, silently and sadly, her Union Jack at half-mast, she steamed into port, finally reaching Cardiff on June 14th, 1913.

And now we turn to the last of these Polar research ships, the *Quest*, which left the Thames on September 17th, 1921, for a voyage to the seas of the Far South, which it was intended she should explore for general oceanographical knowledge. She is only a small vessel of about two hundred tons, with auxiliary engines, and rigged as a topsail schooner. But, although so small, she is most completely fitted up with the most modern scientific instruments, carrying, in addition, a specially constructed seaplane, to assist on survey-work and navigation. Amongst her complement of men were a zoologist and biologist, for investigating the animal and bird-life of the islands she would visit; a geologist, a magnetician, and a cinematographer. Amongst her crew were two Boy Scouts as cabin-boys, the one from Aberdeen and the other from Kirkwall. Before starting on his journey to London, the latter had never seen a passenger train.

Right from the start of her voyage, the *Quest* has had trouble. Beginning with damaging her boom just as she was leaving Gravesend, she ran into strong head-winds and rough seas within twenty-four hours of leaving Plymouth, and so violent were these that off Cape da Roca she had to ask for help; and a tug, coming to her assistance, towed her into the Tagus, where she was repaired. Continuing her voyage, when off Ascension Island she sighted a very large ship, which, on drawing within hailing distance, proved to be *La France*, a five-masted steel barque of five thousand six hundred and thirty-three tons and four hundred and eighteen feet long, the largest sailing ship in the world. This proved of such interest to those on the *Quest*, that they steamed round her. (*La France*, after completing her voyage to London, where she discharged her cargo, was afterwards totally wrecked.)

It was, however, on January 5th, when near South Georgia, that the culminating tragedy of the voyage occurred, when the leader of the expedition, Sir Ernest Shackleton, died from heart failure. The voyage, in spite of this great loss, was continued under Commander F. Wilde, the second in command; the purpose of which was not so much the possible discovery of new lands, but the investigation of the ocean—its winds, currents, depths, &c.—in the neighbourhood of Enderby Land and Bouvet Island, in the Antarctic. This was not accomplished to the extent anticipated, owing to continued bad weather, with fog and ice. Still, much was done, and the little *Quest* arrived safely home, after her thirty thousand miles voyage, on September 15th, 1922.

J. A. S.

AUTUMN.

I LOVE to sit at breakfast-time
And eat my bread and honey
Where I can watch the elm-leaves fall,
Like showers of golden money.

I love to spread the window-sill
With crumbs for hungry starlings;
The cheeky sparrows always wait
To steal a few—the darlings.

I love to hunt for 'conquerors'
Beneath the yellow chestnut—
I think that I should like it to
Be always Autumn best; but

I 'xpect I'd miss the daffodils,
And cowslip fields of May-time;
Wild roses, bees, and butterflies,
And waggon rides of hay-time.

And Christmas, too, would never come,
And that I couldn't bear—
I don't think I will meddle with
The Seasons of the Year.

LILIAN HOLMES.

A WELCOME GIFT.

THERE are many stories of the unconscious ministries of animals which have saved life, such as the old story of the goat whose milk kept the little girl alive for five weeks when her house had been buried beneath an avalanche. During a time of war in France, a soldier, who had been taken prisoner and escaped, hid in a hayloft, where he would have run great risk of starvation—not being a horse or a cow—but for a somewhat humorous circumstance. A barn-door fowl came daily to the spot and laid an egg beside him. This, of course, the fugitive 'commandeered,' and it is quite possible that it saved his life, for many days elapsed before the enemy vacated the neighbourhood, and the poor fellow dared not show his face.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 130.)

SURABHI now declared herself in no immediate need of medicine. The amulet, she maintained, was completing her cure. Perhaps, though she did not say so, she liked it better. The amulet did not fizz. It was more familiar and less alarming. She had tied it between two heavy gold bangles which, evidently, she valued less highly. She was almost gay and ate quite half a quail, urged by Maru with encouraging clucks. Dukhi, who had arrived in good time to take a share in the feast, required no encouragement. The quails were quite as good as Maru had promised, and, fascinated, Louisa watched him swelling visibly. She wondered how much rounder he could possibly become. He sighed heavily at last and pushed the dish away.

'I am full,' he mourned. 'Quite, quite full. I would I were a grown man, and had a bigger hole inside me. How lucky, how *very* lucky are big men.'

'Thou wilt be a big man some day,' Maru consoled, 'and I will cook thee a hundred quail.' Then she turned to her mistress. 'Now that thou hast eaten and art refreshed, tell the wise woman what thou hast planned, heart's dearest,' she suggested. 'Thou hast refused to listen to my counsel, but perhaps thou wilt hearken to hers if she bids thee hold thy hand as I do.' At which Surabhi smiled indulgently.

'Thou art over-careful, my Maru,' she said. 'Now, listen, wise woman. I have summoned my husband's nephews to meet me to-morrow at the village council ground, beneath the peepul-tree, by the well. To tell them that all that I have—save enough for my seemly support—I will divide immediately between them. They believe it is theirs by right. They have even brought a case to prove it. 'Tis true that they lost; but I would not have them smart beneath a sense of injustice. When they hear what I have to say, then will they be content, and I—I shall have peace.'

'Peace?' Maru snorted. 'Peace? Thou thinkest to content them thus?' Thou thinkest they believed that tale they told? I know them better and their bottomless greed. They will never be content until they have stripped thee to the skin. Yield not a coin, my mistress; it shall gain thee nought. Thou art not young. Let them wait. Keep all that thou hast for the time that remains.'

At that Dukhi looked up. He had been sitting in solemn silence, admiring his own outline apparently.

'I have heard my father say,' he volunteered. 'that thou wilt not live long. Great-Aunt. But last night he said it: 'Her days are numbered.' He thought I slept, but I heard him. How did my father know? How could he count? Did that woman count for him? He looked Louisa over thoughtfully, and Maru's eyes followed his, but only for a moment.

'The wise woman?' Maru shrieked. ''Twas not the wise woman. It was his own evil heart. Go not to the meeting-place to-morrow, beloved. I pray thee, do not go. Here, within thy garden walls, I too can wall thee round. Beyond, I am powerless. They mean to kill thee when they have thee in their power. I know it. I am sure.'

She had gathered up the tray, on which was the remainder of the food, to take it to the verandah where she and Kadru would eat in their turn. Now the tray was set down so hastily it was almost upset, and Maru flung herself at Surabhi's feet. She clasped her mistress' ankles, bedewing them with her tears. Fat, ungainly, ridiculous she looked, but desperately in earnest.

'Thou art a dead woman unless thou wilt listen,' again and again Maru repeated.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was in vain that Maru wept and implored. Surabhi, gentle though she was, was not to be turned from her purpose. It seemed to Louisa that, if Maru had laid less stress on the greed of Santoo and Mangli, she might have won her point. As it was, apparently, Surabhi felt compelled to defend them; was yet more anxious they should receive justice. She evidently possessed a very tender conscience, if she had not a large share of wordly wisdom. She shook her head at Maru in gentle reproof.

'Arise,' said Surabhi. 'I tell thee I have decided. I shall met my nephews to-morrow. I shall give them the most of my wealth. Thou wilt come too, wise woman? I invite thee to be present. I shall draw new strength from thy company.'

Maru rose to her feet sniffing, still unconvinced, but, for the moment, silenced. She looked anxiously at her mistress, who was trembling now and had pressed her hand to her forehead.

'Come, rest, heart's dearest,' she suggested. 'Thou art not over-strong yet, despite the medicine and the good amulet. Come! I will soothe the pain from thy brow and massage thy limbs. If my counsel cannot prevail, at least I can help somewhat. Come then, my soul.'

She called to Kadru to carry out the tray and help herself. Then, her own needs forgotten, she disappeared with Surabhi, and Dukhi and Louisa were left alone. Dukhi was gradually recovering from his dinner, but was still semi-stupified. Louisa looked at him thoughtfully. What more could he tell her? Had he merely caught at a chance sentence, or did he remember most of the talk he had overhead? He was still so young he could, probably, make little of his elders' conversation, but she could string the whole together very possibly if he could supply the parts.

'Why was your father talking of your great-aunt?' she asked.

(*Continued on page* 146)

"Louisa looked at him thoughtfully. What more could he tell her?"

"Louisa reached over and snatched the cat to safety."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 143.)

DUKHI blinked, but did not answer immediately. Louisa had not treated him well hitherto, he considered. She did not seem to grasp his immense importance; she did not appreciate his proper worth. Dukhi had not been born meek, and his upbringing had not made him meeker. But, on the other hand, he did not wish to quarrel with Louisa. She was the owner of Bulbo, and Dukhi still hankered after Bulbo's society despite its obvious drawbacks. He would answer, he decided, eventually, and then he could go and play with the cat again.

'My father was talking to my uncle,' Dukhi explained. 'They said, each in turn, that they were very poor, but that when my great-aunt died, they would be rich. I do not think they love her greatly. They seemed pleased when they said that she would die. Why do people die, wise woman? And how? I want to know.'

'Sometimes they die because they're ill,' said Louisa, vaguely. She was more alarmed than she liked; less sure that she had acted wisely; by no means certain she could control the situation for which she was in part responsible.

If she had added her voice to Maru's, if she had told Surabhi what she knew of Santoo and Mangli, would the result of the late tussle have been different?

'And when they are not ill?' Dukhi persisted, drumming with his feet on the floor. My great-aunt is ill no longer. The medicine has cured her. Why, therefore, should she die?'

As Louisa did not answer immediately, he reached out and kicked a brass jug that stood near until it rang like a bell. And at that, Louisa turned on him indignantly. She wanted to think quietly, not to be worried.

'Stop that,' she said sharply, and Dukhi chuckled. He had revenged himself in part at least.

'Cross! cross!' he mocked. 'What a cross wise woman. She wants me to stop and talk to her. I know, but I shall run away. Cross! cross!' he shrieked, and danced out into the garden before Louisa could catch him. To chase him was hardly consistent with dignity; she had to let him go and joined Kadru on the verandah.

No more time must be lost. It was too late now to influence Surabhi, but she and Kadru must decide what precautions it was possible to take on the morrow.

'Are you ready?' she asked.

And, 'A mouthful more,' Kadru urged. But a glance at Louisa's face made her swallow hastily. After all, she had not done badly in the time at her disposal, if she had not rivalled Dukhi. She was a rapid eater. She must remember Maru would expect to find a remnant of sorts.

'I am satisfied,' Kadru pronounced as she rose to her feet. 'That woman, Maru, is a clever cook.'

'She's cleverer in most ways than I thought at first,' Louisa admitted, 'though she doesn't know how to manage Surabhi. Well, there it is. Surabhi's going to meet those two men to-morrow, and we've got to see she doesn't come to harm. We'll think beforehand of everything that might happen, and then we'll be ready for anything that does.'

'Thus will it be,' Kadru suggested as together they returned to the hut. 'Not only will the nephews assemble at the meeting-place, but all the village folk as well. It will be a great occasion and they will make the most of it. They have not much to amuse them as have we of the towns. Yes, there will be a great crowd. It is fortunate that Surabhi has asked us to be present. Thus we can claim the right to keep near her.'

'I think it would be better if I kept near her and you mixed with the crowd,' Louisa suggested. 'Then if you noticed anything wrong, you could signal to me; or I'd signal to you if I needed help. We should see more between us that way, and hear more too.'

To which Kadru agreed, well pleased. She liked to picture herself prowling, panther-like, stealthy.

'How Santoo and Mangli will act, I cannot guess,' she said next. 'If they do harm openly to Surabhi their cause is lost. They are not greatly liked. There are many who would bear witness against them. And Surabhi is about to give them so much. It would surely be safer to let the rest go, and not to run needlessly into danger.'

It was a point of view which had not occurred to Louisa, but the force of it struck her immediately. She had allowed Dukhi's tale, the visit of Mangli's wife, Maru's fears to weigh with her too much she felt now.

That at the moment Santoo and Mangli were planning evil she had no doubt; that it would please them to get rid of Surabhi she was certain. But they were cunning as well as unscrupulous.

'They——' Louisa began, and stopped abruptly as her voice was drowned by a shrill scream.

Already she was running, Surabhi for the moment forgotten, for, mingled with the scream, she had surely heard a wail from Bulbo? Now she was in sight of the fountain and the hut, and there, beside the fountain basin, danced Dukhi, screeching ceaselessly. Round and round in the water, just out of his reach, Bulbo circled, each moment sinking lower, the shower beating on his head, bewildering him completely.

Louisa reached over and snatched the cat to safety, while Dukhi stopped in the middle of a yell and retreated to a safe distance.

'I did not mean to hurt him,' Dukhi protested, as soon as he had breath enough. 'I said, "After all, *perchance* he is a magic cat. I have proved him but once. I will test him again. A magic cat could walk upon the water." I but dropped him in to try. Do not be angry,' he wheedled. 'I know now. A third time I will not do it. I promise.'

'You won't get a chance,' Louisa assured him, as she dried Bulbo with her *sari*. 'Go away, and don't come near us again. If you do——' she thought for a moment—'if you do, I'll put a spell on you. I'll turn you into a mouse, so that Bulbo can eat you. Crunch! crunch!'

She gnashed her teeth at Dukhi, who, mechanically, gnashed his back again.

'Crunch! crunch!' he repeated, fascinated. Then he began to suck his fat thumb, while the corners of his mouth drooped. He was frightened, evidently, but he did not seem inclined to turn tail. 'I want to play with him,' said he. 'I do not want to be a mouse. I will tell the wise woman all that my father says, and then she will love me again.'

'I haven't begun yet,' Louisa reminded him. But Dukhi paid no attention. With a loud pop he withdrew

the thumb and ran away. It was evening when he returned, smiling and triumphant.

'I listened, and this is what I heard,' he said. 'Through a stone my great-aunt will perish. My father said it. I heard him. And here is a mouse for the cat. It has been dead some while. But if he wants a mouse, there it is. Let him eat it instead of me.'

(*Continued on page* 158.)

THE WORLD OF MACHINES.

By Prof. P. F. Baker.
Illustrated by T. E. Haywood.

I.—STEEL AND ITS IMPORTANCE TO ENGINEERING.

(*Continued from page* 94.)

Tool Steel.

ONE of the important uses of steel is that of making cutting tools intended for use, in the Machine Shop, for cutting iron and steel articles. Steel for this purpose has to be both hard and strong, for the cutting edge has to be able not only to penetrate the material which it cuts, but also to withstand the force required to do the cutting.

These tools have already been illustrated (see p. 93). You will notice that the cutting edge of the tools for use in a lathe has a much wider angle than that which is used for cutting wood. It is, in fact, very nearly a right angle. The top face of the tool is slightly inclined downwards, so that it has what is called 'top rake,' while the front is raked away also, so that it shall clear the material which is being cut.

Most boys have had experience of the fact that the edge very soon disappears when the tool is in use, for they have worked in the machine shop of their school. In order to obtain hardness in ordinary steel the amount of carbon has to be high; not by any means as high as that in cast iron, for half of one per cent. is a fairly high carbon content for tool steel, but we must remember that in steel the carbon is combined with some of the iron, and exists in a different state from that which is found in cast iron. Unfortunately, increase in the quantity of carbon tends not only to harden the steel but also to make it brittle, so that, beyond a certain point, it is of no use to increase the proportion of carbon.

Such steels used to be made in fire-clay crucibles; the original method being to heat wrought iron, which is perfectly soft, in contact with charcoal or some other form of carbon for a considerable period. The iron absorbs the carbon of the charcoal and forms a high carbon steel. This method of making steel, which in our days is called the 'cementation process,' is one of very great antiquity. It is believed to have been known and used by steel-makers for several centuries B.C., but we have no very definite records on that point. At the present time carbon steel is still often made in pots.

In order to take advantage of the hardening property of the carbon which is present, it is necessary for us to heat the steel, after it has been forged or hammered out to the correct shape, to a somewhat definite temperature, depending to some extent upon the hardness which we desire to obtain, and rapidly chill it. Modern investigations tend to show that at a perfectly definite temperature the 'structure' of the steel changes and if we then rapidly quench or cool it by dipping it in water or oil, it retains the physical condition which it has taken up and is, in consequence, hard. In practice the treatment is divided into two stages, hardening and tempering.

Effects of Wear.

When the tool is in use, the work which it does tends to make it hot. You will see in a later chapter that heat can be converted into mechanical energy and, similarly, when mechanical work is done upon any object, it usually involves the production of heat. Your own observations will show you that this is so, for when you do work upon an object, as for instance when you file a piece of iron or hammer a piece of metal, the object upon which the work is done becomes hot. In the same manner the cutting tool becomes hot, and although we make its shank thick and heavy in order, amongst other things, that it may conduct away the heat, and usually supply the cutting edge with cooling water, 'suds' or oil, it does not entirely remove the heat, particularly if the tool is being used to cut very rapidly. When the tool gets hot its edge very soon disappears and, as a result, it has to be ground frequently. The higher the speed at which the cutting is done, the more frequent will be the visits of the tool to the grindstone or grinding machine. This is one of the bad features about cutting tools. At quite moderate temperatures they lose their 'temper' and then the edge disappears.

You will see that this is somewhat of a nuisance in a workshop where a valuable machine may have to stand idle, while the tool which it should be using is re-ground, and it would, therefore, be of great advantage if we could not only perform the cutting operation at a higher speed, but also could do so without injuring the tool.

'Special' Steels.

People realised this many years ago, and as far back as 1857 Mushet discovered that, by adding various constituents to his steel, he was able to make it less affected by the rise in temperature. He found that the addition of the metal tungsten which, in his case, was done in the crucible, rendered the steel not only harder but also less likely to lose its edge owing to rise of temperature. The first public demonstrations on a large scale, however, were at an Exhibition which was held in Paris in the year 1900, when tools, which were practically red hot, were shown to still retain their cutting edges.

Other experiments have been made with steels which contain chromium, tungsten, molybdenum, vanadium, manganese, and silicon, and various alloys of these metals with iron are being increasingly used in our machine shops at the present time.

They are all expensive materials and therefore the tools made with them are expensive. Some have to be made in an electric furnace which will give temperatures much higher than those met with in the ordinary steel furnace, and which avoids the addition of impurities to the steel and when the tools are made, they have to be very carefully handled.

The ordinary process involved in making the tool is to heat the steel and hammer it down, or 'forge' it, to the shape required. This, with carbon steel, can be done at any temperature above dull red heat and it does not much matter if the steel is hammered after it has become black, but Mushet or 'high speed' steel has to be hammered at

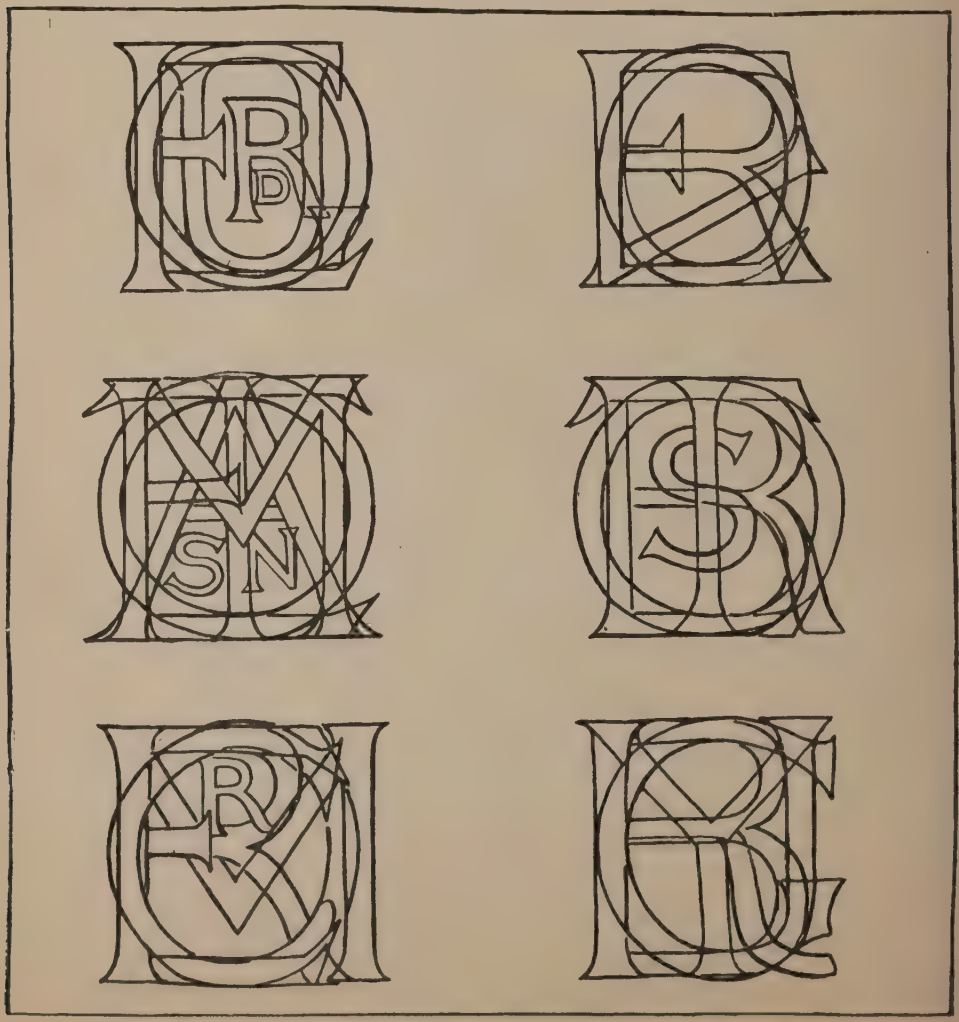
a high temperature—a temperature of about 1850 degrees Fahrenheit, when it is bright yellow in appearance, and much above ordinary 'red' heat.

Having been forged, the tool has then to be hardened. It is usually heated and gently cooled before hardening because, by this process, all the molecules of the steel are given an opportunity of recovering from the stresses put upon the material by hammering. This process is known as normalising and most 'special' steels have to be 'normalised' in a manner depending upon their composition.

Having been normalised, the tool has then to be hardened. We cannot do this as we should have done with the carbon steel tool, *i.e.*, by heating it and plunging it in water at *about* the correct temperature; accuracy is essential in this case.

The steel should be heated to a temperature which depends upon its composition, but which is for most such steels from 2000 degrees Fahrenheit to 2200 degrees Fahrenheit, and as a temperature of 2400 degrees Fahrenheit would quite spoil the tool, you will quite understand how necessary it is that some means of measuring the temperature should be provided.

(*Concluded on page* 163.)



A MONOGRAM PUZZLE. These six designs contain the names of six English towns.
Solutions will be given on page 158.

"'How did you get here?' he said. 'What is the matter?'"

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

THE fancy-dress dance was in full swing. Priscilla Lang was enjoying herself immensely. She was fifteen, and it was her first real dance. She was dressed as a Scotch peasant-girl of the eighteenth century, and felt very proud of her new buckle-shoes bought for the occasion.

The Macdonalds gave two parties every year—one for children and one for grown-ups. This year they had combined the two, and made it a fancy-dress one:

children from four to seven o'clock, grown-ups from six to twelve. Priscilla was a grown-up for the evening, and the thought thrilled her. Never in her life before had she stayed up till midnight! Only once had she been to a fancy-dress party, and that was long ago, when she was a very little girl and had gone as a fairy. Her small sister, Ida, was wearing that same dress this evening; but she and her brother had gone home at seven, and Priscilla felt very important when she said good-bye to them and their mother. Their neighbours, the Hughes, were giving her a lift back in their car. 'You needn't worry, Mother,' were her last words; 'I am having a gorgeous time, and they will see me home. Don't wait up for me; I'll lock the front door.'

It was eleven o'clock now; there was still another delicious hour, and Priscilla was far too excited to feel the least bit tired. Ian Macdonald, dressed as a Highland chieftain, came up and asked her for the next dance. That was her crowning joy, for he was twenty-four and the son of the house, and she considered herself quite beneath his notice as a partner. 'How well you dance,' he said, as he led her to a seat in the cool passage. 'Now, you sit here while I go and fetch you some lemonade.'

What put the idea into Priscilla's head she could never afterwards say, but when he had gone she suddenly thought: 'What fun it would be to hide, and give the Hughes and everybody a scare.'

She knew the old house well, and crept away unseen to the west wing, which she thought would be the most deserted part. For a few minutes she hid in an unused bedroom, but soon began to feel bored with the loneliness, and not as pleased as she had been at first with her escapade. 'I think I'll go back now,' she thought. She flew down the broad stairs and crept cautiously along a dimly-lit passage. She could hear voices in the distance at the end—she supposed in the hall—and the music had stopped. If she went through the door at the end of the passage she was bound to be seen, so she retraced her steps a few yards to where there were two more doors side by side, one of which she knew led to the pantry and morning-room—that ought to be quite safe. Just inside the other one was a lobby and a trapdoor which led to the cellars.

In her hurry she opened the wrong one; the trapdoor had been left open by some careless person, and before Priscilla realised what was happening she felt herself half-slipping, half-falling down the steps into the darkness below. Her heel caught on the last stair, and she fell forward on to the stone floor, twisting her left foot and bumping her head.

She tried to get up, but could not: she called out, but there was no answer. She began to feel very frightened; her foot and her head hurt her. She rested it on her hands to make it more comfortable, and was beginning to wonder if they would ever find her when she lost consciousness.

In the meantime Ian had missed her, and started a hue-and-cry. No one could understand her sudden disappearance. Having searched in the house, some of them went outside and called. Ian took a lantern and went into the yard and stables; but there was no sign of her there. He went in again and along the passage by the pantry. What was that? He thought he heard a faint cry coming from the direction of the lobby. The door was ajar, and he hastened down the cellar steps, holding out his lantern. Before he reached the bottom he discerned Priscilla's motionless figure lying on the floor in front of him.

'How did you get here?' he said. 'What is the matter?'

She opened her eyes, but said nothing, and he lifted her into his arms and carried her upstairs. Word soon went round that she was found, and a doctor was sent for. Kind Mrs. Macdonald insisted on keeping her there for the night, and the Hughes left a message with her people telling them what had happened.

Slight concussion and a sprained ankle was the doctor's verdict. 'But it won't keep her laid up for long, and perhaps it will cure her zeal for hide-and-seek,' he added, smiling.

B. W.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 139.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE swim to the shore proved more difficult than either of the boys had imagined. Sydney insisted that it was no good taking their flannels, because they would show up white in the darkness and give away the whole show. But it was difficult to pack the two sets of trousers, shirts, coats, braces, socks and boots into a single bucket; and after they had wasted a good deal of time in disputing as to the best way of folding everything to occupy the least possible space, they finally agreed that it was impossible. Leonard then suggested that they should have a bucket each, and he ran back to the cave to fetch the other. But even then, although they rammed down the clothes with their feet, the edges of the buckets were overlapped and it seemed incredible that anything so heavy could float.

Still, it was necessary to make the attempt, and after reminding Norma not to forget to light the Signal Lamp in good time, Sydney left the two buckets beside Leonard at the top of the cliff and took a header into the lake, on the deeper side of the Ridge. Then Leonard let down first one bucket and then the other at the end of a piece of cord. Sydney grasped them as they reached the water, but then they seemed heavier than ever, so that he had the utmost difficulty to keep them both from sinking.

'Hurry up, Len!' he called. 'Jump in!' But even when Leonard joined him and took one of the buckets, it proved impossible to hold them so that the water would not run over the edge. It was quite certain that neither bucket would float by itself for a minute, and Sydney found that the only thing to do was to hold his tightly against his shoulder, with his left hand, while he made what progress he could towards the shore by swimming with his feet and his remaining arm. It was slow work, and more than once the bucket slipped and the water poured into it; but at last he reached the shore, and half a minute later Sydney followed.

They put down the buckets on the sand and began to take out the clothes. Luckily, they had put the towels at the bottom, but Leonard's bucket as well as

Sidney's had been partly swamped, his trousers being saturated, while one of his boots was half full of water.

'Rotten idea, you know,' said Sydney. 'Might have known the clothes would be too heavy. Beastly uncomfortable, wearing wet things.'

But at any rate it was possible to get fairly dry underneath with the towels, although they were both too excited to waste much time over drying. Then they squeezed as much water as possible out of the clothes, dressed quickly, and, leaving the towels and buckets where they stood on the shore, began to walk towards the wood. Sydney's shirt clung to his shoulders and the trousers were decidedly uncomfortable. Leonard found that the water dripped from him as he walked and his boots left wet marks on the sand. But it was no use bothering about that, and if they solved all the mystery to-night, an hour or two in damp clothes would count for pretty little.

'I vote we start by finding the boat,' suggested Leonard, 'and then we can follow up through the wood in the way the men went after they landed.' And without waiting for an answer he ran past the Wirdstone.

The boat stood as usual on its rollers.

'The men started from here,' Leonard explained, when Sydney joined him, and then with Leonard in front, turning repeatedly to get his bearings from the Wirdstone and the boat, which became more and more dim in the darkness the further they went from it, they walked forward till they reached the trees.

'As far as I can see,' said Leonard, 'this must be the place where they entered the wood after leaving the boat. I was on the Wirdstone, you know, when they started, and when they had gone in among the trees I climbed down and ran along to here and started to follow them, keeping them in sight till they were somewhere in the middle of the wood.'

Sydney started forward into the wood, searching the ground as well as he could in the darkness for any kind of hiding-place. Leonard showed him as accurately as he could the direction the men had taken, and a few minutes later he stopped.

'They must have been about here when I turned aside,' he said. 'They were going straight on towards the house, when I cut away to the left, you know.'

Sydney dropped on to his knees and examined the earth under foot, but it was impossible to discover any sort of footprint without a light, whereas if they had lit even a match it might have been seen from the house. Sydney got to his feet again, feeling distinctly disappointed, but there was nothing to be done except to continue searching the wood, and he went forward again until suddenly he came to the edge of the trees and the garden fence a few feet beyond.

'Do you mean to say,' he demanded then, 'that these fellows started into this wood and never came out of it? Why, it's just nonsense. There *might* have been some rocks or bushes, or something for them to hide behind, but there's nothing! Don't see how you could have missed them. Where did you hide in the garden?'

Leonard pointed to the clump of rhododendrons in the middle of the lawn. Beyond, they could see the house, all dark except for a light in a window on the first floor, which Leonard guessed must be Mr. Ross's room.

'You ought to have been able to see this edge of the wood from there,' said Sydney. 'You didn't go to sleep, did you?'

'Of course not,' answered Leonard indignantly. 'I tell you they simply vanished. But they must have gone somewhere. Let's stop and think.'

'Lot of good that will do,' said Sydney. 'Pity you think such a lot, Len! Always puts you wrong, you know. If you hadn't been doing all that thinking, you wouldn't have lost the track of these fellows the other night! Anybody with any sense would just have stuck to them all the time and followed them through the wood, seen where the went, and settled the whole thing. But *you* had to try to be beastly clever, running round to get ahead of them; and so you let them escape and never found out anything at all!'

For a minute Leonard stared indignantly at his brother. Then he looked away. Come to think of it, there wasn't much to say. Put like that, it looked pretty beastly true. Of course he ought not to have let the men get out of sight! He ought to have stuck to them. That was what Sydney would have done, without bothering about short cuts, and this time, at any rate, he would have been right. It *was* pretty rotten.

Still, he reflected, it was easy enough to laugh at another fellow's mistakes, but for that matter Sydney wouldn't have found the tunnel at all, any more than he would have come ashore the other night to watch the return of the boat.

'Look here,' he said at last, 'it's all very well to talk like that, but you won't do much good by just running round in a circle looking for something that isn't here. The question is, if the two men came into this wood and wanted to get out of it without being seen, what would they do? We can't find out by just hunting about, so I vote we try to put ourselves in their place.'

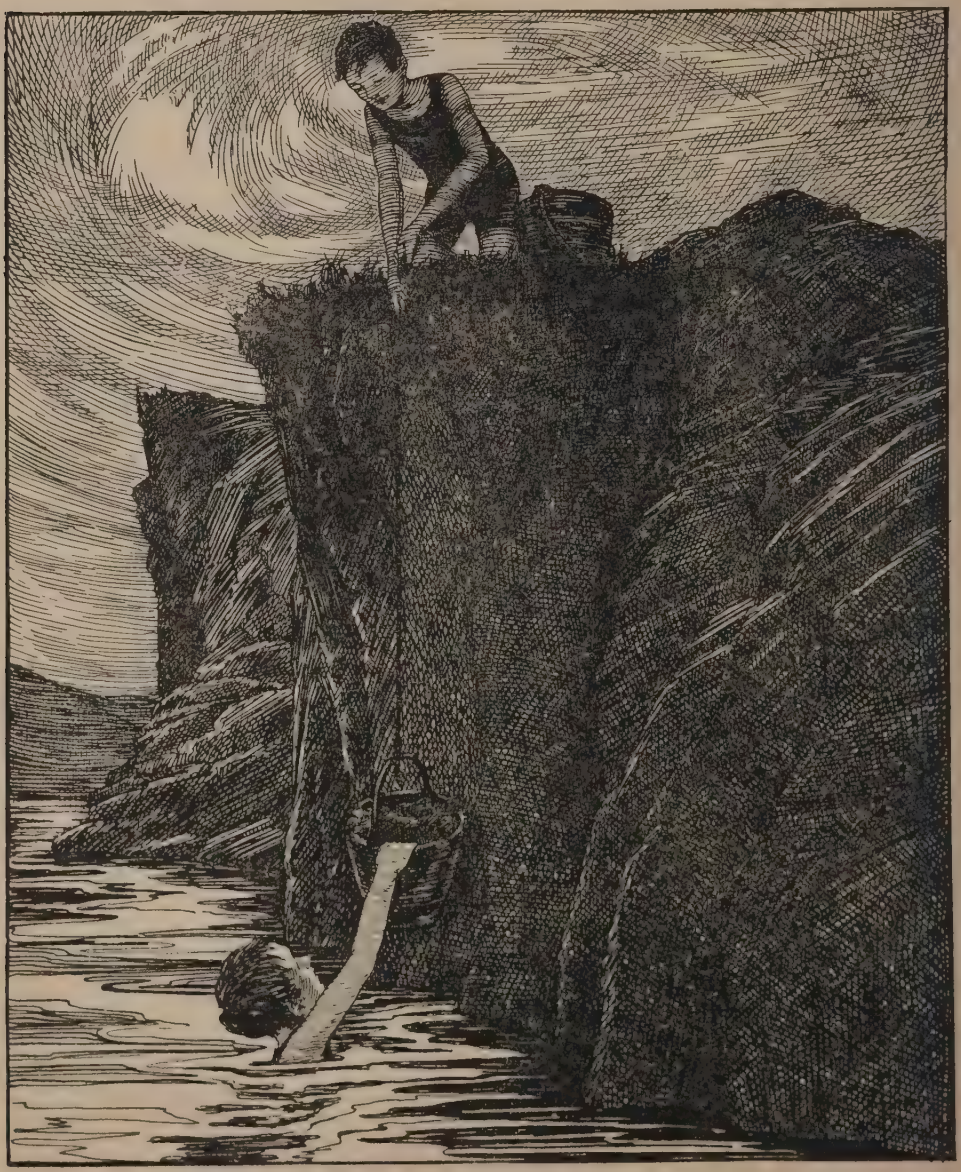
But Sydney still ridiculed the idea. 'Waste of time,' he declared, and then ran off to look again in the wood for some sort of hiding-place.

When he was left alone, Leonard thought of sitting down, but the ground was still wet after the previous night's rain, and finally he leant against a tree and recalled each incident of his previous night ashore. There was no doubt that he had seen the men enter the wood, and they must somehow or other have come out of it. He was certain that they had not reached the fence, for he had watched it carefully when he was hidden among the rhododendrons. In that case they must have gone either to the right or to the left, or back to the lake. If they had gone to the left, they must have passed the very route that he had himself taken, a possibility which he dismissed as out of the question, and then have vanished in the open country. There didn't seem much reason why they should have gone back to the lake, and, anyhow, they didn't get away by the boat, because he had seen it a few minutes later still firmly on its rollers.

The only possibility that remained was the side of the wood to the right. There was there, of course, the same objection that they would at once have reached open country, and he ought to have seen them later; but still, out of four unlikely things, it did seem slightly the most possible, and he decided that that was the place most worth exploring.

Sydney was out of sight, but the whole business might be given away if he shouted to him. And, besides, Sydney would only laugh again! He wouldn't admit that there was anything in the decision, and would say that going to look at that edge of the wood was just as indefinite as looking anywhere else.

(*Continued on page* 154.)



"Leonard let down first one bucket and then the other."

"The boys stopped in surprise."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 151.)

TO Leonard the position was different: he had made his choice, and now he wouldn't be just flopping about without any particular scheme. He walked straight through the wood, coming to the edge about half-way down its length. Then, as he faced the open ground, the house and garden were on his left, and the lake on his right. The Wirdstone, also on his right, would be a little behind him, and he imagined himself to be just on a level with the boat. It was difficult to see very much in the darkness. The slope up the hill from the shore of the lake on his right was not very steep, but it looked fairly regular. As he watched it carefully, he gradually realised that the silence of the night was broken by a dull, continuous roar. What was it? He had heard something like it before. It wasn't machinery, which always made a noise spaced out in pretty regular beats, and it wasn't any kind of animal. It kept the same tone all the time, and at last he decided to go forward into the open to investigate. The noise grew louder as he advanced, and suddenly he stopped short.

Of course! It was the sound of rushing water! The waterfall! The water that they had seen from the island that afternoon, and watched as it poured down the hill, until it went out of sight behind the house, must be running here into the lake. On so gradual a slope, it wouldn't be a proper waterfall, but it would be running of course in a pretty decent stream.

Leonard suddenly went on again, breaking into a run. A minute later he stopped once more. The roaring of the water now filled his ears, and immediately at his feet the ground was broken with a deep ditch about three feet wide. Its sides were like little cliffs, apparently three or four feet in height; for Leonard, when he knelt to look down on the torrent, could see the water an appreciable distance below him. With all the impetus of the fall down the hillside behind it, it ran with great force, breaking here and there with a shower of foam over stones and little ledges of ground.

Leonard knelt on the bank, watching it, fascinated. But he had not forgotten the problem of the men's disappearance, and he felt, hardly knowing why, that the stream might have something to do with it. He realised now that he had been hearing the distant noise of the rushing water ever since he came into the wood with Sydney, half an hour ago. Funny that he hadn't heard it at all from the garden two nights before! But of course that was before the rain, and the stream would not have existed. No, but the ditch would have been there. . . .

Suddenly he realised what must have happened. Of course the ditch would have been there—a dry ditch three or four feet deep, an excellent hiding-place! Leonard pictured the two men walking through the wood till they left it probably at the spot where he had stood ten minutes before; then they would have run across the open ground for these few yards, dropped into the bed of the stream, and gone—where?

Looking up, he saw that at the spot where he knelt the stream bent outwards both to right and to left. To the left it ran towards the lake, but, getting farther from the wood all the way, by the time it reached the lake it must be more than a hundred yards from the boat. The two men, after getting into the ditch, could have crawled on all fours along it back to the lake without a chance of any one seeing them from the ground above. Only, if that was all they wanted, they might far more easily have put the boat ashore farther a ong, at the place they were aiming at, instead of on to its rollers. It seemed a pretty useless sort of game to land and go round the two sides of a triangle in order to get back to the lake again!

Supposing, then, that they had gone the other way? Impossible to tell where that would lead to, but of course it would be easy enough to follow the stream and see if it led to any sort of hiding-place. Leonard was impatient to follow up his clue, but he decided, nevertheless, to find Sydney before he went any further. After all, it was pretty certain that this was how the men had got out of the wood, and in that case they might still be hiding not so very far away. A pity, he thought, that he had not brought some sort of weapon, but, in any case, if they found the men, and it came to a scrap, he and Sydney together would make a better show than either of them alone.

Running back to the wood, therefore, he hurried into the middle of it, and then decided to take the risk of giving a low whistle. Luckily, an answering whistle came almost at once, and, going in its direction, he found Sydney on his knees at the foot of a large beech-tree.

'A lot of broken twigs down here,' said Sydney. 'Don't know if it means anything.'

But Leonard was too excited to pay much attention. 'Never mind that,' he said. 'Come along. I've found how they got out of the wood.' And, without another word, he led the way to the bend in the stream.

Then he quickly explained his discovery. 'They must have gone up the bed of the stream,' he said; and Sydney saw the force of the argument at once.

'Come along!' he cried excitedly, and, with Leonard close at his heels, he started to run along the bank, cutting off corners where it twisted and turned, and looking keenly for any break in its sides which would suggest a hidden path by which the men might finally have got out of sight. But the banks were quite unbroken, and suddenly the boys stopped in surprise.

Immediately in front of them was a corner of the garden fence, and the stream passed under it into the garden! Then it bent sharply, following the direction of the side-fence immediately between it and the lawn.

The boys looked at each other, as the same thought came to them both. The two men, crawling in the dry channel of the stream, must have reached the garden! They would have been below the surface of the ground, and must have been quite out of Leonard's sight as he sat in the rhododendron bed, although they must have passed within a few feet of him.

(*Continued on page* 166.)

THE PROUD STARLING.

OF all the speckled coster birds
I'm the 'Pearly King,'
Spangles on my breast and back,
Spangles on each wing!

Pearlies perhaps a thrush may have—
A few—upon his breast;
But look at me from head to tail,
In pearlies I am dressed!

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

VI.—WINTER SPORTS (SKATING, SKI-ING, ROLLER-SKATING, BANDY, CURLING).

WE in this country so seldom get more than a few days in the year when ice is strong enough to bear, or when the nice clean snow is lying like a white mantle over hills and dales, so that real 'winter sports,' such as skating, ski-ing, and tobogganing, cannot often be indulged in.

Other countries—such as Switzerland, Norway, and Sweden—are more fortunate in this respect, and for weeks at a stretch the bright, cold winter weather makes them ideal from the sportsman's point of view; so it is not a matter for surprise that they should provide most of the expert performers, though some of our own country-men and women are not much behind, and spend the winter months on the Continent, where they can practise every day.

Though skating is the best known of winter sports, ski-ing is undoubtedly of much greater antiquity, the ski having been in use for centuries in Northern Europe.

Most likely the nomad tribes of long ago living in the cold northern lands found that hunting over the snow was slow and tiresome work, and that the animals which they were pursuing too often managed to make their escape; so the hunters tied some form of snow-shoe or ski on to their footgear which would prevent them from sinking in the snow, and so enable them to move more rapidly, and so pursue their prey with a better chance of success. Probably the ski was worn when the tribesmen were out on wood-cutting expeditions, or even for ordinary travelling, and gradually its use was extended further and further southward.

In Norway and Sweden the ski has been extensively used for hundreds of years, and there are quaint old illustrations in existence showing ski-men hunting fearsome animals, and going into battle armed with bows and arrows, spears and clubs. These illustrations—which date from the middle of the sixteenth century—show the ski to have been of a very different shape to that in use at the present time. The early snow-shoe was doubtless a rather clumsy affair, with a tendency to slip when going downhill, so the point was turned up to avoid tripping, and we see these hunters and soldiers of bygone days wearing ski that were very short behind the foot and extremely long in front, with a pronounced curve upward.

In Scandinavia early use of ski was made by soldiers, for in 1200 we find that King Sverre formed a company of ski-men recruited from the northern districts; and at a later date—early in the sixteenth century, in 1539—the Finns are shown in a picture campaigning on ski. The famous Gustavus Adolphus used to equip his scouts with ski, and in the Danish wars sixteen Norwegians on ski are said to have driven back two hundred dragoons, owing to their ability to move rapidly, and so outmanœuvre their opponents.

In modern times most European armies have ski troops in their regular armies, and during the Great War they were often used in the mountainous regions.

As a sport, ski-ing may be said to date from about 1880, when a ski meeting was held near Christiania; and, in spite of the lack of skill of many of the competitors, a great impetus was given to the sport that has since become the national pastime. The Norwegians introduced their favourite sport to other countries—Switzerland, Germany, and Austria—and fine feats of running and jumping are performed at the various meetings.

In this country the Ski Club of Great Britain was founded in 1903, and it is interesting to note that the second oldest ski club on the Continent—excluding, of course, Scandinavia—was formed in 1903: the English Ski Club at Davos, the well-known Swiss winter resort. Scotland followed suit in 1907, and also formed a club.

The best districts for ski-running are in the North—the Peak country and the Lake District, though, through lack of snow, the sport cannot very often be indulged in. But in Scotland they are more fortunate as regards weather, and the Central Highlands are a splendid spot where enthusiasts can go.

Ski-running requires much practice, and a lot of hard work is necessary before the skill of the experienced runners and jumpers can be attained.

CURLING.

The history of curling does not go as far back as that of bowling, and where the game originated is not precisely known; but we do know that it has been played in the north of Britain for several centuries, and even in the present day is chiefly played north of the Tweed, though it has spread to other countries where there is hard-enough ice and where there are Scotsmen.

It is possible that the game originally came from the Low Countries, introduced by some of the Flemish merchants who settled in Scotland towards the end of the sixteenth century. Anyway, that it was played about that time is proved from a description of the Orkney Islands written in 1607, where it is stated that one of the islands 'supplies plenty of excellent stones for the game called curling.'

In the beginning curling was played with untrimmed boulders or granite blocks, having a hole bored through them to let in the thumb of the player; but gradually the rough stones were trimmed until eventually they were made beautifully rounded and polished, and supplied with a convenient handle, which was a great improvement, as the stones weigh from thirty-five to fifty pounds.

The Caledonian Curling Club was formed, and laid down rules that largely regulate the game, which is very similar to bowls, the stone being hurled toward the 'goal,' a small circle marked on the ice, the object being to lie on or as near this goal as is possible.

The Royal Caledonian Club—which is to curling what the M.C.C. is to cricket—has hundreds of affiliated clubs, and the players are numbered in thousands.

At curling meetings not two elevens or fifteens are on the ice, and a 'bonspiel' sees hundreds, even thousands, of players congregated; indeed, provided that there are rinks enough, there need be no limit to the number of competitors. The 'cup' goes to the club on the winning side with the largest number of shots 'up,' and goes eventually to the skip in that club whose rink has the largest majority.

It was at one time the custom to play eight men a side, each having one stone, usually of enormous size, and the game must have been a test of endurance and strength as well as skill, for some of these stones are still in existence and weigh between seventy or eighty pounds each.

Probably as much curling is played in Canada as in

Scotland, or more, and the club in Montreal was formed in 1807.

Whilst in Scotland there are clubs that have flourished over two hundred years, England did not take to the game until the nineteenth century, and it is now very popular in the Northern counties; still, it is in Scotland that the largest number of enthusiastic followers are to be found, hopefully looking forward to 'cauld cauld frosty weather,' when they can indulge in their favourite pastime.

An interesting point about curling is that it is about the only open-air game that is played without a ball.

SKATING.

Who invented skates we do not know, nor where the sport first started, but it probably reached England from the Northern countries, viâ Holland, where much skating is indulged in on the numerous canals.

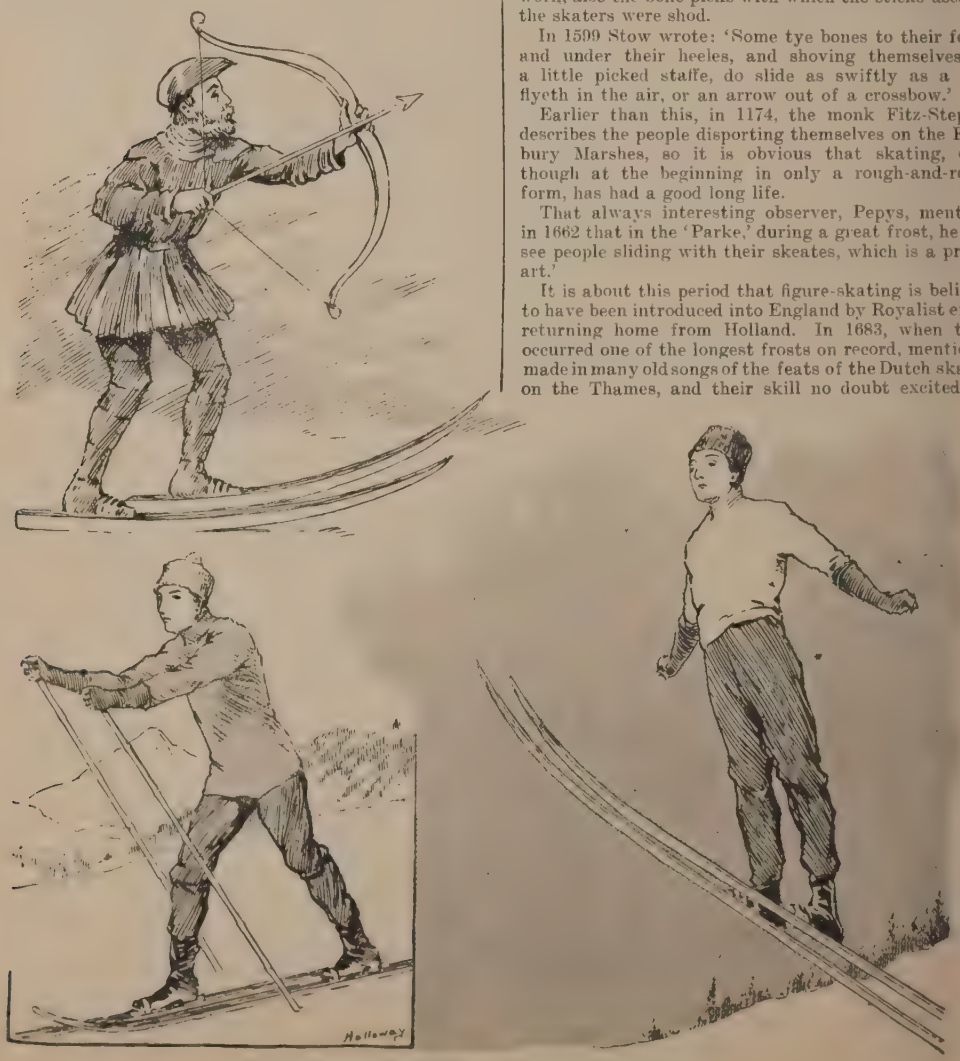
The first type of skate used was of bone, and specimens of these have been found in London during excavation work, also the bone picks with which the sticks used by the skaters were shod.

In 1599 Stow wrote: 'Some tye bones to their feete, and under their heeles, and shoving themselves by a little picked staffe, do slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a crossbow.'

Earlier than this, in 1174, the monk Fitz-Stephen describes the people disporting themselves on the Finsbury Marshes, so it is obvious that skating, even though at the beginning in only a rough-and-ready form, has had a good long life.

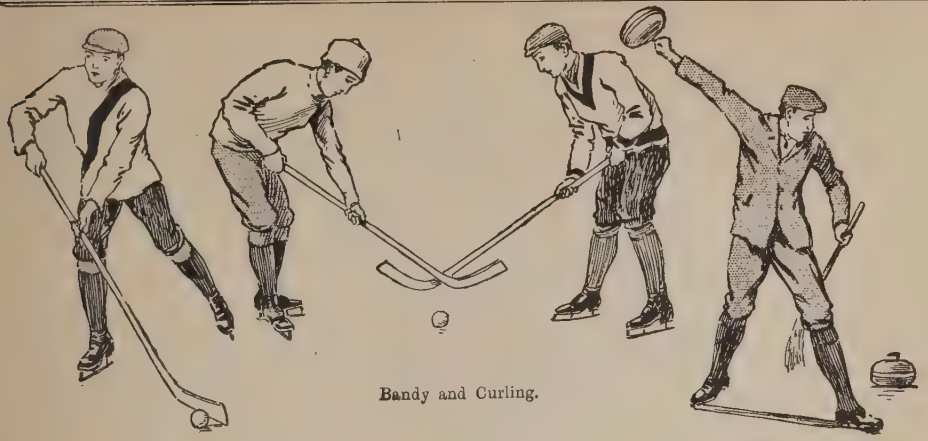
That always interesting observer, Pepys, mentions in 1662 that in the 'Parke,' during a great frost, he 'did see people sliding with their skeates, which is a pretty art.'

It is about this period that figure-skating is believed to have been introduced into England by Royalist exiles returning home from Holland. In 1683, when there occurred one of the longest frosts on record, mention is made in many old songs of the feats of the Dutch skaters on the Thames, and their skill no doubt excited the



An old-time Archer on Ski, and modern Ski-runners.

JUST IN TIME.



Bandy and Curling.

Skates and Skating through the Centuries.

admiration of English skaters, who were far less skilful on the ice.

That the pastime was still in favour a hundred years later is made clear by the fact that a *Treatise on Skating* was published in London in 1772 by an enthusiast named Robert Jones, a book that was so popular that it ran through several editions.

There are two distinct styles of skating, the International and the English. In the former all the limbs are used; in the latter they are repressed, the arms remaining immobile, with the elbows turned in.

The International style, allowing as it does the movement of limbs, is certainly far more graceful, and makes it possible to execute very difficult figures, practically impossible to accomplish in the English style.

The free-and-easy style was not well known in England until 1898, when a World's Championship meeting was held at Hengler's Circus, where the skill and grace of the Continental cracks were greatly admired.

Skating is controlled by the International Skating Union, founded in 1892, and is formed of the governing bodies from various countries. This Union has laid down fixed rules for international competitions, and has power to settle any possible disputes.

Our best skaters are usually outclassed when competing abroad, the foreign skaters being far superior, probably largely owing to the fact that they have greater opportunities for practice and training.

It is only during the last twenty-five years or so that women have become really good skaters, and they have improved to such an extent that they are now almost equal to the best of the men, and have indeed succeeded in carrying off many trophies.

When the weather persists in remaining warm and muggy, when by rights it should be clear and frosty, and when there is not a square yard of ice to be found, then the enthusiast can take his roller-skates and adjourn to some large hall where the level floor gives promise of a pleasant run.

The first roller-skate dates from 1760, and in 1819 a three-wheel type of skate was tried, without much success. In the middle of the last century a rink was made at Covent Garden, and for the first time in England roller-skating in public was indulged in. Still, it was never really popular until, in 1890, the great hall of Olympia was opened as a roller-skating rink, and since then all over the country there have been numerous rinks where the devotees of the sport could enjoy themselves.

Figure skating on rollers has never quite reached the standard attained on real ice—which is hardly to be wondered at.

BANDY.

This game is very similar to hockey as played on land, with eleven a-side and goal-posts twelve feet apart. The bandy (stick) is one-and-a-half inches in diameter, and about three-and-a-half feet long, less curved than a hockey-stick. It also differs from the latter in that both sides are flat. The cat (ball) is of rubber, the size of a tennis-ball. In order to minimise the possibility of accidents, a very excellent rule was introduced forbidding the bandy to be raised above shoulder height.

The English introduced the game into Holland in 1890, and four years later into Norway. In Switzerland it is regularly played—that fortunate country where the sportsmen can rely on weeks of bright, clear weather, with large sheets of perfect, well-kept ice, such as we over here can only dream of with longing and perhaps just a little envy. W. Herbert Holloway.

THE CULPRITS.

Do you ever lose your thimble?
Do you ever wonder why
You cannot, *cannot*, find it,
Though you try and try and *try*?

Do you ever turn your workbox
Upside down upon your knee,
Then search through everything, and sigh,
'Wherever can it be?

'I can't get on without it,
For my finger is so sore,
And it's very nearly bedtime—
Oh, I can't look any more!'

Do you ever guess the mischief
Is the work of merry gnomes,
Who wait at dusk to carry off
Their silver thimble homes?

PUZZLE MONOGRAMS: SOLUTIONS.

The names of the English towns in the Monogram Puzzle on page 148, reading from the top down the left-hand column and then similarly down the right, are: Guildford, Maidstone, Cromer, Dover, Bristol, Rugby.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 146.)

CHAPTER XV.

It was just before noon when the summons came from Surabhi. Louisa and Kadru had been ready for some time, sitting by the fountain, waiting. They had discussed Dukhi's riddle endlessly, but so far had not solved it satisfactorily.

'It sounds as if Santoo meant to throw a stone at Surabhi and kill her,' Louisa argued. 'You and I are pretty good at stone-throwing, Kadru; much better than most people. But we can't be *sure* we're going to hit what we aim at. It's Santoo being so certain that puzzled me. A stone isn't certain, now, is it?'

'In truth, no,' said Kadru. 'The child cannot have heard aright. Perhaps he pretended he had discovered somewhat because he wished to return to us. It is surprising his liking for the cat.'

'It's not at all surprising,' said Louisa, annoyed, stroking a recovered, but pessimistic, Bulbo. 'If Santoo does try to kill Surabhi with a stone, and we stop him, it will really be Bulbo who has saved her. Don't you forget.'

But there was no time to waste in squabbling with Kadru, and Louisa returned speedily to the main argument.

'I wish Mangli's wife would come,' she said. 'She might want to ask if to-day will be fortunate.'

'Perchance Santoo thinks that she who guessed his thoughts too readily once will guess them too readily again,' Kadru suggested. 'To be far-seeing is not all advantage. But it is very good to be of importance. I am glad we came to this village. In Faridpur we should have been second to my aunt. If we can save Surabhi, and also prove how worthless are Santoo and Mangli, perhaps Surabhi will give you her money and her lands instead. I had forgotten Dukhi. But, though he would be next heir, he is very young. Some one must act for him for years to come.'

'What should I have to do?' Louisa asked. Kadru knew more about village headships than did she. Such things had not interested Louisa greatly hitherto; but if she were going to rule, that was another matter. She pictured herself already graciously dispensing justice.

'The village folk would bring disputes to thee to settle. There would be revenue to collect and registers to sign,' Kadru told her. 'The headmen of villages wear signet-rings that they may set their seal to every entry in the village registers—the births, the deaths, the marriages, and such-like. Santoo doubtless wears a signet-ring already, for I know he performs such duties for his aunt. She has been too ill for some time now to play her full part.'

Kadru rose to her feet as she finished her explanation, for down the path from the house a palanquin came swaying. Surabhi had started on the journey the end of which was so uncertain. The palanquin was lacquered red; its poles were gilt; the curtains and the canopy were red and gold also. It was carried by four ancient men of Maru's generation, who would obviously be of little use in a scuffle. Behind walked Maru clad in her best. She looked anxious and careworn.

'Come,' she said to Louisa and Kadru as she passed, and from between the palanquin curtains Surabhi's small hand waved a welcome. Through the gate and down the village street, towards the peepul-tree and the well, went the little procession. Already there was a crowd at the well-head, and from it came Santoo hurrying to welcome his aunt. Louisa looked at him closely as he drew near, her own face shrouded in her *sari*.

In a sense, now that the great moment had come, she was more bewildered than she had expected. There were more people present, shifting backwards and forwards, moving incessantly. There was but a small space cleared by the well itself. Louisa had pictured Surabhi standing in the open, her supporters at her back; a crowd ringing her round certainly, but at a safe distance. For the first time, too, Louisa realised that Santoo and Mangli, though unpopular, had probably accomplices, and that to watch such accomplices also was not possible. But such reflections could not be of use; they were merely time wasted at this juncture.

'It's too late to wish that Surabhi had never come,' Louisa had to remind herself. 'You've got to do your best now, Louisa. I think you've been rather an idiot. Well, it's time to be sensible. Watch! watch! watch!'

Already the palanquin had been set upon the ground beneath the shade of the tree that overhung the well, and Maru was pulling back the curtains. She looked at her mistress, and then at Santoo, and bent and whispered in Surabhi's ear. Louisa could not hear the question, but the answer was clear.

'I will not remain in the palanquin,' said Surabhi, rising from her seat. 'Thou knowest I cannot speak very loud, and my voice will be muffled by the canopy above. All who are present must hear what I say, that afterwards they may bear witness, if necessary.'

Santoo—Louisa was sure of it—shot a quick glance of triumph at Maru. She was equally sure she had surprised a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes: horrid eyes they were, she thought, cruel and shifty. Then he offered his hand to his aunt.

'By the well thou wilt be in the very centre of the crowd,' he told her. 'Come, dear Aunt, and let me lead thee thither. We await what thou hast to say most eagerly, knowing well how generous, how just thou art.'

He had Surabhi's hand in his before Maru could interfere further, and Louisa, also powerless to intervene, followed closely. From the moment Santoo had appeared he had taken complete command of the situation; somehow she must regain it. She looked around in search of inspiration and caught sight of Dukhi. She raised her hand and beckoned to him, and he dawdled towards her, maddeningly slow. But once he was within reach she gripped him firmly. If stones were to be thrown, Dukhi should be in the line of the stone-throwers. That might give Santoo pause.

'Thou art pinching my hand,' Dukhi complained, wriggling, and Louisa shifted her grip to his wrist. It was firmer, less podgy, less liable to slip.

'You shall play with Bulbo afterwards if you're good,' she told him; and apparently the bribe was sufficient, for Dukhi ceased to struggle. Louisa looked round next for Kadru; but already she had melted into the crowd, and presumably was prowling. Then, as close to Surabhi as she could get, Louisa edged with Dukhi, captive, beside her. From right to left she kept her guard incessantly, alert for the least suspicious movement.

It was afterwards she wondered how she could have been so blind, so easily deceived, so lightly duped. She should have watched each ordinary thing, not each extraordinary. She should have guessed that thus would Santoo mask his design.

He had led Surabhi to the well-top, suiting his steps to hers. He signed to Mangli, who had brought a cushion from the palanquin, to set it on the masonry parapet.

'Rest for a moment, my aunt,' said Santoo, 'and then thou shalt address the people.'

He patted the cushion invitingly, and Surabhi looked up at him gratefully. She was trembling with excitement and weakness. She was glad indeed to rest. As she sank upon the cushion with Maru to her right, Louisa, on her left, pushed Dukhi in front of his great-aunt. Let Santoo and Mangli throw stones now if they dared. Surabhi's hand rested on the child's shoulder; his body, his head, shielded hers. She smiled at him, and then again at his father.

'I—' Surabhi began. 'I—' Her voice died away. Sideways she glanced, her eyes alarmed. *What* was happening? Was the cushion slipping from beneath her? The very well-top moving? Instinctively her hand dropped from Dukhi's shoulder to the parapet, and at the light touch, overturned the stone on which she sat—over and inwards towards the dark shaft of the well.

It happened so quickly she had no time to rise, no time to call to those who would have helped; nor had they time to grasp her peril. A moment she hung poised, then down she shot. Down—helpless, shuddering—towards the waiting depths.

(*Continued on page* 162.)

"Between the curtains Surabhi's hand waved a welcome."

"Louisa clambered into the bucket."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 159.)

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR a moment Louisa stared at the broken parapet, at the black mouth of the well beyond it. The next, she had pushed Dukhi aside, and was trying to raise her voice above a deafening clamour.

'Surabhi! Surabhi!' she called, and thought that up the well-shaft as she hung above it came the faintest answer. Then she was aware of a restraining hand on her arm, and Santoo's voice in her ear.

'Alas! wise woman,' said Santoo. 'Why dost thou call? What hope is there? She is dead already, beloved aunt. Alas! alas! how great is our loss. I will arrange for men to recover the body speedily, that we may render to it all due respect.'

Louisa did not answer, but shook off the hand impatiently. She would deal with Santoo later; for the moment he scarcely counted, save as a hindrance. She was certain he had planned the accident, but there was not even time now to accuse him. All that mattered was Surabhi. Was she still alive? Was there enough water in the well to break her fall? Could she swim if the water were deep? In the well was the answer to these questions.

Above Louisa's head was the coiled well-rope and a great leather bucket, an enormous sagging bag. She reached towards the wheel that turned the rope, and Maru, temporarily stunned, roused to help. She could see Kadru, head foremost, butting a way through the crowd.

Louisa clambered into the bucket as it drew level with the parapet.

'Let me down,' she ordered, and down into the well-shaft, dank and dark, she dropped with a clutch at the rope. So fast she was travelling, she would probably strike the water before she guessed she had reached it. The bucket might possibly hit Surabhi on the head.

'Slower, slower,' Louisa shouted, and the bucket slowed with a jerk. Two villagers were helping Maru now. Their turbans stood out against the little square of light that was all that remained of the sunshine. Louisa could see Kadru's face as well, bent above the parapet, as she searched for her mistress. It was a great relief. Kadru could be trusted to obey orders; to carry out directions implicitly.

'Kadru!' Louisa called.

'Yes,' Kadru answered eagerly.

Question and answer echoed hollowly about the well-shaft as the bucket swung within it.

A flock of pigeons—their nests were in the well-side—went swooping up and Louisa's voice rose again with them.

'Listen. I want to go down *very* slowly; and, when I tug at the rope, it means I want to stop.'

She could hear Kadru pass on her directions; then down into the depths she plunged once more.

'Surabhi, Surabhi,' she cried. 'I am coming. Are you there? Though where else she could be, I'm sure I don't know,' to herself Louisa added.

Intently she listened. There was an answering murmur she was almost certain. And, as still she strained her ears to hear, from below her came a splash, a feeble gasp. Louisa gasped too, with relief. At least, Surabhi was still alive. As Bulbo had struggled in the fountain basin, so was she struggling now. As Bulbo had been snatched to safety, so should Surabhi be snatched.

It would not be as simple a task; of that there could be no doubt. For standing-ground, Louisa had but a swaying bucket, not the firm garden path. She could not catch Surabhi by the scruff of the neck, and swing her up with one hand as she had swung the cat. A moment Louisa hesitated. Then, as she caught a glimpse of water below almost within hand's reach, she tugged at the rope; and out of the bucket she slipped, and into the well. Close to Surabhi she landed, and, in an instant, two arms were round her neck; right under the water she went, gasping and choking.

'Don't do that,' Louisa objected, as she came to the surface and prised the arms apart—their grip was but feeble. In the same moment she made a discovery.

The water was not deep; there was at least no need to swim. She was standing on the well-bottom, and both head and shoulders were clear. Beside her was Surabhi; out of her depth very likely, as she was shorter than Louisa, but buoyed up by her full skirt which had also broken her fall. Surabhi was beating feebly at the surface of the water and crying softly. She was dazed and bewildered, not more than half conscious. She did not recognise Louisa, nor grasp what her coming meant. She had merely caught at her instinctively.

'I am so cold,' moaned Surabhi, incessantly. 'So cold. So cold. I cannot breathe because it is so cold.'

Louisa, too, was already chilled to the bone. Her teeth were chattering. The well water was like ice, she thought: colder if possible. A little while, and she would be helpless also. She must act and act quickly. She drew the bucket towards her, and tipped it inwards when it had been lowered a little further.

'Catch hold of the bucket,' she told Surabhi. And, as there was no response, she caught at the feeble hands and clenched them round the bucket-edge. Mechanically they closed; that much was accomplished. Louisa put her mouth close to Surabhi's ear.

'I'm going to lift you into the bucket,' she explained, distinctly and slowly. 'You'll be drawn up to the top, and then the bucket will come back for me. Try to help when I say three. Now—one, two, *three*.'

She bent at the three, submerged for a moment, caught Surabhi around the knees and heaved her bucketwards. Away swayed the bucket promptly while Surabhi's hands slipped. She hung, a dead weight, across Louisa's shoulders. Louisa staggered and almost fell. She righted herself, panting. Surabhi might look no bigger than a child, but she felt as if she weighed a ton at least. Louisa had to lower her burden into the water beside her, right side up, steadying it with one arm, while she got her breath.

'We'll try again,' said Louisa, but again there was no answer. And now even Surabhi's faint struggles had ceased. Louisa was not sure if still she breathed.

'She's fainted anyway. She'll tumble out if she goes up alone. I'll *have* to go at the same time.' Louisa reflected. 'I hope to goodness the rope's strong enough; but we shall both be drowned if we stay here much longer.'

That drowned, in fact, they both would be seemed each moment more likely. Louisa's hands and feet were numb; her legs and arms were numbing too. And now she knew why Surabhi had gasped, as in short pants her own breath came. The water was not only icy; the air within the well-shaft was foul and heavy. Louisa's head was swimming. There was thunder in her ears.

'It's now or never,' said Louisa, and caught at the bucket again. It swayed, it bulged, it sidled from her grasp. It was possessed by a thousand demons. Now Surabhi was in; now out. Now limp and sodden she hung across the edge. Frantically, Louisa wrestled. For a moment the bucket steadied; once more she bent and lifted, exerting all her strength.

(*Continued on page* 174).

THE WORLD OF MACHINES.

By Prof. P. F. Baker.

Illustrated by T. E. Haywood.

I.—STEEL PRODUCTION. (*Concluded from page* 148.)

The Pyrometer.

TOOL-HARDENING furnaces are generally supplied with an arrangement known as a 'pyrometer.' The arrangement which is most used has two wires of different materials—one wire consisting of platinum, while the other is an alloy of two very high melting points, platinum and rhodium or platinum and iridium in the best instruments. When two such wires are joined together and the joint is exposed to a high temperature, while the other ends are connected to a sensitive galvanometer, a current will flow through the circuit and the amount of this current can be made to indicate the *temperature* of the furnace in which the hot junction is placed. This apparatus is known as a thermo-couple, and it forms the best method of measuring the temperature of a furnace (fig. 1). It is really a thermometer for measuring very high temperatures, but it is called a pyrometer.

There are other kinds of pyrometers which, however, we cannot touch upon here, except to say that some measure the heat radiated from the open furnace door, and determine its temperature thereby, while others depend upon the way in which the electrical resistance of a wire placed in the furnace increases as the temperature goes up.

Hardening the Special Steel Tool.

In hardening these tools it is very important that changes of temperature shall not be too sudden, and a furnace which has two compartments, one above the other, usually gas-heated, is generally used (fig. 2). The tool is first placed on the top of the furnace to warm up gently. It is then transferred to the upper chamber, where it becomes red hot, and reaches a temperature of about 1500 degrees Fahrenheit.

After remaining there for a short time, it is transferred into the lower chamber and heated to the correct temperature, usually 2200 degrees Fahrenheit, when it is bright yellow in colour. It is then taken out and cooled in a blast of air. Cooling in water, such as is resorted to with carbon steel, would cause cracks to be produced on account of the rapid and irregular contraction of the material. As it might still be suffering from the effects of irregular cooling, the tool is then re-heated to 500 degrees Fahrenheit in a bath of tallow or oil, which ensures that the whole of the metal is raised to the same uniform temperature, and it is allowed to cool slowly.

This process of hardening and tempering the tool has been described—although it is not universally adopted, as other methods are occasionally used—in order to indicate how accurately the operation has to be carried out if the tool is to be successful.

Performance of High-speed Tools.

When we have obtained the high-speed tool and hardened it, it requires grinding, as its shape was only approximately made by the smith when he forged the tool. When ground, the tool is used in the lathe in the ordinary way. As you will see in another chapter, practically all machine tools are provided with means whereby they can be run at various speeds. A lathe, for instance, usually has what are called 'cone pulleys' on its headstock, sometimes a three-speed cone, and in most cases is also supplied with back gear so that the mandrel can be made to rotate at any one of six or sometimes more speeds.

When we are turning articles of small diameter, or when the material which we are cutting is fairly soft, we can put a belt on to the small pulley on the headstock, and the correspondingly large one on the countershaft, and thus turn the work round at a high speed so that the surface speed at which we are cutting shall be as great as is safe for the tool; but if a large disk has to be turned, we use the large pulley on the headstock, and perhaps the back gear as well to keep the surface speed to the same as before. With ordinary tools of carbon steel, speeds of about fifteen to twenty-five feet per minute are considered a good rate of cutting.

There are cases in which, when cutting fairly hard steel, the cutting speed is reduced to five to six feet per minute, for you will realise that we have to cut hard material more slowly than soft. If, on the other hand, we are using high-speed steel, we may very much increase the speed of cutting. It is quite common to use speeds of from fifty to sixty feet per minute, and even up to eighty for some kinds of work. If you think this over you will realise that the machine is able to do two or three times as much work in the same time, when using high-speed steel, as with ordinary carbon steel tools. This does not, however, quite represent all the advantage of the special steel, for the carbon steel tool has to be taken out for grinding much more frequently than the other, and during the time that this is being done the machine is standing idle, unless, as is the case in the best works, the tool-room has a stock of tools ready to replace those which require grinding.

Sometimes tools are made of ordinary common steel, with a tip of high-speed steel just where the edge is wanted. During the war, when high-speed steel was scarce, this was almost always done.

Other Special Steels.

We have seen that the addition of some of the materials in the above lists causes the steel to be capable of being hardened and to resist loss of edge even when warm. There is, however, another important

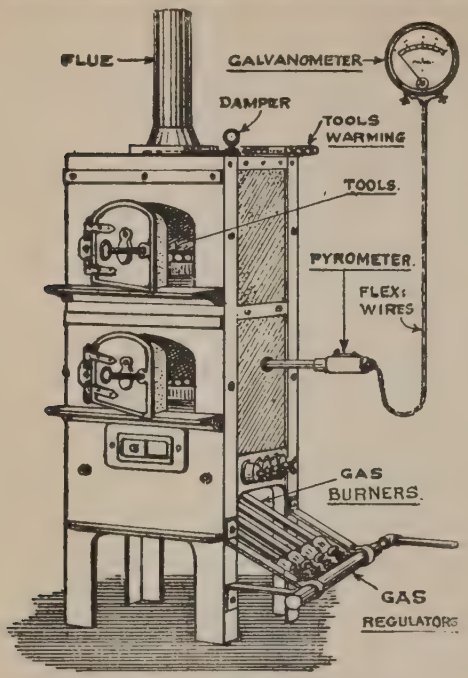


Fig. 2.

aspect of steel. For some kinds of work—indeed for most—great strength is called for.

We are apt, when we see the immense members of a great bridge, to forget that there is a limit to the load which they can carry. It is difficult to realise that the load carried by a tension member stretches it somewhat; it looks the same length, but nevertheless every load carried by any part of a structure causes it to be stretched or compressed or deformed in some other way, but the amounts are very small.

Engineers usually test samples of all the steel they use by fixing them in a machine, much like an immense weighing machine, in which they can be stretched and their behaviour noted.

Fig. 3 is a picture of such a machine. Let us try to get some idea of what happens to a piece of steel loaded in such a machine.

If we can imagine that we had a bar one inch square of steel, and that by it we could hang up various weights, we should find that with ordinary mild steel the bar would stretch slightly as we increased the weight until we got a total load of about ten tons upon it. It would, in fact, be increased by about $\frac{1}{1500}$ of its length, so that a length of 12 ft. 6 inches would have become 12 ft. 6·1 inches long—not much stretch to observe, but actually measurable. If we gently decrease this load, the bar will go back to its original length. If, however, we again increase the weight, and this time continue our loading to thirteen or fourteen tons and upwards, we shall find, if we use sufficiently accurate measuring instruments, that when we take the load off the bar again it does not go back to its original length, but has permanently stretched or taken a 'permanent set.'

The first sort of stretch, that which disappears when the load is taken off, is said to be '*elastic*'; while the permanent stretch is due to *plastic* stretching, and the load up to which the stretching is elastic is called the 'elastic limit.' It is quite unsafe to load steel beyond its elastic limit, and we usually try to avoid getting even near to it, as some accidental increase of load may damage the material and finally wreck the whole structure. If we again test the bar, we find that it ultimately breaks at a load on a square inch which is called the 'ultimate tensile strength' of the material.

As we want to be quite safe when designing bridges and roofs, or other structures which are made of steel, we calculate the load which each part will have to carry and then multiply it by a number, which depends upon the nature of the load, but which is usually three if the load is a stationary one. This number is called the 'factor of safety,' as by its use we ensure having a structure which would require three times the calculated loading to finally break it down. It makes provision for the facts that we may have under-estimated

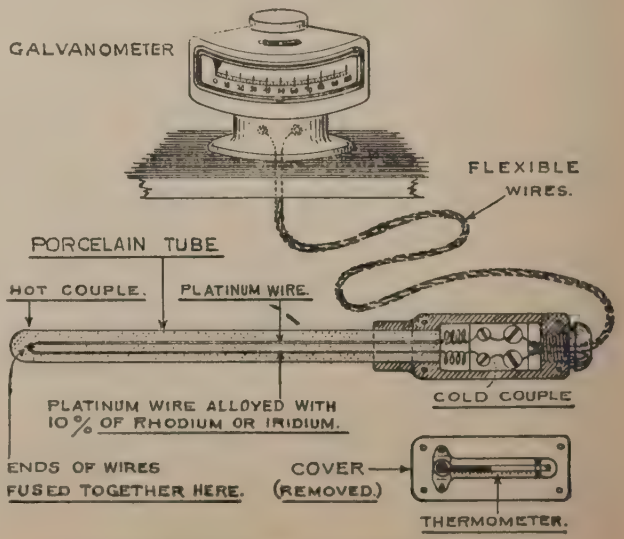
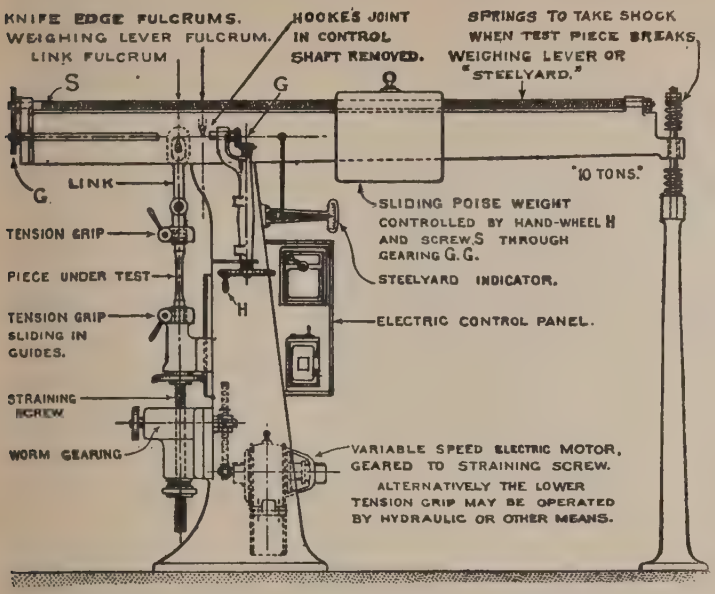


Fig. 1.



AVERY'S 10 TON ELECTRICALLY DRIVEN TESTING MACHINE.

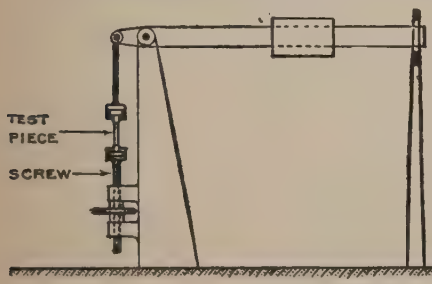


Fig. 3.

the loads which will come on at some time; the material may not all be equally good, and when the bridge gets old its material may be badly rusted and its rivets worn or corroded; but, nevertheless, the structure—bridge or roof, as it may be—will still stand up.

All these considerations lead us to limit the load on one square inch of ordinary mild steel to five or six tons; but it has been known for some years that some of the alloy steels, and par'icularly those containing nickel, have higher elastic limits and ultimate strengths than have carbon steels. Some of these alloys have been made which have given ultimate strengths of from seventy to ninety tons per square inch and upwards, as compared with about twenty for ordinary carbon steel. It is only when the material has to be used at very high loading—*i.e.*, when big loads have to be carried by small quantities of material—that these special alloys, which are known as high tensile steels, can be used, as they are much too expensive for ordinary purposes; but for parts which require extreme strength combined with lightness they are invaluable. We can only mention a few as examples. High tensile steel is much used for members of aeroplane frames, stay-wires, parts of engines either for motor-car or aeroplane, and other similar articles.

Invar.

One very interesting alloy of steel, containing nickel iron and manganese, has been introduced by a well-known French scientist, M. Guillaume. It has many interesting properties, of which the most useful is that it does not expand and contract when heated or cooled; or, rather, its expansion is so small that we may neglect it—hence its name, 'Invar'—invariable.

This makes it very valuable as a material for use in making measuring-tapes, which have to be very accurate—such as those which surveyors use when measuring a 'base line' for the start of an important survey.

We all use an instrument which requires the length of one of its parts to remain very accurately constant—the *clock*. The whole time-keeping of the clock depends upon the length of the pendulum-rod, and 'Invar' enables us to attain this result at slight cost (fig. 4).

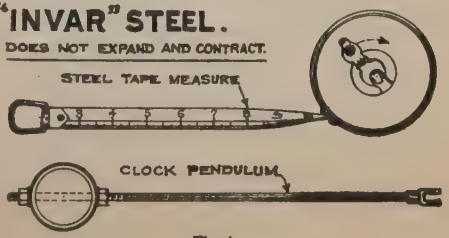


Fig. 4.

TRY TO BE THOUGHTFUL.

'OH, I do wish you would shut that door after you. If you had the toothache as I have, you wouldn't like this draught, I know!'

This was John's complaint almost every time his sister passed in and out of the room. He had caught a severe cold which had settled in his face, and had eaten too much plum pudding and was feeling heavy on the chest, and these two causes had set all his teeth aching so much that he could scarcely bear the pain. There he sat, poor boy, with his head wrapped in a warm woollen shawl, so miserable, hour after hour. He was not impatient; he tried hard to bear the pain quietly, and to make believe that it was not quite so bad as it really was; but his sister's thoughtlessness made him cross.

There she was, bustling about over this little thing and that, running in and out every five minutes or so, and never heeding her brother's request to shut the door behind her. The door opened into the garden and there was a searching east wind blowing, so that it is not to be wondered at that John should complain as he did of her thoughtlessness.

She did not intend to be unkind. She had been trying all sorts of things during the morning to soothe her brother's pain, and would have been almost as glad as himself to know that it had passed away. But then she was so thoughtless, so forgetful, and though full of good wishes for him, she seemed sometimes as though she cared nothing at all about him.

'Oh, I am very sorry,' she said in answer to his last complaint. 'I know it's very cold, but I'm not used to shutting the door, and I really think you are fretful.'

John was about to reply, but a sharper twinge than ever attacked him just then, and the words died away in a long 'Oh-oh-oh.'

Joan went into the garden to help her mother, who was hanging out some clothes to dry.

'Is John's toothache as bad as ever?' asked her mother. 'Oh, yes, Mother, it's worse I think,' replied Joan, 'and it does make him so cross. I only just left the door open a minute, and he has been grumbling at me, just as if I had done it on purpose.'

'Well, you see, it makes no difference to John's feelings whether you do it on purpose or from thoughtlessness,' replied her mother. 'The wind is just as cold, and it might make his tooth ache more, so I do not wonder at his complaining, for I'm sure you never pass in or out of that door but you leave it open behind you.'

'Well, but he knows I wouldn't do it if I thought of it,' said Joan. 'It's because I forget, that's all.'

'I know it,' said her mother. 'I know you would not do anything intentionally to make the pain worse. So much trouble is caused by carelessness; children and grown-up people are few who do things deliberately to cause pain.'

'But how can you always think of such little things as these?' said Joan.

'You can learn to be kind in the same way that everything else has to be learnt,' replied her mother, 'by trying. Of course, if you make up your mind not to try, it won't be done, and when you are a big girl, no one will love or care for you, because you care for yourself more than any one else.'

Let's hope that Joan learnt to be a thoughtful girl, trying to do some kind action each day, and so follow in the splendid footsteps of the Scouts and Guides.

ST. SWITHIN.

SWITHIN was a Bishop of Winchester when Alfred the Great was a little boy. He had been chaplain to King Egbert, Alfred's grandfather, and tutor to Ethelwulf, his father—who thought so highly of him that he made him his Chancellor, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester. He took charge of Alfred's education, and, when Ethelwulf sent Alfred as a little boy on a visit to Rome, it was Swithin who was chosen to accompany him.

He made a special request to be buried in the churchyard of Winchester. This was done, although King Egbert had prepared a splendid shrine for his remains in the Cathedral. But years afterwards, when his name had been entered in the calendar as a saint, it was decided to move his bones to this shrine. All arrangements were made for this to be done on July 15th, but, when the day came, there was such a downpour of rain that nothing could be done. For weeks afterwards the rain continued in such quantities that it was forty days before the removal of the bones could take place. This is said to be the origin of the old tradition, that if it rain on St. Swithin's Day it will rain for forty days after, or if it be fine on that day there will be forty fine days to follow.

WAITING.

I WISH I had a dolly like my cousin,
With jointed arms and legs, and eyes that close;
Of course I've three or four or half-a-dozen
Of those

With china arms and legs and heads and shoulders,
And sawdust bodies, flat, and shaped all wrong;
But every time I have the luck to hold hers,
I long

To have a dolly dimpled like a baby,
With lashes you can brush, and teeth that show;
How hard it is to wait for birthdays, maybe
You know!

LILIAN HOLMES.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. BELTON COBB,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 154.)

QUICKLY climbing the fence, the boys hurried on across the smooth lawn beside the stream. Then Sydney cautiously dropped on to his hands and knees and signed to Leonard to do the same.

'Proves that they must have gone to the house, anyway,' he whispered, and Leonard began to wonder whether he could have been wrong about Mr. Ross after all. 'Let's go on,' he suggested, and then as they crawled forward he realised that the stream was still following the line of the fence at the edge of the garden, while the house was a considerable distance away on the left. Looking ahead, he saw immediately in front of them a light, and suddenly he caught Sydney by the shoulder.

'The stables,' he whispered. 'That light comes from the little cottage. Don't you see? We aren't going to the house at all.'

Sydney looked as Leonard pointed, and saw the outline of the white-painted cottage directly ahead. The stream continued at their right, and it looked as if it would pass on the right of the cottage also.

'There's a light in the cottage,' said Leonard. 'Someone's there. We'll have to be jolly careful, or they'll see us.'

Sydney looked down at the stream below them and considered their position. It seemed pretty dangerous. No wonder the men had wanted to keep in the bed of the stream, well out of sight. Certainly the safest place! And then he wondered if it would not be worth while to follow exactly in their footsteps, in spite of the fact that the channel was now a torrent. Turning, he caught Leonard by the sleeve, and pointed silently at the stream. Then he crawled to the bank, sat for a second with his legs over its edge, and dropped as quietly as he could until his feet touched the bottom.

He was surprised at the force of the stream as the water broke against his legs, and he realised that crawling through it was going to be uncommonly hard work. Besides, the stones underfoot were loose and slippery and it was difficult to get much of a foothold. Still, they were out to find those men, and they seemed to be well on the track; so that after all nothing else was of much account.

By this time Leonard was in the channel behind him, and with a hand on either bank they started forward. Small stones, caught by the force of the water, were hurled against their legs, and they stumbled frequently on the uneven bed of the stream, but a few yards brought them level with the front of the cottage and then, looking ahead up the stream, Sydney could see the garden fence turning to the left and marking the end of the garden close behind the cottage and stables; while the stream passed again under it and continued on the hillside.

But it did not seem likely that the men had simply gone into the open up Wirdfell, and anyway it was no use exploring in that direction. Much better to get out of the channel and have a look at the house, although for that matter it now seemed equally likely, at the least, that the men might have gone into the cottage.

Leonard had already clambered on to the bank, and Sydney soon joined him in the narrow space between the stream and the side wall of the building. The position was too risky for them to talk, and without a word Sydney again took the lead. He peered round the corner of the wall until he could see the cottage door. It was closed, but beyond it he could see the window with the light that they had previously noticed. If only he could get to that window he might be able to see into the room. If the two men were there now, he might hear them talking and learn something that would point to the solution of the mystery. He could, of course, easily crawl round and try his luck, but then Leonard would come too; and if they had to get away in a hurry they would probably fall over each other and get caught. Much better if Leonard would stay where he was and let him go on alone.

He turned round, deciding to risk a whisper in the hope of persuading Leonard to do so, but at that very moment he heard a sound at the cottage; the scraping of a foot, and then the creak of an opening door.

CHAPTER X.

SYDNEY'S heart beat fast with excitement. What would happen if some one came out of the cottage? They were in a tight corner and it seemed impossible that they should escape detection. Besides, it was only too possible that they had been overheard as they climbed up from the stream, and in that case they would have little chance of escaping. The cottage wall was on their right, the stream with the fence beyond it on their left, while the fence also practically cut off their retreat. Even if they could manage to slip round at the back of the cottage inside the fence, there wasn't much chance of their both being able to get out into the open without being caught.

But there was little time to think of plans of escape, for the creak of the door was followed at once by the sound of footsteps in front of the cottage. Signing to Leonard to keep close to the wall, Sydney pressed himself into what seemed a darker patch of shadow, and then tried to hold his breath as he heard a footstep unmistakably closer. It was certain then that whoever had left the cottage had turned to the left and was almost at the end of the front wall. One more step and the last chance that the boys had of not being seen would surely be gone.

As they waited tensely in the darkness, quick thoughts ran through their minds. Sydney decided that if he was discovered he would make a sudden dash forward, hitting out with both fists, in the hope that in the moment of surprise he would be able to win his way out into the open garden; while Leonard, crouching behind him, was busy with the realisation that whatever might be the result of the adventure, they were at any rate about to reach the solution of the mystery. They would discover for certain whether the two men whom he had followed on the earlier night had really gone into the cottage rather than to the house, and if that was proved, it would settle even Sydney's doubts about Mr. Ross.

But their thoughts were cut short by a sudden noise immediately in front. Two figures appeared for a second silhouetted against the sky, and then the boys saw first one man and then another jump across the stream, climb over the fence, and start running at full tilt towards the wood.

Sydney turned excitedly to Leonard. 'They've gone!' he cried. 'Come on, we must follow,' and he jumped to his feet and turned towards the stream.

'Half a minute!' cried Leonard. 'We'd much be ter go straight down the garden. Ever so much quicker, you know, and there's no more chance of their seeing us.'

Sydney hesitated. 'We'd be seen from the house, though,' he said. 'Ross might see us.'

'That wouldn't matter,' protested Leonard. 'This clears Ross, anyhow. I'm certain those are the two men I saw the other night. Come along.'

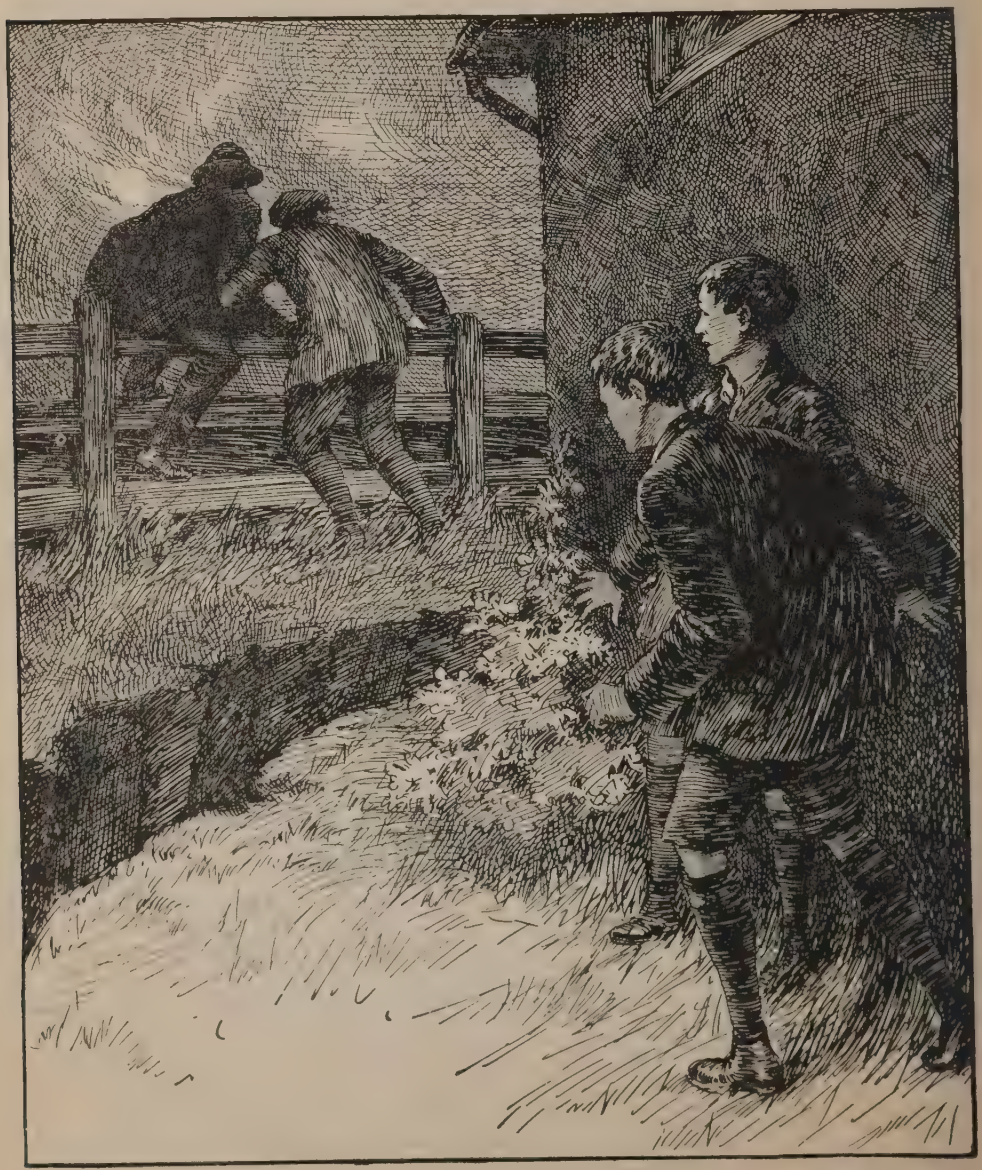
And leading the way, he ran swiftly across the lawn. They reached the fence together and waited a second to get their breath before climbing over it.

'Where did they go?' panted Leonard.

'To the boat, of course,' answered his brother, and then he ran on among the trees. But as they neared the Wirdstone, Leonard reached out a hand and caught Sydney by the shoulder.

'Steady,' he whispered. 'Don't go too far. Let's see what they are doing.'

(*Continued on page* 170.)



"Two figures appeared for a second silhouetted against the sky."

"The man was already aboard, handling the sculls."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 167.)

LEFT to himself, Sydney would have run straight to the shore and have tried to prevent the men from launching the boat; but he realised that he hadn't much chance of doing that, and that the best game was still to keep a watch on the men, make certain where they were going, and then try to catch them at a disadvantage.

Standing in the shelter of the last trees, therefore, the boys looked ahead. Close to the water's edge they could see the skiff, already half afloat. Then they had their first clear view of the two men. One was sturdy and thick-set, a man of forty or fifty; while the other could not have been older than nineteen.

The man was already aboard, handling the sculls, while the youth was in the act of pushing the bow from the sand.

'Give her a shove,' they heard the man say in a thick, gruff voice, and a second later the youth had climbed in over the gunwale, and the boat was being pulled away from the shore.

Sydney suddenly felt that they had lost a splendid opportunity. 'Pity we didn't go on and stop them, you know,' he said.

'Rather not,' said Leonard. 'We know where they come from now, and they still don't know we are watching them. Of course, we can go for them any time we like. The question is, where have they gone now?'

'To the tunnel, of course,' suggested Sydney.

'Then,' said Leonard, 'they can't know that it is flooded. Wonder what they'll do when they get there and find it under water! I vote we go back to the Nab and wait over the mouth of the tunnel. Then we'll hear what they say, and with any luck we'll find out what they are looking for.'

But Sydney, for once, was more cautious than his brother, and insisted that they should wait among the trees until the boat was round the corner of the Nab.

'If we go into the open now,' he said, 'the chap that's rowing is certain to see us.'

Already they could see the boat, dark against the water, with its head towards the island, and in a few minutes they watched it pass out of sight, close to the cliffs below the Signal Tree. Then they ran at once, past the Wirdstone, and along the sand to the beginning of the Ridge where they had left the towels and buckets. Sydney began hurriedly to undress, packing his clothes into the bucket as he took them off.

'Better make sure they have gone to the tunnel,' suggested Leonard, 'and not straight on down the lake. We could see it coming if we went on a bit.'

But Sydney refused to wait. They had let the men get a considerable distance ahead, and he meant to be above the tunnel-mouth before they disappeared into it. That was the only way to discover anything more, and there was still the question of why they went to the tunnel by night to be solved. Precious little time to waste, because the boat must already be coming round the head of the island.

'You'll waste more time if you get your clothes off and the boat hasn't gone to the tunnel at all,' insisted Leonard. 'We might have to chase it right down to the foot of the lake. I'm going to make certain, anyhow.' And, as Sydney put the last of his things into the bucket, Leonard ran farther along the shore.

Sydney waded into the water, grasping his bucketful of clothes, and hoping that this time he would be able to manage the swim without getting everything soaked. A pity that Leonard always wanted to make so jolly sure about things before doing them! Awful waste of time! Now he would probably miss the show and turn up too late to hear anything at all. Of course you couldn't wait for a fellow like that!

Keeping the bucket, more successfully this time, above the lake, Sydney swam till he reached the end of the Ridge. It was too dark to see very far, but the mouth of the tunnel was not far away on his right, and he felt certain he would have been able to see something if the boat had been already there. Holding on to the ridge with one arm, he listened carefully, but could hear nothing. Still, it was pretty certain that the men would manage to row without making a row, and for that matter they might have muffled the sculls.

He climbed on to the Ridge, clambered up the slope and turned to the right, across the top of the island, to the cliff which contained the mouth of the tunnel. Looking over, he could faintly see the hook at the end of the chain, hanging over the edge of the rock that made the floor of the tunnel. But certainly there was no boat tied to it. The men must be rowing pretty carefully. Of course that proved all the more how anxious they were not to be discovered. But it could not be long now before they arrived, and he decided to make the most of the time, in order to get into some clothes.

Quickly he got into shirt, trousers, and boots, crouching as he dressed at the edge of the cliff, so that he could keep a constant watch on the mouth of the tunnel and the corner of the island round which the boat would have to come. But nothing came into sight, and gradually he began to feel alarmed. Suppose Leonard had been right, after all! That would be a nice sort of sell! If the boat had kept on, after passing the end of the Nab, and had gone towards the foot of the lake, Leonard would by this time be keeping pace with it along the shore; while he, even if he went back at once and ran all the way, would have lost an enormous lot of ground.

Leaving the bucket and his coat on the ground, he ran to the corner of the island, so that he could look down on the water to the left. But the boat was nowhere in sight. It seemed impossible that it could have taken all this time to get round the head of the Nab, but there was of course just a chance that it was still there, waiting for some reason or other before coming round to the tunnel. Easy enough, at any rate, to find out, and at a run he set off across the island in the direction of the Signal Tree.

(*Continued on page* 183.)

THE BEE IN HIS BONNET.

COLIN was the most absent-minded boy alive. He forgot to wait for his change at the sweet-shop; he did not remember to come in for his meals; he sang loudly in church when every one else was silent and sitting down. He wore his Scotch bonnet with his

Eton suit, and his topper with his Highland costume; his freaks and blunders were never ending—it was no wonder that his brothers and sisters poked fun at him all day, while his old nurse used to speak of him, with a sorrowful shake of her head, as 'Master Colin, poor thing!'

But for all that Colin was no fool by any means. When his class were taken in General Knowledge, he rose to the top in one bound. Indeed, by right of his brains, he should have been head boy of the preparatory school, had he not been held back by the bad marks he received for lateness and inattention, and the mislaying of his possessions and goods.

It was the long summer holidays, and Colin and his cousins were going to a picnic in a quaint old village in the Derbyshire Peak.

Colin was not at all anxious to go. He had got a dreadful headache, though it had not occurred to him to mention it, and the thought of the nice empty library, with no one to disturb him with the new magazines, was far more tempting than the rackety journey, the long trudge, and the noisy family party amongst the moors. Still, there was no help for it; Aunt Susie would not leave him behind, and he had to go.

They were to travel by the train, and change at Miller's Dale, and the first thing that Colin did was to fling his return ticket out of the railway carriage window instead of the peel of the banana which he had been eating; and at the junction his wits went out for a walk again, and he left the lunch-basket behind on the bookstall.

They were near their journey's end when the sad loss was discovered. There was a handsome pork pie in that basket, cold chicken, a chocolate cake, piles of ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. It was to have supplied them all day, and no food half so good was to be bought at the wayside station, nor at the scattered hill-farms.

It was no wonder Colin immediately became unpopular with the rest of the party, and as they wound their way down the river valley that wandered through the tangle of heather-clad hills, he walked on ahead, feeling as cross as two sticks, and pretending not to hear the unpleasant remarks that the wind wafted to his ears—'Such a softy, muffs everything. Wish we had never brought him—spoilt the whole picnic.'

(*Continued on page* 190).

THE DAFFODIL.

YOUNG Flitwing, a fairy, stole out of the wood,
Where he'd lived all the winter—as fairy folk should;
In search of adventure he wandered until he
Discovered a yellow-fringed daffydowndilly.

'Oh, ho! I must rest! I've a notion,' said he,
'This yellow-fringed flower grew expressly for me.'
So he climbed its green stem, and inside it he crept,
And there, like a top, the adventurer slept.

A little brown bee soon appeared in the border
Where Flitwing the fairy was sleeping, in order
Her small empty sack with fresh honey to fill;
And she travelled in haste to the daffodil.

'Oh, ho! What a prize! I've a notion,' said she,
'This yellow-fringed flower grew expressly for me;
I shall find, in its cellar, sweet honey galore'—
And she gleefully crept through its wide-open door.

Next into the garden came mischievous Billy,
And snapped off the yellow-fringed daffydowndilly.
'My favourite flower is a daffy,' said he;
'This *must* have been growing on purpose for me.'

'*Buzz, buzz!*' cried the bee, 'little thief, little thief,
He's stolen my honey, and left me a leaf.'
A sleepy voice rose from the ground: 'I declare he
Has toddled off home with my bed,' cried the fairy.

A knowing old elf, who had watched the commotion
From under a toadstool, exclaimed, 'I've a notion—
Though snapping off blooms is a sin without pardon—
A daffy in hand is worth two in the garden.'

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

VI.—LIGHT AND SHADE.

AT last the little stage is built, and so we make our bow as builders while we change our parts to reappear again as artists, property men, and lighting experts. As we pause for a moment with our theatre fixed up before us, and look through the opening of the stage-front, we can picture in our minds the wonderful scenes we are now to make, and almost see our little actors strut the boards and clash their cardboard swords in mimic combat. But while we dream we make no progress, and there is still a good deal to be done before the looked-for 'opening day' arrives. There is this, however, to be said of the work now before us, that it is all along a pleasant way, and every step we take and everything we do will take us most appreciably nearer to our goal. So, as Kingsley says, we will 'Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,' and, tucking up our sleeves, bend to the task once more. This time we get our first touch of colour into the show in the shape of the screens and scenes for the shadow show. You will remember that is has been shown (page 107) how necessary it is for the scenes and actors in the shadow show to be kept quite close against—practically touching—the shadow scene, so that no light may filter through and spoil the sharpness of the shadows. For that reason we have done away with a single 'main' screen as is commonly used in 'shadows,' and shall now fix a thin linen or paper screen (the white screen) to every scene we make (fig 2). This will serve another purpose as well as being a screen, in that it will help to protect the fine-cut edges of the scenery from being broken about when in use.

Now there are two kinds of screens we shall make, the FRONT screen, and the COLOUR screen. The Front screens being the most important we will make these first, so get some nice strong cardboard in length exactly the width of the proscenium (seventeen inches) and cut to fit into the sliding passage you have made for that purpose on your theatre front (see page 107). The width at this passage should be somewhere about eight and a quarter inches, so that what is required is a card seventeen inches long and eight and a quarter inches wide to slide easily in one end and

out at the other of the shadow passages (fig. 1). All the screen cards will be the same size as this for both front and colour screens. Mark along on this card, at

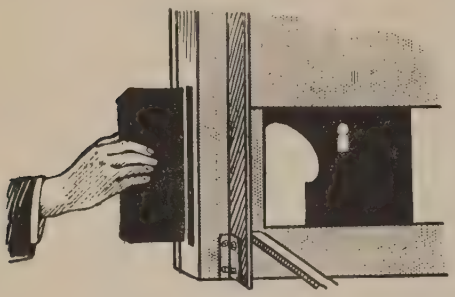
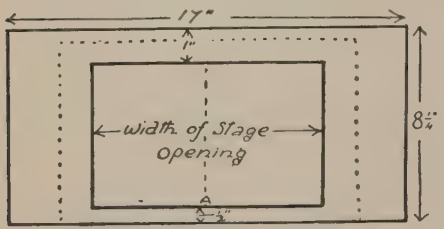
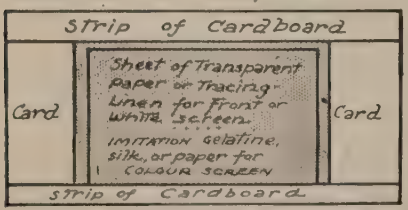


Fig. 1.—The Front Screen.

eight and a-half inches, the centre line (fig. 2, A). Then from the bottom edge upwards half-an-inch, and from the top edge downwards one inch. Between these points draw out a rectangle the same size as the stage-front opening (ten inches by seven inches). Now the



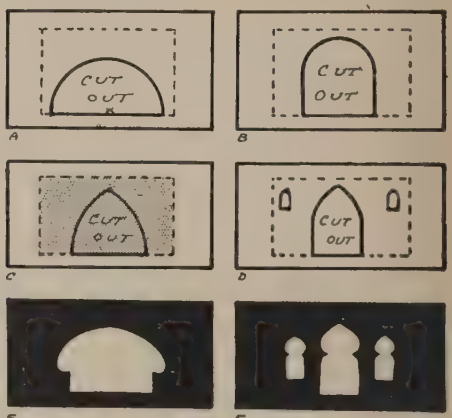
1 First stage of White or Colour-Screen. Dotted lines show size of screen sheet.


Strip of Cardboard
Sheet of Transparent Paper or Tracing Linen for Front or White Screen.
Imitation Gelatine, silk, or paper for Colour Screen
Card
Card
Strip of Cardboard

2 Completed Screen before it is painted FLAT BLACK

Fig. 2.—The White Screen.

scene itself must come within that opening space—unless, of course, you make a panoramic scene, which is simply an extra long scene, and a good plan to strengthen the scene card is to glue another layer of card all round the outer edges of the card, taking care not to encroach upon the space marked out for the opening or scene, as the case may be, when you have cut these stripes put them by in readiness for when the scene has been cut out and the white screen fixed. And now for some scenes. Some theatres keep what are known as 'stock' scenes, country views, rooms, &c., that can be used in a great variety of occasions and serve a number of plays. Upon this idea of universal scenery we shall do well to model our own, that is to say, a few archway



Dotted lines represent the paper or linen screen fixed on AFTER the arches have been cut carefully out when finished. the scene must be painted FLAT Black on BOTH sides

Fig. 3.—Various Screen Outlines.

and window screens will make up any number of scenes and a single 'desert' will serve a multitude of plays. So let us commence with archways, of which a great variety are at our command. In fig. 3 we have some of these different kinds illustrated for us to copy. In A, we have the simplest form of all, the semi-circle drawn by means of a compass with the centre-point at X (on the bottom line of the opening marks) and the radius just whatever size we wish it. In all these curves and circles it is not only quicker but more accurate to use the compasses as much as possible. Fig. 3, B, shows a similar circular arch to A, but higher at the sides; this represents a Norman Archway; C is a pointed arch; D, a taller variety with two side windows cut out of the card to do duty for a mediæval scene or Early English doorway; E and F are Oriental arches for fairy plays and pantomimes. After arches come windows, doorways, pillars, and landscapes, some examples of which are shown in fig. 4. A and B show two house and shop fronts, C and D two pillar types suitable for classical scenes, E is a desert scene with palm-trees, and F an ordinary country lane. In all these scenes the great thing is to keep them as simple as possible without a lot of intricate cutting out and flimsy little bits of card

that break off as soon as they are used. Show as much 'floor space' as possible. The country lane (F) can easily have a little too much hedge in it and hide the feet of the characters to a certain extent if overdone; but you will soon get into the way of selecting suitable designs for scenes, and a good plan is to have a blank screen and work out your own ideas by means of loose parts, pillars, trees, stairs, &c.: then when you have decided on a design, cut one out properly on a card. Do not have a lot of loose properties for the shadow show—it will only cause confusion; keep as much as possible to just the two screens, front and colour, and the characters.

Reference was made, a little while back, to the white screen which every front scene will take. This, as the illustrations show (fig. 2), consists of a sheet of either strong semi-transparent paper or tracing linen, the latter being by far the better of the two, as it is not liable to get holes broken in it, and also because its pale bluish tint serves to neutralise the tendency to 'yellow' things that artificial light always has. As soon as the scene is cut out (using, of course, the stencilling knife we learnt to make in Chapter II. to do all the fine work

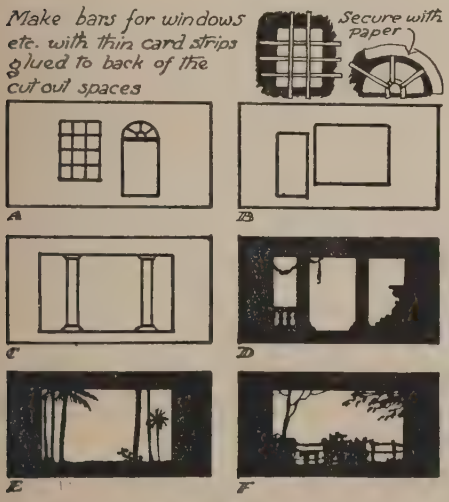


Fig. 1.—A few Scenes.

and resting the card on to another thick card while we cut—to save the table) we must fix our sheet of linen to it with thin strong glue, then over it glue down the strips of strengthening card as shown in fig. 2 and spoken of in the early part of this article. When this is done put the scene under some heavy weight—a pile of big books—to set hard, and leave it for about twelve to twenty-four hours, and after this, paint the whole of the cardboard parts of the scene, back and front, with Dead Berlin Black or Flat Black paint, which you can get at any oil-colour shop. This completes the scene, but we must take great care when painting not to get any of the black on to the white screen and also to wash the

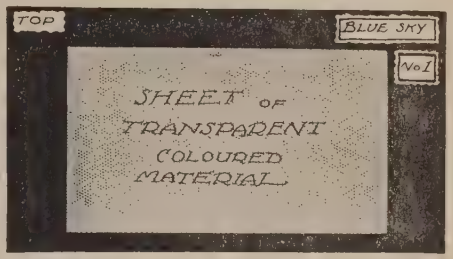


Fig. 5.—A Colour Sheet.

brush out in turpentine when we have finished with it; otherwise it will dry hard and stiff and so become useless.

So much for the front screens and their black and white effects. We now turn to our second set, the colour screens, which are designed especially to cast a tone of one or many colours on to the scene, to give the effect of evening sunset or deep blue sky, of moonlight night or shaded room. By means of these colour screens we can obtain an enormous number of wonderful effects. Their name is legion, for once we get into the way of making them we shall be experimenting with every kind of transparent substance we can lay our hands on, just to see what new and strange effects we can obtain.

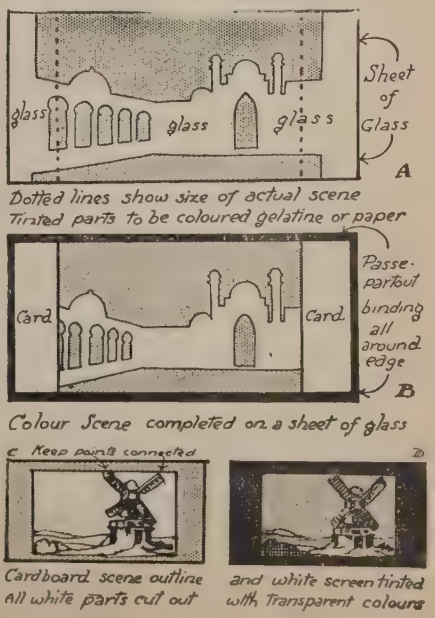


Fig. 6.—How to make the Colour Screens.

As the method of making these colour screens is practically identical with that employed in producing the front screens, it will be unnecessary to go over it all in detail again.

All that is done is to cut the card the same size, cut out the 'opening' space (fig. 2), and after fixing the sheet of coloured material over the frame, glue the strengthening strips of card around the edges, paint it all dead black and finally stick little labels on one side with the number of the scene and the exact tone or effect of lighting that the screen conveys which will help in the handling of the scenes and save time when the show is 'on' (fig. 5). It is the sheets of colour that are the most important now, and as regards these every one is at liberty to use what he or she thinks most fit. Brilliant-hued, semi-transparent silk is a splendid thing to get some effects, and it can be made even more transparent by being painted over with the mixture of canada balsam and benzole previously mentioned, or even canada balsam alone diluted with turpentine will do, and one can always get the balsam at almost any chemist's. Strong, coloured tissue paper makes a good tone screen, but, of course, it is so easily broken; yet, at the same time, it is a good plan to keep a sheet or two always handy to use in an emergency. This can also be treated with the canada balsam and so rendered more effective.

The greatest colour-filter is, however, gelatine, thin sheets of which, in almost every imaginable colour, can be obtained through most stationers; and there is an imitation celluloid sold by Kettle's, of Oxford Street, in sheets at twopence per sheet, that gives most wonderful effects of colour.

The use of celluloid is, however, not to be greatly recommended, because of its inflammable nature and the dangers arising from it. But this imitation celluloid is not nearly so easily 'fired,' and, if set alight, only burns very slowly.

Another method is to colour sheets of fine linen with transparent paint, such as is used in tinting lantern-slides. One need never be at a loss to get coloured effects, and it is possible to get quite a lot of useful material from things that other people throw away.

Many bon-bons and packets of sweets are still wrapped in gelatine of all colours, and these small pieces are extremely useful for detail work. The plain white-front screen you have made to experiment on will also be handy here to test the transparency and colour of materials before using them by simply holding them up to the light, close against the white screen, and between the light and the screen, and watching the effect of their colours on the screen. If their colours show dull through the white, you may consider them as being useless.

There is, however, apart from the ordinary plain colour-screen another type of colour-screen that is a little more difficult to make, but is extremely delightful in its effects when made. This consists of a simple picture-scene, such as sky and desert, or even a distinct view made up entirely in coloured materials, which, when in use, is cast on to the white-front screen with beautiful effect. In doing this the great thing to remember is that all parts of the scene that are to represent white objects—walls, arches, &c.—must be left BLANK on the colour-screen: that is to say, you stick colours on where colour is needed, but nothing at all where the picture is white. In fig. 6 is shown how this is accomplished on a sheet of glass cut to the same size as the screen-cards ($17 \times 8\frac{1}{4}$), and strengthened at each end by means of strips of cardboard, and its edges bound with passe-partout picture-binding. All the little doorways and windows are simply stuck on to the glass in the position required, and a good plan in doing these scenes is to make an outline drawing of the scene required to be made on a sheet of white paper; then lay the glass over this sketch, and stick all the bits of coloured stuff exactly over their positions as shown in the drawing.

Another method—which is somewhat tedious in comparison to the one just mentioned—is to draw the picture out on a card, then paint all the outlines strongly in with black, after which you cut away all the white parts, stick a white-paper or linen screen over the whole, and then tint in the coloured parts as required on the white screen with transparent colours (fig. 6, c, d). A third method, simpler than both the previous ones, is to make a white screen, paint an outline scene on it in strong jet-black, and then colour, on the *opposite side* of the screen to the outline, just whatever colours are needed in slide-tinting colours.

So much for all these scenes for our shadow-show. We can now make as many as we like, and choose our own subjects. In passing, however, it will be as well to state that these sheets of silk or gelatine, or whatever material we use, will readily 'mix' their colours; in other words, if we have no purple, we can make some by using a blue and a red sheet together, or green with blue and yellow, or orange with yellow and red, and even deeper or fancy colours by this method of overlapping or mixing. Then as regards fixing the gelatine, &c., do not use a lot of wet glue when sticking down the edges of the sheets, as too much wet will cause the stuff to 'cockle' or wrinkle up and spoil the whole job, for gelatine is easily affected by the damp. Use very little and very 'dry' glue or tube glue; put it on the card, and not on the gelatine; lay a weight on when finished, and the job is done.

H. W. Whanslaw.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 163.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THEY were in the bucket, both of them. How they had got there Louisa did not know. Surabhi lay curled at the bottom; she herself was clinging, spider-like, to rope and bucket-edge. She gave a warning tug. Would it be sufficient for a signal? She had no voice left. Perhaps the bucket would go down, not up. In suspense she waited.

The bucket was moving. Up it went—then down a fraction as the extra weight told. Up, then down again; a sickening see-saw. Now it was rising once more; but slowly, frightfully slowly. Was it fifteen feet only to the well-top? Or was it fifteen miles? It was fifteen miles, of course. Louisa's clutching hands gave a little. If she dropped, then Surabhi dropped too; that, vaguely, she realised. Louisa dug her teeth into the rope. They were not numb. They, at least, would hold if her fingers failed her.

Up, up. Inch by inch. The fluttering pigeons were like Mrs. Barrington's. Louisa closed her eyes; their wings beat in her face. Was Bulbo down the well-shaft? Was she back in the pigeon-house? And what a funny noise the pigeons made. They had voices like Kadru's. Now they were trying to tear her hands apart; then on the ground she found herself lying, gasping, blinking in the sunlight. Above her was the sky; around the open air. Beneath her was the well and all its terrors. She raised herself on her elbow and caught sight of the staring, whispering crowd; and, in the foreground, Surabhi, stirring feebly in Maru's arms. If Surabhi could move, she was not dead. She was alive. She was safe.

'*That's* all right,' croaked Louisa—most of her voice was still astray, apparently. 'If I'd had all that trouble just for nothing it *would* have been annoying.'

'Annoying?' Kadru grunted, indignantly, as she rubbed Louisa's hands and feet deftly. Already, they were almost warm. 'And what if thou hadst died? 'Twas a man's work, not a woman's. In any case thou shouldest have waited for me.'

Louisa merely blinked and smiled in answer. She was too pleased with her success to argue, and Kadru knew quite well that to wait had not been possible. Every second had been important. Louisa stretched contentedly. It was good to lie in the blazing sunshine while her clothes dried rapidly. It was good to feel that she had defeated Santoo and Mangli. She wondered, idly, what they were thinking; how they were facing their defeat. She glanced sideways at the parapet. It would repay examination she was certain. Later, she would examine it, but now she only wanted to rest. To rest and to feel nicely alive, that was quite sufficient.

'You might rub harder,' she suggested to Kadru, and stretched again luxuriously. Her finger-tips touched Dukhi. He had been inspecting his great-aunt. But Surabhi was reviving very slowly, she had not opened her eyes as yet. As a spectacle she was not exciting. Dukhi had crept close to Louisa, therefore, and was examining her intently. Something in his expression disturbed her somewhat.

'Go away,' Louisa told him. 'I can't be bothered with you now.'

'But I like looking at the wise woman,' Dukhi protested. He cocked his head to one side. 'She is so different from what she was before. Her hair was grey; it is a nasty brown. Hast thou magic hair, wise woman? Does it often turn a new colour? Then, why not have hair that is prettier? Something to be proud of.'

Louisa sat up abruptly, and pulled her *sari* more closely about her head and face. It had slipped back almost to her neck. How much had she betrayed? How much of her disguise had been destroyed by her prolonged bath in the well-water? She looked round quickly for Santoo and Mangli. They were hovering near Surabhi in the forefront of the crowd, questioning Maru who paid no attention to them. They did not seem to be interested in Louisa's appearance. Quite possibly Dukhi was alone in his discovery. He must be satisfied at once, and silenced, for already his shrill voice was rising again.

'The skin of the wise woman is paler too,' he announced. 'It is now a dirty yellow. Alack, what waste and what stupidity. If I could change my skin and hair, I would choose better.' He paused to consider. 'I would have blue skin and pink hair,' Dukhi decided. And, at that, Louisa caught at him and drew him nearer.

'Hush,' she whispered softly. 'Be careful—*very* careful. Thou hast seen a great mystery. Such things must not be mentioned because . . . because of Bulbo.' Louisa was inspired to add; and Dukhi's gasp told her that at least she had impressed him. He wriggled loose, and retreated to a safer distance, while Kadru glared at him indignantly and then, in turn, looked closely at her mistress.

'It is true, Miss Sahib,' she acknowledged. 'Thou wast so long in the water, no dye could withstand it completely. Thy hair is washed and thy colour paler. I had not noticed before. That thou wast alive was enough. I was too glad to notice more.'

'I wonder what I looked like when I first came up from the well? Had my *sari* fallen back? Do you remember?' Louisa asked. She looked at her hands, which were certainly much paler.

'I am not sure,' Kadru confessed. 'Like a drowned rat thou wert, all drenched and pinched—that is all that I remember. Santoo and Mangli were busy with Surabhi. They tried to lift her from the bucket; but Maru would not let them. Perhaps they also noticed nothing. I cannot say. But, if thou canst walk, let us return quickly to the hut. There for a while at least we shall be safe.'

On the other side of the well Maru was already beckoning to the palanquin-bearers. She glanced across at Louisa, and then came trundling towards her.

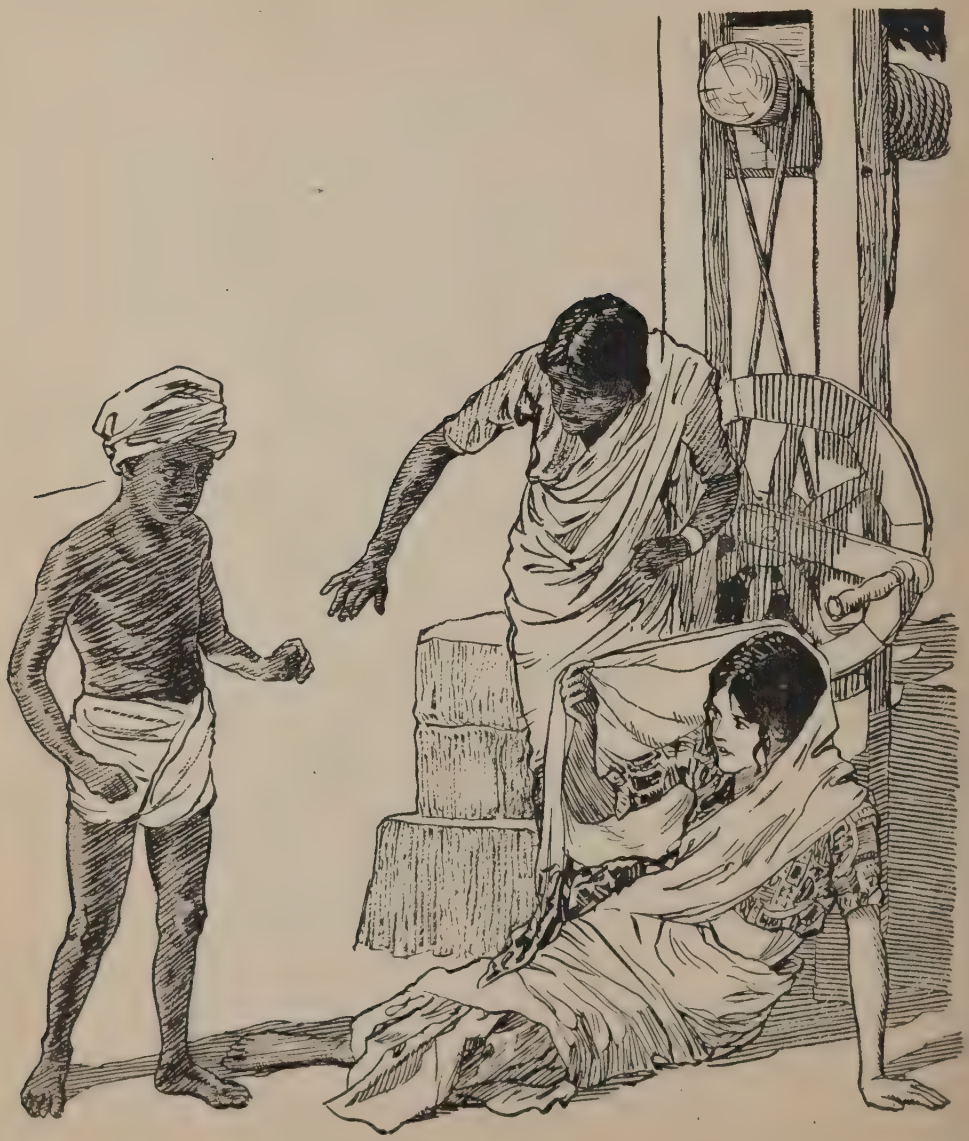
'The wise woman has recovered?' Maru asked anxiously. 'She has done great things to-day, and doubtless she is weak and very weary. Let her wait a little while, and the palanquin shall come back to carry her in turn.' There was neither suspicion nor curiosity in the glance she bent on Louisa, but gratitude only. That was encouraging.

But Louisa did not feel inclined to wait for the palanquin. She was on her feet already. She was giddy still and her knees felt wobbly; but to remain longer near Santoo and Mangli was more, she felt, than she could manage. She must have time, moreover, in which to meet this new menace, to decide how dangerous it was, how imminent. One hand she had to put on Kadru's shoulder for support; while Maru lifted Surabhi to the palanquin seat and propped her up with cushions. Santoo and Mangli watched meanwhile.

'The wise woman has my thanks,' said Santoo, smoothly, and hardly could Louisa hold her tongue. He, too, thanked her. It was too much. But he was testing her, perhaps. He hoped to rouse her to a show of anger that he might know how much she suspected. He was watching her, she fancied, as Bulbo watched a bird—a bird on which he hoped to prey. She would not prove as easy a victim.

'The thanks are accepted,' said Louisa, graciously, and followed the palanquin. Back towards the garden it swayed through the ranks of the crowd. It was something of a triumph for Louisa. She could hear the murmured admiration as she passed; she could sense the deep impression she had made. The admiration was not unmixed with awe. She had won a very definite place for herself. Would it help her in the fight that was to come? Was she wise to fight at all? A bird that hoped to save itself must fly away, she knew.

(*Continued on page* 178.)



"'She is so different from what she was before.'"

"'Twill keep thy old bones warm on a winter's night, wise woman,' she said."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 175.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was good to be inside the garden again out of the crowded village street, the noise, the dust. Louisa felt she shared Maru's liking for the garden walls; they were nice and high. It was good to be in the little hut, which was homelike, if bare. It was good to feel that Santoo and Mangli were shut away outside; to forget about the dark and hollow shaft, the cold and clinging water; the horrid moments when she had been sure that she and Surabhi would never get out. Louisa had been more frightened than she had thought possible. But scarcely an hour had passed before she began to recover her self-confidence with her usual rapidity. Birds might fly away, she told herself; but she was not a bird.

'I'm *not* going to prison,' said Louisa; 'it would be the well-shaft over again. But we can't desert Surabhi—just leave her to be killed.'

The problem was set, and she must solve it; but as yet she had not found the way. Meanwhile she rubbed more dye on her hands and face and more ashes into her hair. Then she sat cuddling Bulbo, who had welcomed her in his own fashion. She tickled him under his chin as he purred with half-shut eyes. She knew now just what he had felt when he was drowning in the fountain, she told him.

'All choky and queer, and as if I *must* get out somehow,' said Louisa. 'Once I nearly pushed Surabhi under, and climbed on her back to get into the bucket quicker. You felt pretty bad, didn't you, my precious? Why, you scratched me when I rescued you. That shows how frightened you were.'

'Or how selfish,' said Kadru. 'I should have feared a ghost in the well,' she went on. 'Ghosts like dark places as well as dark nights. And wells are queer things. I have heard it said that from some goes an underground river that leads to the Ganges. The Miss Sahib might have been sucked down by a current, and then I should never have seen her again.'

She sniffed, and began to sort the previous day's offerings. There was more than enough for a meal. And Maru would surely be too busy to cook, occupied with Surabhi. And there was no kitchen to the little hut where Kadru could cook for herself. Kadru went about her work with the air of one in a hurry.

'Now, let us set out for the house of my aunt,' she urged, as soon as Louisa's hunger and her own were satisfied. 'Indeed, there is no time to be lost. Mangli and Santoo may act quickly in self-defence. They will want us out of the way, since we interfere with their plans. They may not yet have guessed who thou art; but that there is a mystery worth the solving they are very likely sure. They might send for the police immediately. Miss Sahib, make haste.'

'Make haste?' Louisa questioned, now quite herself again. 'There's plenty of time. We're going to escape, and we're going to save Surabhi too, as we planned all along.'

'I warned the Miss Sahib once,' Kadru protested. 'I told her in the end we should have enough to do to save ourselves. I shall be proved right. She will see.'

Uneasily she watched Louisa's face. Too well she knew the expression that it wore; too well she knew what that expression portended. Kadru sighed. But after all—she would have been the first to acknowledge it—life spent in Louisa's society, if sometimes too exciting, was never dull.

'You won't be proved right if we're careful,' Louisa told her. 'We've been very stupid so far. We thought of stone-throwing, but not of the stone on which Surabhi sat. We let her sit on it before our very eyes. And Santoo and Mangli had loosened it beforehand, of course.'

'They had, no doubt,' Kadru agreed.

'We'll have a good look at the parapet as soon as it's dark and the street is deserted, more or less. We can take the lantern. We'll manage to prove that Santoo and Mangli tried to murder Surabhi. We'll find a clue.' So much Louisa wished to believe it, she was persuaded already that a clue existed.

'It will be us, not Santoo and Mangli, who'll send for the police,' she assured Kadru, triumphantly. 'We'll have to disappear before the police come, of course, for our own sakes. I'd like to have seen them arrested, but it can't be helped. Maru must send a message to the inspector; and meanwhile we'll go to Faridpur. But we mayn't have to wait there long. My story will sound much more likely now. Men who try to commit a murder would think *nothing* of setting a bungalow on fire.'

'But what of the time until their arrest?' Kadru urged. 'All that while we are in their power.'

'They can't know much about us yet,' Louisa reminded her. 'They must have more to go on before they can move. I wasn't white, I was only yellow, when I came out of the well. I might have been yellow from cold. I was awfully scared of them at first,' she acknowledged; 'but I've had time to think.'

'The Miss Sahib is making a mistake,' Kadru murmured, but she knew the battle was lost. At least Louisa had agreed to flight conditionally. If contradicted, she might change her mind once more. Kadru waited anxiously for the hours to pass. It was a relief when Maru appeared with a message from Surabhi to break the monotony of the afternoon. Maru was more collected now, though still somewhat distraught. She could not make enough of Louisa. Even Kadru was satisfied.

'What thou didst do, I would gladly have done,' she said. 'But I am too old, too fat; she would have drowned ere I could reach her. But come, wise woman, and receive her thanks. She has slept a little, she is better, but she is very weak. A charm now against the weakness, that would be a good thing to bring.'

So weak indeed was Surabhi she could not speak; she could only smile at Louisa as she lay amidst her cushions. For the time being she was evidently safe in Maru's charge. She would not soon be able to repeat the morning's experiment if, by ill chance, Santoo and Mangli remained at large. And—Louisa chuckled as she remembered—the words were still unspoken that would divide her wealth between them. They had outreached themselves in their greed; in their cruel, rapacious hurry.

But if Surabhi was too weak to speak, she was not too weak to show her gratitude. She watched, pleased, while Louisa tied a charm to the bedpost. Then she made a sign to Maru. From a great cupboard Maru

brought a red and gold silk shawl, the pair of that her mistress wore. Round Louisa she wrapped it with kindly hands.

'Twill keep thy old bones warm on a winter's night, wise woman,' she said. 'Tis a shawl of the best. Now thou hast leave to go. She must sleep again, my mistress. I will see that food is sent to thee at sunset. Good food, and in abundance.'

'Tis a lovely shawl,' said Kadru, fingering a corner as she followed Louisa down the garden path. 'She must indeed think highly of thee to make thee such a gift. I have never seen a better. If only we could have remained here long enough, thou mightest have been her heiress as I said.'

Almost, in her pleasure, she had forgotten her fears. But suddenly she caught at Louisa's arm in renewed panic.

'Look, Miss Sahib. Look,' she whispered. 'See who awaits us by the hut. 'Tis the wife of Mangli. She has come to spy on us, to trap us; to draw the net close about our feet.'

(*Continued on page* 191.)

REAPING THE FOREST HARVEST IN CALIFORNIA.

IT is safe to say that most of us are much too occupied with the affairs of life to give a thought to the lumberjack and his ways so long as the timber-ships continue to come to us from over the horizon.

It therefore seems probable that a little information gathered on the spot by the writer, as to the methods employed in handling timber between the time when it is growing in the forest and is delivered on board ship, may be welcome to those *Chatterbox* readers who are of an inquiring turn of mind.

Of all the timber that we import, a considerable proportion comes from the States that border the Pacific Ocean, and of these California is one of the most productive. There the bulk of the lumber business is carried on on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and the trees, which grow big and heavy, require powerful plant to handle them. The best timber is found at elevations between four and eight thousand feet, and consists of a variety of species, the most important being the sugar pine, yellow pine, white fir, red fir, and cedar. At this altitude the snow makes work impossible from December to March, so that the camps have to be shut down during those months.

The first operation in the woods is, of course, the felling of the trees. The fallers work in pairs, and unless the wind is strong or the tree leans a great deal, they can, if they know their job, drop the tree exactly where they wish within a foot or so. It is their business to drop it where it will stand least chance of being broken.

Standing one on each side of the tree, they ply their double-bitted axes with alternate strokes, until they have made a deep notch of a depth equal to about one-third of the tree's diameter. They then chip the bark off the opposite side of the tree, and with their long two-handed saw start to make a cut at a point about four inches higher than the bottom of the notch on the other side. As the saw enters, they start to drive in a couple of long thin iron wedges behind it.

When the tree shows signs of going over, they stop sawing, and, while one of the fallers lands some staggering blows on the wedges with a heavy sledge-hammer, his mate puts his hand to his mouth and shouts out, 'T-i-m-b-e-r down the hill,' or 'up the hill' (as the case may be), to warn any one working in the vicinity of the direction in which it is about to fall. Some pistol-like reports, the tree totters a moment almost reluctantly, and then a swishing crescendo from the branches as they rush through the air is drowned in a mighty thud that shakes the earth.

As trees in these parts run up to six and seven feet in diameter, with a height of two hundred and fifty feet or more, the felling of a specimen of large size will take several hours' hard work.

When the trees have been felled, men known as 'swampers' or 'limbers' arrive in due course and denude the prostrate trunks of their branches. After this, the marker comes with a measuring-rod and makes notches in the trunks, to show where they are to be sawn into logs, and, finally, a man called a 'bucker' severs the trunks with his long cross-cut saw wherever he sees the marks. Most of the big trunks are cut by hand, but smaller specimens are often left in longer lengths and are later cut up by a steam-saw on the chute, which is a kind of skidway built up the mountain-side through the timber that is to be cut, and is composed of tall trees of small diameter, which are cut down and laid in two rows about six inches or a foot apart. The inner faces are then levelled off with an axe, and thus a V-shaped runway is made.

At the bottom of the chute, and beside the loading landing, a powerful donkey-engine, known as the 'bull' donkey, is placed, which hauls the logs down the chute on the end of a one-and-a-quarter-inch steel cable.

As the bull line is only used for hauling logs that are actually on the chute, it is necessary to have some means of getting them there. To accomplish this, one or more other 'donkeys,' known as 'yarding donkeys,' are placed at intervals up the hillside.

Each of these 'donkeys' has a separate crew of loggers attached to it, and the whole crew is in charge of a kind of foreman known as a 'hook-tender.' He is of course under the camp 'boss,' but next to that individual he is the highest paid among the men, and is responsible for the quantity of logs yarded in by his 'donkey.'

In this connection, it may be said that a good logger is not made in a day, for it requires a great deal of experience before a man can arrange his rigging and handle his logs to the best advantage.

The donkey-engines such as are used in the woods are mounted on two massive wooden skids, and move themselves, even in the most difficult country, by hitching their line to a stump or a tree and then winding it up.

When working near their 'donkey,' one of the crew (probably the hook-tender), signals to the engineer by shouts, so that the woods resound with hoarse cries. At other times, when the crew are several hundred yards away and quite out of sight, a boy called a 'whistle-punk' repeats the signals to the engineer by pulling a long wire, one end of which is attached to the whistle on the donkey.

It is an interesting sight to watch a powerful 'donkey' yarding in heavy logs. Nothing seems to stop their onward progress. Small trees that grow in their path

The Whistle-punk.

go over like ninepins, while they carry in front of them a churning mass of earth and débris.

When ten or a dozen logs have been yarded in to the chute, a 'train' is complete, the bull line is made fast to the last log, an electric bell is made to ring on the donkey, perhaps half a mile below, and the procession of logs moves slowly off on its downward journey.

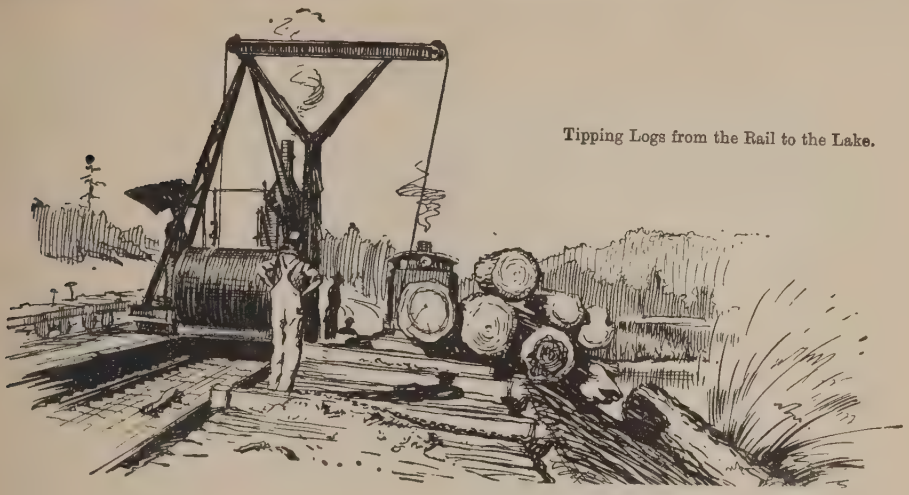
At the bottom of the chute is the loading-landing, and here the logs, after being measured up and marked by the scaler, are placed in piles on the waiting railroad cars.

In some cases small sawmills are constructed on the site of the actual logging operations, so that the logs can be sawn up practically on the spot, but in the majority of cases where the mills are large they are situated nearer civilisation, which often means that the logs have to be transported twenty or thirty miles or more.

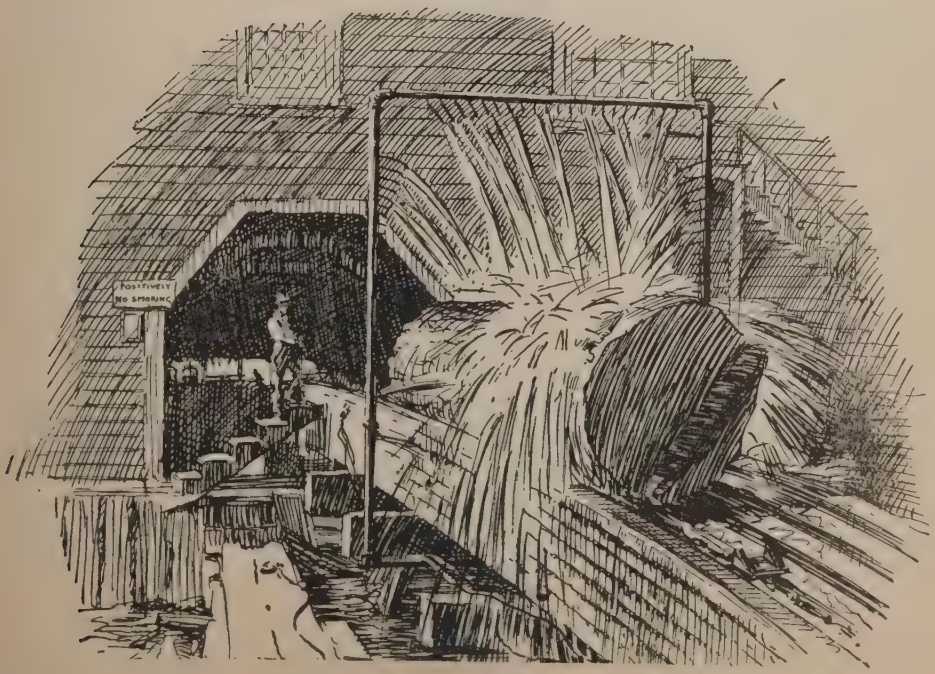
Where there are navigable rivers the logs can be floated down them, but in California the rivers are often too small and rock-strewn and this usually necessitates the construction of a railroad, which in the mountains is a difficult and expensive business.

In several cases 'flumes' are used. These are artificial ditches of water, which in precipitous places often take the form of a kind of wooden trough resting on brackets fastened to the mountain-side. One company that I have in mind saws up the logs at a mill in the mountains, and floats down hundreds of thousands of board feet per diem in a flume forty miles long.

Interior of a Log Mill; carriage about to move up to the Saw.



Tipping Logs from the Rail to the Lake.



Logs passing into the Mill under the Water-jet.

Let us suppose that the train laden with logs has arrived at the mill. Here a special machine is run alongside the cars which tips each pile of logs into the lake with a mighty splash.

Leading from the water into the mill there is a kind of slipway. A man with a 'peevy' guides the end of a log up to this, when it is caught by the spikes on an endless travelling chain, and slowly mounts out of the water, for all the world like some great animal coming ashore. As it moves along, it passes under a multitude of water jets, for the saws, like human beings, like to have their diet free from grit. Besides this a man inspects the logs closely, to see if the loggers have inadvertently left any spikes or nails sticking in them, for the presence of any such might mean a fatal accident when the saw came up against it.

Band saws are chiefly used for the big work, and not the circular variety. They are like an endless ribbon of steel about six inches wide, with large teeth on one side, and travel around a wheel at the level of the ceiling and another under the floor. Every three or four hours they are taken off the wheels and replaced by one that has been freshly sharpened, the old one being hauled up into the saw-filer's room above, where there are some interesting machines that do the sharpening.

In the summer-time most mills are working night and day, and when this is the case a mill with two band saws will make a cut of nearly three hundred thousand board feet every twenty-four hours. A board foot is the usual unit of measurement, and represents a square foot of wood one inch thick.

In a large sawmill running two band saws there is a 'big side' and a 'small side.' Just inside the mill there is a sloping deck on either hand, and by pulling a lever big logs are boosted on to the big-side deck and small logs on to the small-side deck, there to await their turn.

At the lower end of the deck runs the carriage on a short length of rails, and on the further side is a box-like erection that houses the band saw. By the side of this stands the sawyer, while on the carriage itself there are three men, a 'setter' and two 'doggers.'

The sawyer pulls a lever and the bottom log is thrust upon the carriage with a thud by buffers that rise from underneath, the doggers clamp the log in position, and all is ready for sawing.

The whole carriage, with the log and the three men on it, then moves up to the saw under the control of the sawyer. With a droning hum the shining strip of steel cuts through the wood as though it were cheese, and a slab falls off and travels away into the distance on a succession of moving rollers. The carriage then springs back to its starting-point, but before the next cut can be taken the position of the log on the carriage must be adjusted. This is the setter's business. He sits at the rear of the carriage with a species of dial in front of him, the sawyer signals to him with the fingers of one hand the thickness of the next cut, and the setter operates a mechanism that slides the whole log forward across the carriage the desired distance. The carriage then moves forward again.

Needless to say, a sawyer's job is a skilled one. Opposite him on a blackboard are chalked up the sizes of any particular kinds of lumber that are required to be cut, and each log has to be cut up to the best advantage.

Besides operating the feed lever, he is the man who turns the log on the carriage. This is an interesting operation to watch. By the manipulation of a single lever, a venomous-looking hook, called a 'nigger,' and shaped rather like a swan's neck, is made to rise out of the floor opposite the carriage, sways for a moment in mid-air like a snake about to strike, then darts over the log and with a mighty jerk and a thud pulls it over on its side. The doggers then make the log fast again, and the nigger sinks back where it came from.

In addition to the band saws, there are also gang saws, through which are passed large blocks of wood that have been squared up by the band saws, and converted into a number of planks at one operation.

After having their edges trimmed, the boards then pass down a sloping platform and out along the sorting-table, as they do so coming under the scrutiny of a grader, who marks them according to quality, size, and species of wood. A grader must know the business: of sugar-pine alone, there are five different grades, and he must spot them at a glance as he steps over the endless procession of boards that comes out of the mill.

The sorting-table itself may be a hundred yards long, and is lined with scores of numbered trolleys on to which the sorters pull the boards as they pass along. They are then taken into the lumber yard and piled, whence, after an interval for seasoning, they will be ready to be dispatched to all parts of the earth.

TERENCE H. LAMBERT.

A STRANGE PARADISE.

THE Bhils are a warlike race living in India; a very ancient people, lords of the soil before the Rajputs came.

Their religion is a very simple one. They have a sacred fire which must always be kept burning, and they fear evil spirits, whom they believe to inhabit the boughs of trees. Every year there has to be a ceremonial of dancing to please these tree-spirits, and it lasts some time, as each tree that grows near a village is danced round.

The Bhils have an idea of heaven, but it is for men only. A wheel of fire is supposed to carry the passengers from this world to the next. When a boy-baby of the Bhils is born, care is taken to mark him in four places with a piece of charcoal drawn from the sacred fire; girl-babies are left unmarked. When the baby becomes a man, grows old and dies, his spirit, they think, comes to the wheel of fire, and asks to be carried to the other world. If he has not been marked at birth, the fire consumes him; if he has, the fiery wheel whirls him in safety across to the Bhil Paradise, where he has nothing to do but to fight, and kill people night and day for ever, his own body remaining indestructible. So, one can see, in such a heaven there would be no room for girls or women.

For many years there was a Christian mission to the Bhils, but it met with no success; the people clung to their own savage faith.

Time passed on, till one year the crops failed, and famine came. The missionary society formed a relief fund, and sent trains of grain, not without great difficulty, through that desert and sparsely tracked land. During the whole of the year, the clergy in charge of the relief trains had no time to preach sermons, or try to make converts. All they found space to say, as the

dole of rice was bestowed, was for Whose Sake it was given. The little dark people listened to the speech, impassive and unmoved.

But when the famine was over, and the Bhils self-supporting again, seventeen of their holy men came to the missionary, desiring to hear more of that Jesus for Whose Sake the white men had sent help, and yielded up their own lives even, in the cholera and famine-fever which followed after the rains.

It was the beginning, and to-day a Christian church stands over the spot where the Bhils once fed their sacred fire. M. I. K. C.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 170.)

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the boys left the island, Norma watched them with some misgivings. Not for the world would she have admitted that she was frightened; still, the island was a lonely place, and there was something about the wide stretch of the lake and the great mountain rising up, up, up, overhead, until its slopes disappeared in the middle of a cloud, that always made her feel very small indeed, and gave her the impression that she was in a little corner of the world with everybody else miles and miles away — so far away that they hardly counted.

With Sydney and Leonard with her on the island it did not matter so much; they were much nearer than the big mountain, and consequently she was able to feel that they were bigger than it. But when she had watched them swim away till they were lost to sight in the shadows of the night, she suddenly realised how utterly tiny she was, and that she was indeed absolutely alone.

She went to the end of the island and stood under the Signal Tree. Very far away she could see several small lights; no doubt those of the hotel windows. Perhaps her mother and father were at one of them. If she lighted the green signal lamp now, they would see it; and when she had done so and fixed it to the tree, where the light burned steadily, she felt as if there was an invisible chain between her and the hotel.

The idea comforted her. Looking round, she could see through the trees a light in the house on the shore. There, then, was Mr. Ross. How silly the boys had been! She felt certain that Mr. Ross was a regular brick. She had thought so from the first, and Leonard, at any rate, was becoming sensible at last. He always did in the end. But what a pity he never got there sooner!

Norma was rather amused at her brothers. She decided that she noticed a great deal more than they thought she did. They thought her 'a little kid,' not always to be admitted to especially solemn councils; but she was not as stupid as all that, and she always knew that Sydney would jump for the first plan he thought of, while Leonard would agree for the moment and then go away and think it all out, and come back with a new scheme, which would probably be proved eventually to be the right one; and that Sydney would laugh until the new idea had soaked into his brain, when he would promptly adopt it as his own. They did not bother much what she thought, of course; she was a girl. All the same, she usually saw the sense in Leonard's ideas earlier than Sydney; but, somehow, it was never any use saying so until Sydney was ready to take the lead. Leonard could not lead, and Norma did not want to. Sydney was the slowcoach, but when he was ready he went right ahead, and he was the 'big brother' on whom she always depended.

But, for the moment, she could depend on no one. The boys had promised to be back by eleven—in another two hours! She wondered what she should do. She could hear the swaying of the water, and the wind made noises, and, except when she watched the hotel lights and imagined the aerial chain from them to the light above her head, she did not like to look across the lake.

There were strange lights and shadows on the water, and she felt even more alone when she watched them than when she looked back into the darkness where she knew Wirdfell loomed like a great giant sitting down, and ready to jump up and put a great foot right down on top of her.

She decided that it would be better to go down to the pit and into the cave. The only sound to be heard there came from the spring, and she had heard it so continuously that it seemed an old friend. And she knew the various shadows, too; those from the oak-tree at the top of the pit that flickered across the rock whenever the moon came out, and the shadows from the lamps within the cave. They did not matter. Besides, the boys would like some cocoa and biscuits when they came back, and she might as well start getting them ready; that would give her something to do, at any rate.

She lit the lamps in the cave and found plates, mugs, and spoons in the packing-case which Leonard had placed across the puddles. There still remained some of the wood which the boys had broken up the night before, and that would do for a fire if she could find a dry patch of ground on which to lay it. She had seen night-watchmen in the streets at home, when the road was being mended, lighting fires in old buckets. But they always used buckets with plenty of holes all round, to let the draught through; and, in any case, the boys had taken both the buckets. Still, perhaps she could contrive to get the same effect by building a little pile of old meat- and fruit-tins and then laying the fire on the top. She tried the experiment, and, although at the first effort the sticks toppled at once to the ground, she tried again, choosing a flatter site in the dell, just above the pit, and re-arranging the tins to make a more secure foundation. And this time she thought that when she lit it all would be well. But first she must fill the kettle. There was no need to go round to where the water came out through the rock; she would have to go down to the cave for the kettle, and then she could easily climb over the boards which the boys had fixed at the back, and fill the kettle at the spring itself.

With the kettle in her hand, she reached the water on the further side of the partition. It was dark there, and she found it difficult to keep her foothold on the smooth, wet rock, while she held the kettle for the water to run into it.

(*Continued on page* 186.)

"If she lighted the green signal lamp now, they would see it."

"She could see the figure of a man with his back to the light."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 183).

SUDDENLY, Norma heard a sound which made her start so violently that her foot slipped altogether and she fell on to the rock. It was a man's voice, quite close. For an instant she thought that the men must be at work in the tunnel and have cut right through into the cave. But that seemed impossible. And yet——! Surely there could not be anybody actually on the island! Supposing the tunnel men had come while the boys were away!

Scrambling to her feet, she leaned against the slope of the rock below the partition and listened intently. No voices could be heard now, but instead she heard the more terrifying sound of some one jumping down into the Pit. Then she could see the figure of a man, looking enormous as he crouched with his back to the light at the entrance of the cave. He was coming into it! Then she heard a scrambling sound and realised that a second man had also dropped into the Pit. What was she to do? Were these really the men from the tunnel, and if so why had they come to the cave?

It was with difficulty that she prevented herself from calling out. In another minute the man who was already entering the cave must surely see her. And then——? But suddenly she realised that he would not see her, for at the moment she was completely hidden behind the boards of the partition. If only it would not occur to him to come right to the end of the cave, she might be able to remain where she was without being discovered. Besides, the end of the cave was in darkness, while its mouth was lit by lamps, so that she would be able to keep watch and see everything that happened.

But in another hour the boys would return. And what would happen then? If the men stayed in the cave, would they be alarmed at being interrupted and run away at once, or would they catch Sydney and Leonard as they dropped down into the Pit? Of course, the men might just look at the cave and then go away at once, but she saw with alarm that they had brought tools with them, and soon, as the nearest man stopped under one of the lamps, she recognised the strange-looking drill which had been in the tunnel. Then they *were* those men! And they must have come to the cave to take possession of it, just as they had taken possession of the tunnel.

If only she could give the boys a warning! But she could not possibly get outside without being seen at once and caught: for the little hole behind her through which the water trickled was not even as big as her hand, and the only way of escape was by way of the Pit. If the men moved away, she might be able to dash out and try to get down the Ridge in the dark, so as to warn the boys on the shore. But minute by minute she grew more certain that the men had come to stay. One man, who seemed much younger than his companion, had now come right into the cave, after peering carefully ahead, as if he had expected to find some one there. Where the two planks that formed the partition did not fit tightly together was a small space through which Norma was able to keep watch without running more risk of being seen. She saw the man reach the upper floor, and start feeling about on the rock in the half-light of the lamps. Then he fingered the mugs and plates which she had placed in readiness for the boys. He found the pile of blankets and the sleeping-bags, and at last he turned towards the Pit and gave a low whistle.

'Nobody here now,' he whispered, as the other man came more clearly into sight at the entrance of the cave. 'I should say some children have been having a picnic.'

'Why have they left everything like this, then?' demanded the other in a gruff voice. 'Looks as if they meant to come back to-morrow. We'll have to clear up any mess we make and be careful not to touch their things. I'd better get to work. Have you got the plan?'

Norma watched the younger man take from his pocket a book, and open it in the middle. She could not see what was on the page, but the elder man pulled down one of the lamps, and the two knelt with bent heads looking at the book. The elder drew his finger across the page.

'Y'see,' he said, 'this cave runs well-nigh straight, and the way we've cut our tunnel should bring it close to the other side of that wall, by your left shoulder. So our tunnel should now reach half-way across the third room, which joined on to this place. The last thing we got out was on the right of the end of the tunnel, so if we can cut through from here, put a bit back on the left, we ought to join up and get the rest.'

It all meant very little to Norma. It was obvious that the men intended to work that night in the cave, but still she could not imagine what they were working for. They had spoken of having 'got' something, and as if there was still more to come; and the secret of it all seemed to be in the book which had been brought by the younger man. If only they would leave the cave for a minute, she would slip outside to meet the boys, and she decided she would take the book if they left it, and so know all about the mystery. But the men were still talking, and she listened more keenly than ever.

'It'll be a long job,' the younger man was saying.

'We'll have to work in here anyway until the water goes down,' said the other. 'If these children mean to be knocking around, we'd better turn them out, in case they get in the way. You might come up in the morning and pretend that the guv'nor has told you to get them off the place. They've no right on this land anyway.'

'Come to that, nor have we,' said the youth.

The elder man turned on him fiercely. 'What's that to do with it?' he snapped. 'You're not afraid, are you? And anyhow, this isn't anybody's stuff. The guv'nor owns this land, but he didn't put this stuff here, any more than we did, and we've as much right to it as he has. That ain't the law, but finding's keeping is my notion. The only chap that has got any right to the stuff is that old hermit of yours, and he's dead. Don't suppose he left a will, either, so it's what you might call public property. Anyhow, it's been here about a thousand years, and if no one has got on to it in that time, it's about time *we* did the job.'

(*Continued on page* 199.)

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

VII.—ROWING, CANOEING, AND PUNTING.

LITTLE is known of the details connected with rowing in the days when civilisation was in its infancy; but we do know what a large part the oar has played in the history of the world. Like archery, rowing was in the beginning not a sport, but a military arm; for the soldiers of Greece were carried to and fro in big ships that depended on their numerous rowers more than on their sails. The vessels of the ancient Greeks, and also those of the Romans, owed their pace to the men toiling at the oars, men arranged in several tiers, so that several rows of long oars could be in use on either side of the great wooden hull.

The Phœnicians were hardy mariners, and their open boats, sometimes under sail, but mostly propelled by oars, carried merchandise from one end of the Mediterranean Sea to the other. On the River Nile the peculiarly-shaped boats, though they carried one huge square sail, were very often rowed by slaves; and doubtless many other rivers and lakes, of which history tells us nothing, saw row-boats wending their way up and down.

Probably the hardiest and most fearless oarsmen that the world has ever known were the Vikings, who came from the Northern seas in their open longboats, and travelled far down the African coast and across the mighty Atlantic.

The great galleys of proud Venice were manned by scores of rowers, most of them unhappy slaves or criminals, chained to their seats, and forced with whips, and even by the use of hot irons, to put forth all their energy and last ounce of strength. This custom of condemning criminals to man the galleys was common to all European countries, as was the employment of prisoners of war for the same purpose, and a hopeless, dreary life it must have been for the unfortunates.

Saxons, Danes, and Norwegians were all well acquainted with the management of an oar; but the Britons do not appear to have understood rowing, being satisfied with a paddle with which to propel their frail coracles, which were pretty well the only boats used in this country until Alfred the Great introduced galleys from the Mediterranean, long boats with from forty to sixty oars on each side.

Before the twelfth century, when roads were few and very bad, the rivers were used for conveying passengers and merchandise on boats or barges, and the nobility and gentry kept their own well-appointed barges, as did the king, and many a journey to Hampton and Windsor was made long after coaches had been introduced.

Wherrymen and bargemen were a feature of the Thames at London when there was but one bridge, and many people desired to be ferried from one bank to the other, taken to some place up the river, or to join some ship. Water processions composed of barges often took place, such as the Lord Mayor's procession, which was made annually until as late as 1856. Many City Companies possessed their own barges, as the following shows:—'Sir John Norman, then (1454) lord mayor of London, built a noble barge at his own expense, and was rowed by watermen with silver oars, attended by such of the city companies as possessed barges, in a splendid manner.' These barges were often magnificent affairs, the after-part containing a cabin something like that of a gondola, the watermen being seated in the fore part.

The watermen increased so greatly in numbers that in the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was passed making regulations for them, and those who plied for hire in their wherries or at established ferries were prevented from overcharging to the extent to which they had been accustomed.

As a sport, there is no doubt that boat-racing was known to the ancient Greeks, and that it was practised amongst the Romans; but there is no record of boating as a pastime in England until the fifteenth century, though boat quintain, or tilting at one another on the water, was introduced by the Normans, and no doubt the success of the winner depended largely on the skill of the men at the oars.

Professional watermen had many races among themselves, and the first record of boat-racing concerns a race instituted for young watermen who had just served their apprenticeship, the prize, a livery and badge, being presented, in 1715, by an actor named Thomas Doggett. This race for the 'coat and badge' became an annual event, and continues to the present day.

Toward the end of the same century the first regatta took place on the Thames, off Ranelagh Gardens, where the Lord Mayor's and the City Companies' barges made a brave show; but the actual races were rowed by the watermen.

Up to this time rowing seems to have been looked upon as very hard work, as it no doubt really was, and the oarsmen were always paid watermen; but the beginning of the eighteenth century saw a great change, for the amateur oarsman, who rowed for sheer pleasure in the exercise, appeared on the river, and several clubs were formed. The 'Arrow' and the 'Star' soon ceased to exist, but the 'Siren' and 'Shark' clubs joined the now famous Leander Club, that has a longer list of victories than any other club. The Universities, Eton, and Westminster took up the sport about this time, the two schools rowing their first race some time later, in 1829.

For a time some of the Eton crews employed a waterman to pull stroke and coach them, this custom being abolished in 1828, chiefly, apparently, because the crew objected to having to pay for the waterman's 'pay, clothes, and beer.'

The Universities may well be considered the home of modern rowing, and there were college boats on the Thames and the Cam some time before there were any races. The first records, dated 1815, mention Brasenose as being head of the river, with Jesus their chief and possibly only opponent, and a few years later bumping races were taking place at Oxford.

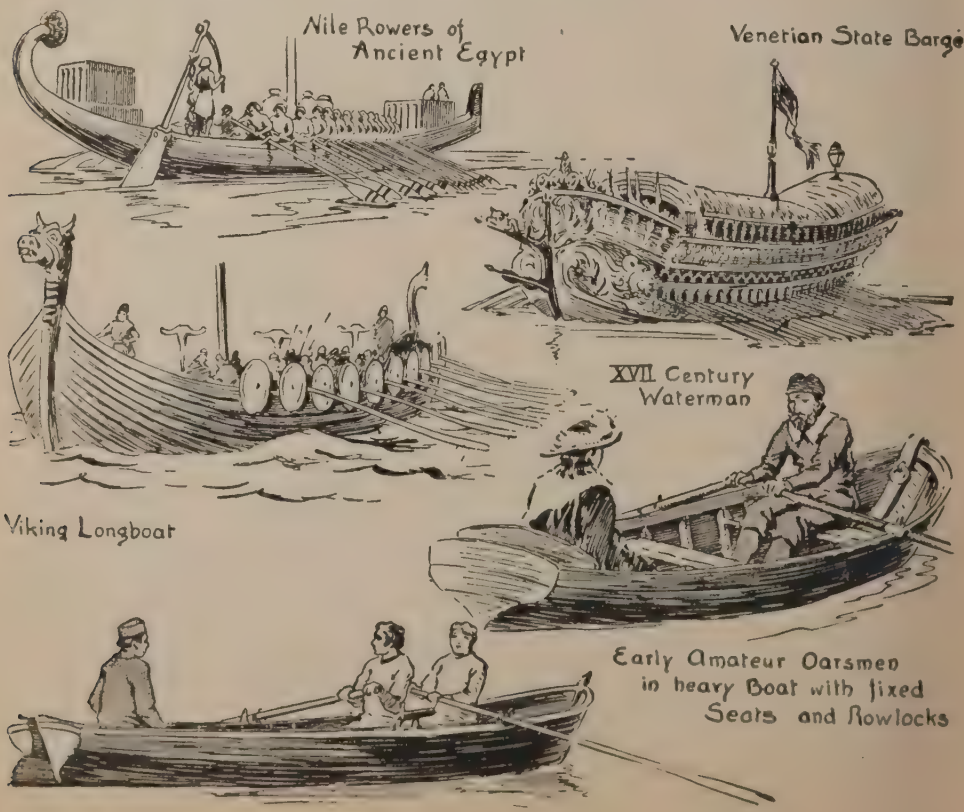
Up to 1825 the start for these races was made in a distinctly curious manner, out of Iffley Lock. When the word 'Go!' was called the lock gates were opened, and the boats got out as best they could, stroke usually standing in the bows with a boat-hook to push out against the lock gate, then running down the gangway and jumping into his seat. As the lock could hold only four boats at a time, this system rather restricted the entry, and a new method was tried, the boats taking station a hundred feet apart. In 1839 a further change was made, the cox of each crew holding a rope, the other end of which was held on shore, the starting signal being the firing of a gun.

The same year saw the formation of the Oxford University Boat Club, when two challenge races, the University Fours and the University Pairs, were instituted, the Sculls being added in 1841. Since then the interest in rowing increased steadily, the various colleges maintaining a large number of boats on the river.

At the sister University the Cambridge University Boat Club was formed in 1829, when a race with Oxford was arranged, it being resolved 'that Mr. Snow, St. John's, be requested to write immediately to Mr. Staniforth, Christ Church, Oxford, proposing to make up a University match.'

College clubs were formed in 1825, and the 'Laws of the Monarch Boat Club,' the members of which were Trinity College men, are still in existence. These laws make rather quaint reading, being very strict, fines being inflicted on the members for any breach in their observance, such as neglecting to wear 'proper uniform,' or being 'absent from his appointed crew and did not provide a substitute for his oar.' Here is another entry: 'That the Treasurer be chastised twice a week for not keeping his books in proper order.' These drastic rules did not spoil the keenness of the undergraduates, and the number of men interested in rowing continued to increase—an interest that was fostered by the institution from time to time of fresh races, such as the contest for the amateur championship of the Thames, the prize being a pair of silver sculls, to be rowed for annually, the first race being in 1830.

The next point of interest in the history of rowing was the holding of regattas. Whereas now, wherever in the neighbourhood of populous centres there exists a suitable piece of water, there is now a regatta of some kind, in the early part of the last century there were none whatever, but merely occasional races. Henley, the acknowledged queen of regattas, was the first, and was founded in 1839, though the object of the good people of Henley seems to have been not so much to assist in the development of oarsmanship as to promote the interests and trade of the town, as will be seen from the resolution passed at a public meeting at the town hall:—'That from the lively interest which has been manifested at the various boat-races which have taken place on the Henley Reach during the last few years, and the great influx of visitors on several occasions, this meeting is of the opinion that an annual regatta

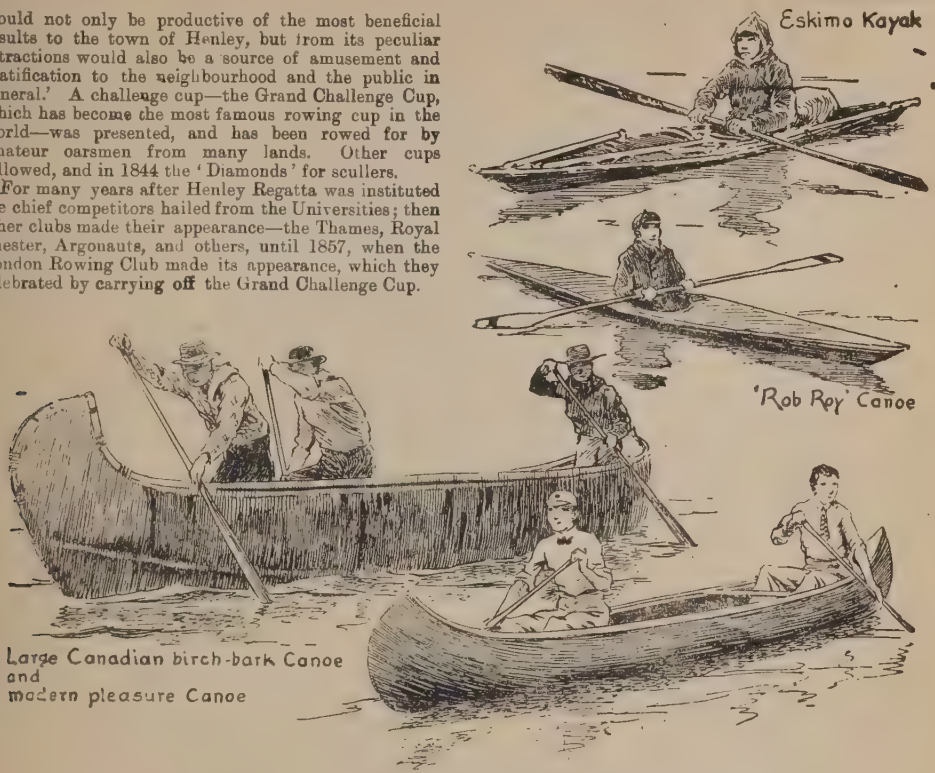

Nile Rowers of Ancient Egypt
Venetian State Barge
XVII Century Waterman
Viking Longboat
Early Amateur Oarsmen in heavy Boat with fixed Seats and Rowlocks

Row-boats of the World.

ANY PORT IN A STORM.

would not only be productive of the most beneficial results to the town of Henley, but from its peculiar attractions would also be a source of amusement and gratification to the neighbourhood and the public in general.' A challenge cup—the Grand Challenge Cup, which has become the most famous rowing cup in the world—was presented, and has been rowed for by amateur oarsmen from many lands. Other cups followed, and in 1844 the 'Diamonds' for scullers.

For many years after Henley Regatta was instituted the chief competitors hailed from the Universities; then other clubs made their appearance—the Thames, Royal Chester, Argonauts, and others, until 1857, when the London Rowing Club made its appearance, which they celebrated by carrying off the Grand Challenge Cup.



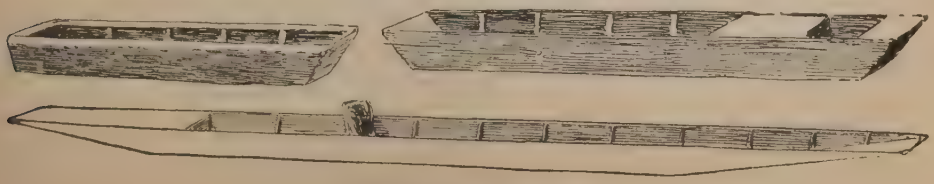
Various Types of Paddle Canoes.

Since those days many other first-class regattas have been started, such as Molesey, Kingston, Staines, and others too numerous to mention, as well as many in other parts of England, where enthusiasts foregather every year to compete in friendly rivalry.

The boats of the present day differ very much from the heavy, strong, and lumbering craft known to the sportsmen and watermen of a century ago. Even the old Thames wherry, with its long, projecting bow, has almost disappeared, a lighter and more roomy skiff having taken its place.

The modern racing boat is utterly different to that in use when the first races were rowed. Its width was continually being decreased, so as to offer as little resistance to the water as possible, and this led to the invention of the outrigger, which was used as early as 1828, though the rods and cross-pieces were merely pieces of wood fastened to the side of the boat, until two years later iron outriggers were tried.

In 1844 the first boat of this kind, with outriggers only eight inches in length, made its appearance on the Thames. In course of time the outriggers were lengthened and keels dispensed with, the boat being built of wood planed very thin. The next step forward in the construction of racing craft was the introduction of the sliding seat, which was invented by an American



The Evolution of the Punt.

oarsman, who fixed one in a sculling boat in 1857; but it was some time before it was very generally in use. In 1872 the London Rowing Club had such seats fitted to their boat, in which they easily won the Grand Challenge Cup a few days later. The following year the sliding seat was adopted by both the Oxford and Cambridge crews for the annual contest, and has since been taken up by all racing oarsmen, both here and abroad.

The modern racing boat is a thing of beauty, skilfully uniting strength and grace in its long, slender lines, and is as different from the clumsy boats that the first races were rowed in as it is possible to be. So perfect is it in every way that there seems to be no part of it that can be improved or altered in any way, and any new records that may be made will probably beat those now existing by very few seconds.

CANOEING.

Canoes are used all over the world, and have been for hundreds of years. Natives living by seashore, river, or lake found that by hollowing out a big tree by the use of fire they could make a boat. Others used wood, or strong bones and skin; whilst, perhaps, the best known of all are those made by pieces of birch-bark sewn together and fixed to a light, but strong, frame.

This type of canoe has been very generally used in Canada, as it is a most convenient type of craft, and will hold quite a large amount of stores and a tent, and is light enough to be lifted out of the water and carried overland past any obstruction.

Canoeing was very little done in England until some interesting books were published, between 1866 and 1869, giving an account of some journeys in a small canoe called the 'Rob Roy,' and others on the travels of a sailing canoe in the Baltic and Sweden in 1870 and 1871.

The 'Rob Roy' type was from twelve to fifteen feet long, with a width of about thirty inches; the paddle seven feet long, usually with a blade at each end. These canoes very much resembled the Esquimaux canoe in shape, though not in construction, as the latter are made of seal-skin stretched over a whalebone frame.

The type of canoe that was found most suitable for the rivers in this country is a light, keelless craft, very much like a birch-bark canoe in shape, but made entirely of wood; and the 'Rob Roy' type is now very seldom seen.

The Royal Canoe Club was formed in 1866, and many other clubs for those interested in paddling, sailing, or cruising canoes came into favour, with the result that at many regattas there are events where canoe-men, either sailing or paddling, can compete.

PUNTING.

The punt, as a pleasure-boat, cannot be beaten for comfort and safety, and if its speed is not great, it is quite sufficient for those who are not in too great a hurry to enjoy the river properly, and for a picnic or regatta it is ideal.

The modern punt is very different to the slow and clumsy craft that was so well adapted to the needs of fishermen, and has become a most popular craft.

Punt races took place some fifty years ago, when the old style of 'running' was in vogue. When 'running' the punter would get his weight on the beginning of the stroke, take three long strides, and get a strong finish. In 1877 the champion was beaten by Abel Beasley, who stood still instead of striding. This style, termed 'pricking,' consists of a long shove, and is as successful in light as in heavy punts.

As in rowing the first competitors were watermen, who first held their annual contest in 1876, the amateurs not holding their first championship meeting until ten years later.

The Thames Punting Club, which was revived in 1890, drew up rules under which races were held, and the popularity of the punt, both as a racing and pleasure craft, was soon firmly established.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE BEE IN HIS BONNET.

(*Continued from page* 171.)

WAS that gentle Aunt Susie's voice chiming in? It was, and she was saying, 'I blame myself for ever having trusted the basket to him. I really think at times the poor child is not quite all there.'

This last remark proved too much for Colin. He turned, dived through the thicket of meadow-sweet and wild rhubarb leaves, squeezed through the wedge-shaped stile in the limestone wall, and took the road to the heights, leaving the others behind. On he pressed, till at last he got well lost amongst the winding sheep-tracks, and at last he sat down to wish he were at home again and to bewail his misfortunes.

How steep the hill was! How his legs ached and his ears hummed! How he loathed the remembrance of the lunch-basket, and the good things it contained! He wondered how his cousins could be greedy enough to desire to eat pork pie and cake. Even as he shuddered at the thought, his right ear buzzed more loudly than ever, and from beneath his cap a bee came creeping out to alight on the back of his hand.

'Dear child, do not destroy your daily companion,' the bee piped in thin but quite comprehensible accents. 'I am the bee that lives in your bonnet, Colin!'

'Well, if it is you who get me into all these scrapes, and make me different from other people,' returned the little boy very sulkily, 'I wish you would get out of it.'

'I am going to do so,' said the bee. 'I am tired of the situation, and I wish to give an hour's notice. The hive is the home for me.'

'Then why did you leave it?' asked Colin.

'I had no choice, I made so many mistakes,' she sadly replied. 'When I was put on nurse's duties, I fed the worker-grubs with royal jelly and the princesses with raw pollen. And worst of all, the old queen caught me napping, when I should have been relieving the ventilation guard outside her room.'

'Whatever is that?' asked Colin in surprise.

'The bee that takes turns in fanning the air with its wings inside the hive to keep it cool,' she answered. 'O, how angry the Queen was! "You are not fit to be a honey-bee, only a wool-gatherer," she said to me. "Be a bee in a bonnet!" Still, that was some time ago; one of the young princesses should be reigning by now on Beehive Hill. I dare say she will let me return;

especially if I came with full pockets. Excuse me a moment.' And she went fussing into a late foxglove's bell.

'Is your home on Beehive Hill?' said Colin, when she appeared again. 'I should like to see it.'

'Then follow me,' she buzzed, and flew away like a spot of live brown velvet in the sunlit air. Still, as every now and again she had to stop to gather honey, Colin managed to keep up with her, and before long they arrived on Beehive Hill, a rounded height that jutted out by itself from the flank of the valley. On the top of it, where the grey scabious and the bluebell shook in the strong hill breeze, a score of thatched beehives stood very cosily amongst the blooming heather.

Colin flung himself down quite tired out, while his companion disappeared into one of these. Presently a whole swarm of bees flocked out of the hive, followed by the Queen, as ready as grown-up people to offer good advice.

(*Concluded on page* 202.)

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 179.)

CHAPTER XIX.

LOUISA shook off Kadru's restraining hand, and almost ran towards the hut. She always preferred to meet a danger quickly, and that danger threatened now, she, as well as Kadru, had little doubt. Yet she was surprised that Santoo had not chosen a more imposing messenger. Mangli's wife seemed even more afraid than at her first appearance. She scarcely dared look at Louisa, but glanced constantly over her shoulder as though she thought she might be followed.

'Thou hast something to ask?' Louisa questioned. And:

'No,' Mangli's wife answered, to her surprise. Then, very low, she added, 'I have come to speak to thee, wise woman; to consult with thee. But now—I know not if I dare.' She twisted her thin hands together in an agony of fear.

Louisa motioned her visitor towards the hut, and following herself, sat down on the hut floor. After a moment, Mangli's wife crouched opposite as on the previous day, huddled together, shaking. Her evident terror was in itself alarming. What had she heard or seen, what had she suffered, to rob her thus of all courage? It could only be Santoo and her husband of whom she was afraid—of what they had done and of what they might do.

She could find no words, it seemed, in which to express herself. Silent she sat, and, for a little, Louisa waited; then, suddenly, she lost patience. To make her visitor speak first she knew would be wiser, but there were very definite limits to her prudence.

'Speak,' Louisa suggested. 'I am listening'—and Kadru, hovering in the background, drew closer.

Kadru was determined that Mangli's wife should not leave the hut until all the information she could furnish had been wrested from her, even by force. If she had come to spy, she should at least be of use.

But now Kadru realised that to coax was best; that for the moment the visitor was just a frightened child. Louisa, the wise woman, for the sake of effect must remain aloof; but she, Kadru, the attendant, could relax a little. Down on the ground she squatted too.

'Speak without fear,' said Kadru softly. 'What is told to the wise woman is as a stone dropped into a well. Safely buried as that stone on which, at noon, Surabhi sat.'

And then, as though a gate had been opened, with a rush the words came.

'It is of her that I would speak,' cried Mangli's wife. 'She has been good to me always. She has been kind to me, never harsh. I would save her if I can. What of the stone, wise woman? Dost thou know nothing? Divine, I pray thee—divine.'

She looked at Louisa eagerly. Just a shade more confidence she needed to make her speak quite freely. Quickly, Louisa acted. She reached for the custard apple seeds—she had put them aside for use in a little brass jar—and spread them on the ground before her. She would divine with pleasure. What she imagined she would picture; Mangli's wife might correct her if she pictured wrong. A moment Louisa sat, her hand poised above the seeds; then she began to count.

'Ten,' said Louisa; 'twenty, thirty, forty, *forty-nine*.' She paused on the forty-nine. Her friend the ferryman had once told her that forty-nine is a mystic number—the number of the winds of heaven, more numerous, he held, than the winds of earth. 'Come, winds of heaven, and help me,' Louisa chanted, and waved her arms about her head. Then, lest she should frighten Mangli's wife into silence anew, she fell to divining.

'I see a man with a tool in his hand,' said Louisa. '*Two* men. They creep down the village street. Ah! it is this village. They talk together as men talk who share a secret. On every side they look. They are alone. Now one man digs at the parapet of the well. He has a bright tool in his hand; I see it gleam. He loosens a stone; it moves beneath his hand. I hear him laughing. "Aha! Aha!" He looks into the well. "She will fall," he says. "She will be killed. Aha! Aha!"'

'It is the truth,' Mangli's wife breathed. 'I saw them go. I followed. I hid, and afterwards I dared not speak. I was afraid that if I spoke they would surely kill me. I do not want to die.'

She looked timidly at Louisa, asking for pardon and for sympathy at the same time.

'"The wise woman will be there," to myself I said,' she went on. 'She can foretell the future. She is the friend of Surabhi. Surely she will save her. And thou didst save her, but not as I had thought. 'Twas by courage, not by knowledge. Now tell me, wise woman. Answer me truly. Didst thou *know* that Surabhi would fall? Is it only the past that thou dost see, or the future also? It was of the past thy message to Santoo. It was of the past that thou didst speak just now.'

'I see the past,' Louisa acknowledged. So urgent was the question she dared not hesitate. And at that Mangli's wife sighed heavily.

'If thou canst not foresee the future, thou canst not tell what danger threatens now,' she said. 'Thou canst not guard against it. Santoo and my husband, they intend thee evil. They have planned to tell the village folk thou art a witch.'

(*Continued on page* 194).

"Louisa chanted and waved her hands about her head."

"'I'll move the lantern up and down,' Louisa whispered."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 119.)

'A WITCH?' Louisa repeated, taken completely by surprise. For this new development she was wholly unprepared.

'They have adherents of a sort,' said Mangli's wife; 'those who see in them the rulers of the future, and who will join in the cry against thee. "If she is not a witch, she would have drowned in the well"—that is what they will say. "She came up younger than she went down." I have heard them talk. And there is the cat also; that great black cat that sits purring on thy lap. Witches have cats. And the hand of the woman thou didst doctor yesterday, to-day is worse. 'Tis true she knocked it on the stone with which she grinds her spices; I know, for I was with her at the time. But 'twill help to swell the count against thee.'

'What will the people do if they think I am a witch?' Louisa asked. It seemed to her there were many possibilities.

'They will hound thee from the village; they will drive thee forth with curses, perhaps with stones and blows. And without thee, Surabhi is lost. If thou dost remain, thou mightest save her once more. When thou art gone, who shall help?'

'Go to the police. Tell them what you know and what you suspect,' Louisa urged.

'I cannot betray my husband to them,' said Mangli's wife. 'And, besides, I have told thee that I dare not.' She began to shiver again in the grip of renewed panic. And at that Louisa remembered the plan she herself had made already, and which, in the excitement of the moment, she had forgotten completely.

'I'll manage to prove the stone was loosened, and who loosened it,' she said, confidently. 'I'll do it to-night. I'm going to look at the parapet directly it's dark. Surabhi shall be saved, and you won't have to speak. I'll find a clue; something for Maru to show to the police.'

'A clue?' cried Mangli's wife. 'I had not thought of that.' Eagerly she bent towards Louisa, laid a thin hot hand on her arm: 'Look for the ring, wise woman,' she said; 'look for the ring. Find the ring, and the clue is yours.'

CHAPTER XX.

'WHAT ring?' Louisa questioned, eagerly. Here, at last, was something definite; no mere vague accusation.

'The signet ring,' Mangli's wife told her. 'That ring which Santoo always wore, and with which he signed the village registers. Last night he lost it. My father is the village silversmith, and Santoo ordered a new ring from him this morning. It was to be made at once, and delivered speedily. Santoo told my father that he lost the other ring when bathing in the river.

'But what has the river to do with the well?' Louisa questioned. For a moment she thought that Mangli's wife must believe too that an underground stream joined well and river. But in this she was mistaken.

'Santoo has not been down to the river since he returned from the town yesterday,' Mangli's wife asserted. 'He was wearing the old ring then. I served him with food, and I saw it. I think he lost the ring when he was loosening the stone. So look for the ring, wise woman. I tell thee, look for the ring.' And, with a sigh, she rose to her feet.

'I must not linger,' she said. 'I have work to do. Santoo lives with us since the death of his wife, and he and my husband quickly grow impatient if all is not to their liking. They will be hungry soon, and I must hasten to my cooking.'

Before Louisa could question her further she was gone, running towards the gate, evidently afraid of further delay. She almost fell over Bulbo, who was sitting in the very middle of the path, and who made no attempt to move. She threw a scared glance in his direction as she disappeared, as though she feared his anger. Bulbo returned the glance with cold disdain. He had come to the conclusion that he liked the garden. It was full of birds, guileless birds. They had provided him already with entertainment. But the garden was his; he had no welcome for intruders. Disturbed now, he strolled towards Louisa that she might soothe his wounded dignity. Absorbed, she only offered him a bony lap on which to sit. It fell far short of his requirements; but, since it was at least softer than the garden path, he adapted it for the time being.

'He does indeed look very evil,' Kadru took the opportunity of saying. 'As I said before, Miss Sahib——'

Louisa interrupted. 'If you said it before, I've heard it already.' Her eyes were shining with excitement. This was no moment for gloom. 'Oh, Kadru, just think. We've got them now,' she cried. 'We'll find that ring. I feel we shall. They'll soon be safe in prison.'

'What ring?' asked Dukhi's voice. He had come into the garden as Mangli's wife had left it, and had been hovering near, awaiting his moment. Both Kadru and Louisa had been too absorbed to notice him, and both jumped as he spoke. 'And who is going to prison?' he added, sidling up to Bulbo with an ingratiating air.

'That,' Louisa told him, 'is no business of yours. And what are you doing here?' she asked sharply, afraid lest he had overheard too much.

'I have come to play with Bulbo as you promised—I was very good. And I have come to look at the wise woman again,' Dukhi confessed. He put his head on one side, and stared fixedly. 'As old and ugly as ever,' he pronounced. 'When thou dost leave the village, I shall be glad. But wilt thou not leave thy cat behind, *witch*? Give it to me, and I will take care of it. The people will drive thee from village to village. From one to the other the news will be passed: "Here comes a witch. Drive her forth to save yourselves as we have done," so says my father. I have heard him talking.'

He crouched down close to Bulbo. Then, suddenly, he lifted the cat from Louisa's lap to his own. 'He shall stay with me,' said Dukhi. 'Who will give him food, good food, in the desert places beyond?' He looked from Louisa to Kadru. 'You will both starve, but what does that matter?' said Dukhi. '*He* shall not die.'

He hugged Bulbo close, and Louisa bent to snatch the cat back again; then she paused. Bulbo seemed not displeased, to her surprise. He had closed his eyes; he was even beginning to purr, forgetting, apparently, his burnt paw, his drenching in the fountain. Louisa supposed he found that Dukhi's lap was more comfortable than her own; it was certainly better padded. But

Dukhi interpreted the favour shown him indifferently. Far more he read into it.

'He has forgiven me,' said Dukhi, gleefully. 'He is so clever. He knows how marvellous I think him, and that it was but to test him I tried him so high. He understands. He is not of a spiteful temper like the ugly wise woman. Presently he will choose to live with me and not with her. I feel it in my bones.'

'I don't believe you've got any bones. You're all fat,' Louisa retorted. Again she reached towards Bulbo, and again she paused. He ought not to prefer Dukhi's lap to hers; but still . . . Soon she and Kadru must inspect the parapet. Already the sun was setting; very soon it would be dark. Then would be their best moment when the village folk were busy with the evening meal. Dukhi must not come too. He would probably insist on coming if not diverted. In his present saint-like and self-righteous mood could he be trusted with the care of Bulbo? A yet louder purr decided Louisa to try the experiment at least.

'It will soon be seen if Bulbo has indeed forgiven,' said Louisa. 'I go now to walk in the cool of the evening. If, when I return, Bulbo is still sitting contented on your lap, I shall take it as a sign.'

'On my lap and *most* contented he will be,' Dukhi affirmed. So much in earnest he was that out came his tongue, while his eyes grew round with excitement. Satisfied, Louisa beckoned to Kadru, and into the garden they strolled, edging gradually towards the gateway, unobserved as far as they could tell. The village street was practically deserted. Dimly they could see the well-posts in the distance, the shape of the tree near by.

'We will take a water-pot with us,' Kadru suggested. 'Then if we are asked, "Why come ye to the well?" we can answer, "We come to draw of the well water. 'Tis sweeter, perchance, than that of the fountain."' And back she ran to the hut to return with a brass water vessel, and to say that Dukhi was still seated where they had left him, with Bulbo still on his lap.

'I've got the matches,' Louisa whispered, as they slipped through the gateway towards their goal. 'And the lantern.' Already it seemed best to whisper, though no one was near. She was enjoying herself hugely! Failure seemed impossible. She had almost forgotten the double danger in which she stood in the excitement of the moment. The first match she struck might reveal the ring stuck in a crevice; or it would glitter on the ground, self-betraying, in the darkness.

'Will the ring have a badge on it?' she asked Kadru. 'What's usually put on these signet rings?'

'No badge, but the name of the owner,' said Kadru. 'I have never seen another device. If we can find the ring we can bring Santoo's guilt home to him. In that, at least, the Miss Sahib is right.'

They were at the parapet now. Louisa stumbled on a wedge of mortar, detached where the stone had fallen. Cautiously she struck a match, and lit the wick of the little lantern. There was no one near the well save Kadru and herself, and there was but a glimmer of a flame. Shielded by her hand and body, the light was thrown in only one direction, that in which it was required, and it was only visible for a short distance.

'I'll move the lantern very slowly, first up and down, then sideways,' Louisa whispered; and inch by inch the light moved over the gap in the parapet which gaped dark between its whiter sides. It was not large. The search was likely to be short, therefore; that at once both she and Kadru realised. Only the topmost stone had fallen, and the hole it had left was smooth, not jagged. There were no odd cracks or crevices in which a ring might lodge. The ground beneath was hard and level, though thickly coated with dust.

(*Continued on page* 206.)

THE THEATRE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Greatest Puppet Show in the World.

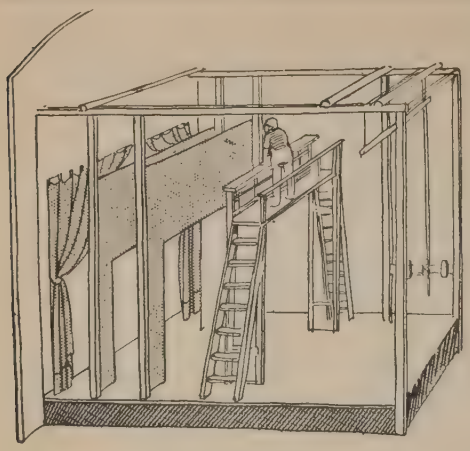
In almost every country under the sun there is to be found some variety of that extraordinary method of entertainment known as the 'puppet-show.' This has probably been going on ever since the first jointed doll was made—thousands of years, perhaps, for jointed dolls were 'all the thing' in ancient Greece and Rome, and it is quite possible that they did not originate there, but have a much older beginning in Egypt or elsewhere. Puppets, of course, are simply jointed dolls that are made, by various mechanical means, to move and act like human beings. In some lands they are controlled by means of wires or sticks, and in others by strings, from which the catch-phrase 'pulling the strings' has come into being.

It would take a long story to tell of all the many different kinds of puppet, and how they have been made and used throughout the ages; how they were first called 'motions' in England, some four or five hundred years ago and how they grew to be quite popular as a form of entertainment at all our old-time fairs, like Bartholomew Fair in the early eighteenth century. In fact, so popular did they become that a gentleman named Powel became quite famous for his puppet-show, and numbered amongst his patrons many wealthy and titled people.

But the puppets of those days, compared with later examples, were poor affairs, and not very human-like in their actions, although they gave most pretentious performances, and their manipulators tackled most ponderous and tragical dramas. The people of this country grew somewhat tired of them, and turned to other amusements, and the marionette-shows dwindled for a while into obscurity, though they were by no means dead. Certain families continued to make and exhibit the dolls, and handed their art down from father to son, so that even to-day there are still to be seen genuine English puppets. Lately, however, there has come a revival, a new interest in these wonderful dolls, and Mr. William Simmonds, among many others in this country, is making and producing some very fine examples of this art we have so nearly lost.

But while the puppet-shows have faded into temporary obscurity in England, their great possibilities have been fully understood appreciated, and developed in various European countries, especially Germany, Austria, and Italy. In fact, the Sicilian marionettes are famous all the world over. Yet even these Sicilian dolls are left far behind by the wonderful puppets of Rome, which are one of the things every visitor to the city hopes to be able to see.

And now one of the strangest things has happened; for, instead of the English people having to go to Rome to see the puppets, the puppets of Rome have come to London itself, so that all who have heard about them,



The Puppet Stage.

and long desired to witness their extraordinary performance, will have just the opportunity they need without the cost and trouble of a journey to Italy to be thought of.

This particular 'troupe' of marionettes is known as the 'Teatro dei Piccoli,' which in English means 'the Theatre of the Little People.' The little people, of course, are the puppets themselves, and in Rome they have a theatre entirely to themselves, where night after night they perform their plays and operas to a more than crowded 'house.'

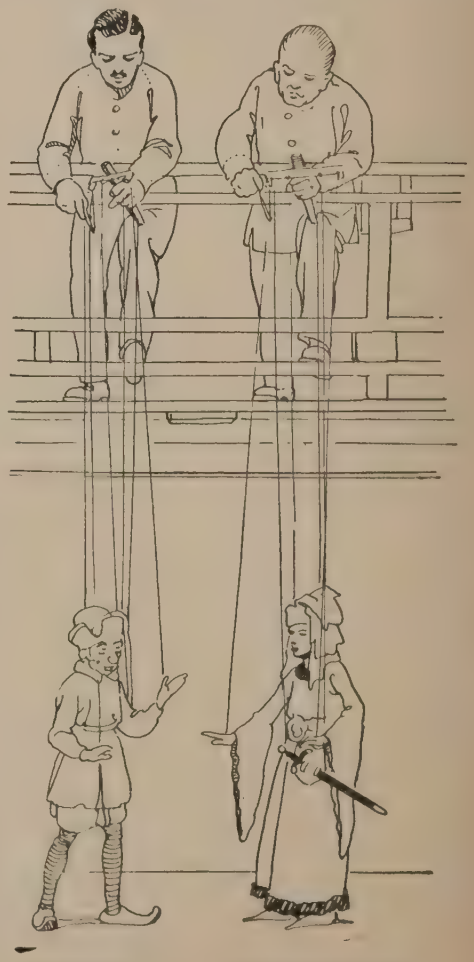
The Teatro dei Piccoli was founded by Dr. Vittorio Podrecca, an Italian gentleman who is a noted educationalist and lover of all that is good in art and music, and who determined to lift the puppet-shows up from their old mechanical level to undreamt heights of realism, and make them masterpieces of art. That he has more than succeeded may be seen in the fact that Dr. Podrecca has been specially decorated by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and a Diploma of Merit has been awarded his theatre itself by the Italian Ministry of Fine Arts.

Metal pin
mouth
pivot.
Classical Head in carved wood. Before Painting
Finished Humourous Head. Fully coloured and wearing a wig

Some Puppet Heads.

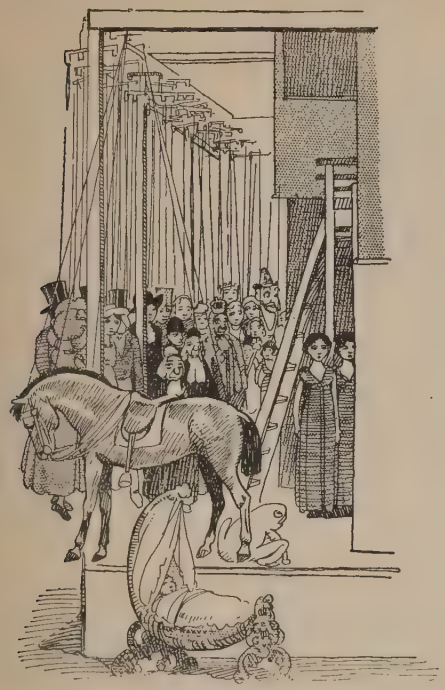
With Dr. Podrecca is his friend Mr. Fedora, and these two men are the controlling forces behind the whole of this great organization, of which the puppets themselves are really only a small, but most important, part.

Now for a brief description of the puppets themselves—these little men on strings—how they are designed and made, and how their plays are produced. In the first



The Bridge from which the Puppets are worked.

place, when Dr. Podrecca decides upon a play or opera, he has to get his scenes and costumes designed, as well as any special heads and characters for particular actors, and this is all done in exactly the same way as if it were being done for the real theatre. Artists, the finest in Italy, are commissioned to design the scene



The Little People.

A Puppet Dialogue.

exactly to scale and in every detail. Other artists, perhaps, will design costumes, and some will design the faces and heads for the carvers to make their special head models from.

After the designs have come from the artists they are given to the scene-painters or costume-makers, who set to work to make the actual scenes and dresses to be used in the play. The scenes, for example, are eighteen to twenty feet long when finished, and are some of the most gorgeous productions of scenic art ever used in a show. The same with the costumes—to say that they are magnificent is but a poor way of expressing their beauty; in fact, it is impossible to describe them

'Fortunello.'

adequately, and when it is realised that there are something like *five hundred* dolls used in the different plays—dolls ranging from three to four feet in height, many of which have to be dressed, undressed, and re-dressed again several times at each performance—it means that the wardrobe of the Teatro dei Piccoli must be a very gigantic affair.

Then again, for music, the services of some of Italy's greatest musicians and composers are invariably

obtained. The music for the opera of the well-known fairy story, 'The Sleeping Beauty,' was entirely composed by Signor Respighi, who himself sometimes conducts the orchestra at a performance, though the musical director of the theatre is Maestro Francesco Picciati, a very famous Italian composer and musician. So in both the musical and the artistic senses of the word, these marionette performances are of the highest perfection.

The vocal part of the performance in an opera is always performed by a specially selected choir who are hidden from the view of the audience; otherwise the illusion that the dolls themselves are singing would be completely destroyed, even though the puppets did open their mouths as if in song, which some of them are actually capable of doing.

When the puppets are not in use, they are each packed away in a separate wooden box, and when the time comes for their appearance on the stage, they are taken out of their boxes by the regular puppet men; their strings are properly set and arranged, and the balance and movements of each actor are thoroughly tested before they are put upon the stage.

These puppet men, by the way, are wonderful beings. Their job is more than a profession; it is even more than an art, for it has grown into their very breath, almost, since they have been doing this sort of thing all their lives, until their hands and fingers are as sensitive to every touch and movement of the strings as a thermometer is to the rise and fall of the temperature around it. When they are bending over above the back of the stage, and controlling those strings, the wooden figures beneath just seem to move, and think, and live like real human beings, because the very personalities of the puppet men are in them.

That is why the marionettes of the Teatro dei Piccoli are *different* from all others of their kind—because at the back of all the wonderful music, and scenery, and dresses, and dolls, there is not a single person attached to the show who does not put his or her whole heart and soul into the thing for the sake of the art they represent.

Chief among the puppet operators are three brothers named Gorno, and who are examples of the way in which this difficult profession becomes a family affair, for their father and grandfather were both puppet men before them.

When in action, the puppets are worked by means of strings or wire manipulated by these same puppet men, who are stationed on a platform behind the stage, and also above it, from whence they can control as many as twenty figures on the stage at once. The strings being very fine, it is almost impossible for the audience to detect their presence, and as the operators are such masters of their art, through long years of constant practice, they put such real humanity into every movement of the doll that the onlooker becomes completely oblivious of the fact that he or she is really watching some lifeless bits of wood. This illusion is also assisted by the beautiful costumes, the exquisite scenery, and the perfect system of stage lighting that is always used.

In addition to being operators, these puppet men are the dolls' valets or ladies'-maids, as the case may be, and not only look to the dressing of the figures, but also keep their costumes in order, cleaning them, and even ironing them out, like a laundress, when need arises. In fact, so important is the relation between the men and the dolls that practically no other person besides themselves is ever allowed to handle them.

So much for the dolls themselves and the wonderful men who manipulate them. But before this little account of them is closed it will be as well to take just a glance at the many different plays and operas, together with an almost endless number of variety turns, that constitute their programme. While in London the chief attraction will be the ever-delightful old fairy story, 'The Sleeping Beauty'—or, as the Italian playbill puts it, 'La Bella Dormente nel Bosco' ('The Beauty sleeping in the Wood')—and perhaps Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' or, by way of something comic, the story of a funny little Italian chap called 'Fortunello,' who is made to come out of a broken pumpkin, and on his travels meets almost every kind of animal and strange being it is possible to think of.

The whole list of performances would take too long to mention, but chief amongst them are Jules Verne's extraordinary story, 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,' 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,' 'Red Riding Hood,' 'Don Juan,' and 'The Barber of Seville.'

And so it would be possible to write on and on about the marvels of this Italian puppet-show, and tell of the many other interesting things and particulars which have been so kindly given especially to *Chatterbox* by Dr. Podrecca himself and those who work with him, and who allowed the artist to make the sketches here shown direct from the puppets themselves. But seeing is believing, and whoever sees at the New Scala Theatre these Roman dolls, in whatever play or opera it may be, will carry away for all time a memory of a blaze of colour, the graceful movements of many almost human figures, and exquisite sounds of some of the most beautiful music ever heard.

HARRY W. WHANSLAW.

A DIFFICULTY.

'OF all the glorious things there are,
When we go out to stay,
Which one we like the very best
It's difficult to say.
I think I like quince marmalade,
And Mary likes the swings,
But Bobby likes the pruning-knife—
The one the gardener brings.

'We always choose which we like best
Each time we go to play;
But as we can't be really sure,
We change it every day.
This give us nearly time to like
Each thing the best, you see,
For sometimes we're away two weeks,
And sometimes nearly three!

'Already we've liked fourteen things
Better than all the rest,
And still there seem so many more
Waiting to be liked best.
Now Auntie's very strange, because,
Of all the lovely things,
She says she likes the very best
The song the blackbird sings!'

TRYING TO QUARREL.

THERE were once two old hermits who lived together for years and years without once quarrelling. At last one of them began to feel rather weary of such eternal peace, and thought the excitement of a quarrel would be rather fun. He approached the other and said simply:

'Don't you think it would be a good thing to quarrel just for once, as other men do? This friendship of ours is getting a little monotonous.'

'I think it would be quite a good idea,' said the other; 'but, upon my word, I don't know how to begin quarrelling.'

'Surely we can think of some way. Look here. I'll put a book between us and say it's mine; then you can say it's yours; and if we go on long enough like that it ought to turn into a quarrel.'

He fetched a book and put it on the table between them.

'This book is mine,' he said.

'Oh, dear! no, it isn't; it's mine,' replied the other.

'It's not yours; it's mine, I tell you.'

'Oh, well! if it's yours, you'd better take it.'

And so ended their attempt at a quarrel! B. W.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 186.)

NORMA was listening in amazement. Of course she knew, now, the whole mystery! She remembered a story that their father had told them as they had picnicked on the side of the mountain: the story of the old Hermit who stole the things from the monastery and made the cave, and how the cave had once been bigger. Of course, the gold dishes, or whatever the hermit's treasure was, must have been buried under the rock when the third room fell in! Why ever hadn't they thought of that? These men must have found a plan of the cave as it was originally made, and be cutting away the rock to find the gold. And they said they had found something, already! Of course there must be a lot more.

The men hadn't any right to it. That seemed obvious. Who did they mean by 'the guv'nor'? Could that be Mr. Ross? If so, it seemed that he owned the Nab. She hadn't thought of that. And anything on the Nab was his, of course, so that these men were trying to steal his property! If only she and the boys could stop them! Then, of course, he could have the gold dishes and things, and it would be ever so jolly to do that and make up for all the silliness about not believing that he was all right and trying to help them.

But how was she to tell the boys? These men weren't likely to leave their work and run away when they were interrupted. They were much more likely to try to take the boys prisoners, although Sydney at any rate would make a fight for it. But these men were much too strong for the boys to have any chance of winning.

She saw the elder man take up the drill, and start to fix it to the battery. Then he turned to his companion and told him to go down to the boat and fetch the pick. That meant that for a few minutes there would be only one man for her to reckon with. He would be busy with the drill, and Norma wondered whether she could possibly get over the partition and crawl to the pit without his hearing her. It didn't seem likely. Probably the boards of the partition would slip under her weight, and fall with a noise, and anyhow the upper part of the cave was so narrow that she would almost touch the man if she tried to get past.

That idea seemed hopeless, and anxiously she wondered whether there could be any other way of warning the boys. They were certain to come back very soon now. Of course, if they came almost at once, they would meet the younger man alone on the top of the island. But he would be armed with the pick-axe which he had been to fetch, and she shuddered to think of what might happen to the boys.

It was certain in any case to be horrible for them if they came to the island without knowing that the men were there. She ought to do something to warn them. She knew she ought. But, crouching at the back of the cave, she felt helpless. She could not think of any plan, and she was becoming more and more terrified. She wanted to scream; not entirely to warn Sydney and Leonard, but because it was so difficult to keep silent. If she had been in the open, she would have run and run in absolute terror. Here, she could not move, could not do anything.

Suddenly she heard a shout. It was Sydney's voice, ending in a smothered yelp. Norma clutched at the slope of the rock, and stood trembling, while the man in front of her in the cave dropped his tools, and hurried down to the pit. His body seemed to block the entrance, and Norma could not see what was happening. But a second later she saw the man climb up on to the top of the island, and suddenly she realised that her chance of escape had come.

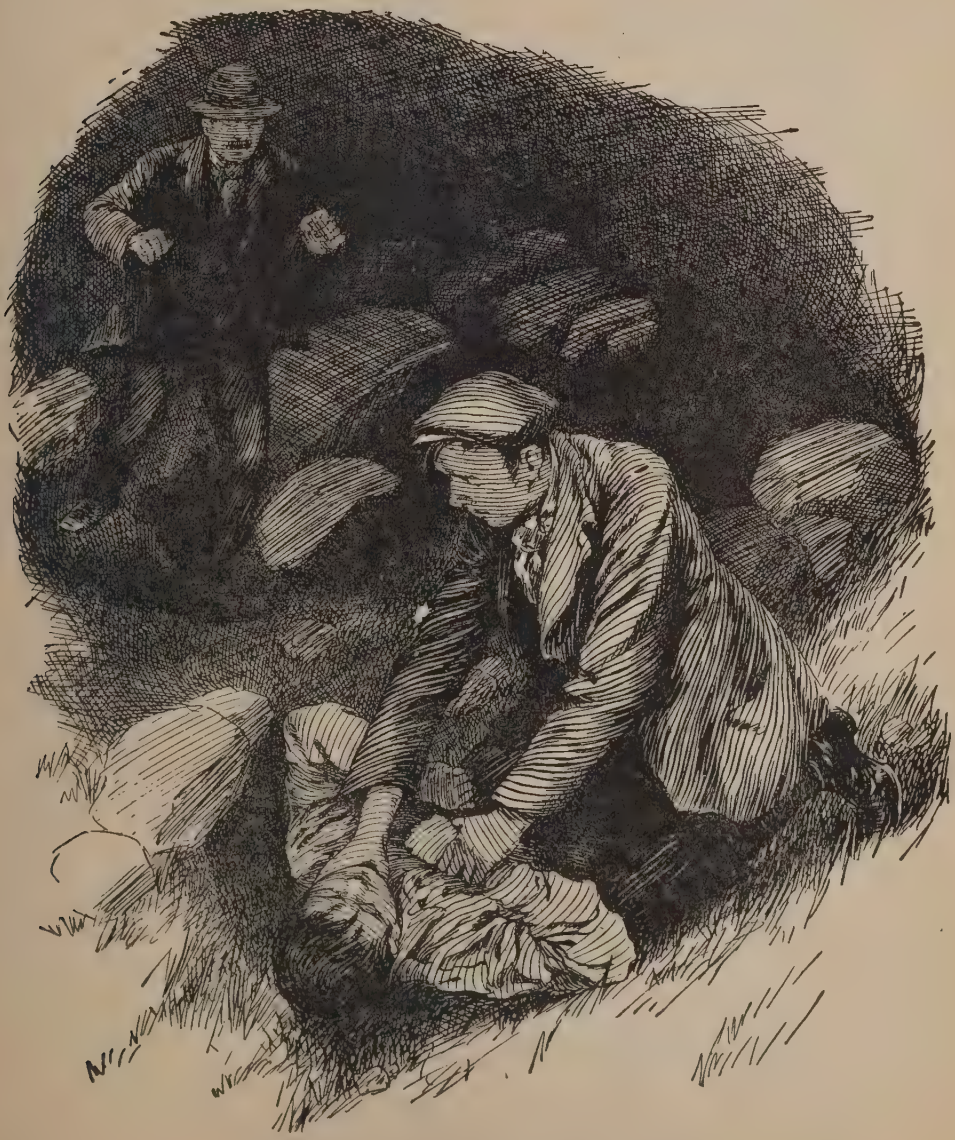
The boys of course would be making a fight for it. When Sydney's cry had ended so suddenly, she thought for a minute that he must be hurt; but when the elder man had climbed out of the pit to help his companion, she quickly decided that all must still be well with the boys and that they would be able to tackle a man each. She prayed that they would not be hurt. If she could get out of the cave, she could either help them, or else she could light the red signal-lamp and get help from the hotel. At any rate, while the men were away she ought to be able to cross the pit, and quickly she clambered over the boards of the partition. Then, kneeling on the upper floor of the cave, she began to crawl forwards.

But almost immediately she heard a noise of scuffling. It was horribly close, almost at the top of the pit. If only the boys could win! Then, as she prepared to go down to the lower floor, near the mouth of the cave, she stopped aghast. A man had dropped down into the pit! 'Hold his legs,' she heard the gruff-voiced man say, and then she was horrified to realise that one of the boys was being brought as a prisoner into the cave.

And she, too, was trapped. There was no time now to get back to her hiding-place, and in another minute, when the man turned round, she was bound to be discovered. Instinctively, she drew back into the darker part of the cave. But she knew that that was useless. It was impossible to hide now, and suddenly she made up her mind. Without thinking of the consequences, she scrambled forward, got on to her feet—and made a wild dash at the man nearest to her.

(*Continued on page* 202.)

"She made a wild dash at the man nearest to her."



"In a second he was lying on his back in the grass."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 199.)

AS Norma ran, she dimly saw Sydney struggling in the arms of his captor, and then, finding the half-filled kettle still in her hand, she hit out wildly with it at the man's back. She heard a voice call out: 'A girl—look out!' and then she felt some one grasping her wrists from behind. She struggled and kicked, but she was firmly held; and then she was lifted off her feet and carried into the cave.

She screamed, but a hand came down immediately over her mouth. 'Just you keep quiet, Missy,' said the gruff-voiced man, 'and you won't be hurt, and tell the boy to stop kicking. You'll both be all right if you don't make a row.'

But Norma struggled all the more, although she could do little against the strength of the man who held her. Then, all of a sudden, she felt horribly tired, so that it seemed impossible to try any more to get away. The man was holding her very tightly, hurting her wrists, and making it difficult for her to breathe. She couldn't fight any more.

The man set her down on the edge of the upper floor of the cave. 'Now, you keep quiet,' he said, threateningly, and she knew that it was now of no use trying to get free. She could see Sydney, pressed face downwards over the pile of blankets, while the younger man stood over him, tying his hands behind his back with a handkerchief.

'Make sure of that fellow,' said the elder man, and then Sydney's feet were tied together with his own towel, and his head was raised a few inches off the blankets.

'Are you going to be quiet?' demanded his captor, 'or do you want me to gag you?'

Sydney squirmed in an effort to turn round, but the man at once pressed him down again on to the blankets. 'Now,' he asked again, 'are you going to be quiet?'

'Let go! Let go!' cried Sydney, his words being muffled by the blankets.

Then the elder man intervened. 'We'll find out who they are first,' he said. 'Let that fellow sit up, and if he makes any row, dot him one on the head.'

The man stood back, and Sydney sat up at once, flushed and indignant. 'What do you want?' he demanded. 'This isn't your island, and you've no right to touch us.'

The gruff-voiced man came close to him. 'You shut up,' he said. 'We're going to do the talking, and you can answer questions. If you try making any row, you'll get a nice knock on the head. Now, what did you come to this cave for?'

'What's that to do with you?' demanded Sydney, but the man at once looked so threatening that he changed his tone and explained that they had been living on the island for the last few days.

The two men exchanged glances. 'Have you been in this cave all the time?' asked one of them, but Sydney refused to answer. He saw that the men must want to discover how much he knew about the tunnel, and there didn't seem to be anything to be gained by giving away that part of the business.

Sydney was now beginning to get a grasp of the position. He had been running across the Nab to look for the men's boat, a few minutes before, when he had suddenly seen a man walking across the dell, close to the top of the pit. In a flash he had realised that, for some reason or other, the men must have landed, and this man was going straight to the cave where Norma was. Sydney did not wait, but threw himself desperately at the man, reaching up to hit him with clenched fist on the cheek and trying at the same time to throw him to the ground. He shouted as he did so, to warn Norma, but it was a hopeless attempt, and in a second he was lying on his back on the grass, with the man's knee firmly on his chest. Then the other man had arrived and he had been carried down to the pit. There, Norma had suddenly come out of the cave—and now they were both of them prisoners, and pretty helpless.

Sydney wondered what would happen to Leonard, when he came on to the island. Separated like this, they didn't get much chance to put up a show, and of course Leonard would be captured in a few minutes' time. Still, he wasn't going to answer questions, because if these men found out how much they knew about the tunnel, they would take more care than ever to prevent them escaping.

The men drew away, nearer to the mouth of the cave, and Sydney, struggling in vain to loosen the handkerchief that secured his hands, realised that the younger man was explaining to the other what had happened outside. He heard the answer: 'Awful mess now. We can't let these kids go, or they'll tell the Guv'nor in no time; and yet we'll have a job to keep them here in the day-time.' The younger man appeared to be arguing, in excited whispers, that he didn't want any job with the police and that they had better get away with as much of the stuff as they had already found, instead of dishing the whole affair by waiting to get the rest.

(*Continued on page* 214.)

THE BEE IN HIS BONNET.

(*Concluded from page* 191.)

'ARE you the child who is always forgetting his duties to other people, and desires to live alone?' the bee asked. 'Human boy, you are making a big mistake. Menfolk are like beefolk, they must all live together, and work for each other. Union is strength. Employment for others brings happiness. Colin, you are not attending to me; your mind is wandering again. Listen, I will whisper in your ear.'

And she crawled across his face with her tickly, prickly feet, followed by all her bee maids-of-honour.

'Now, who brought you here, little master?' said another voice, bigger, busser, more to be obeyed than the queen-mother's, and Colin opened his eyes with a start to see the rosy, jolly faces of a farmer and his wife bending over him.

'The bee in my bonnet,' said Colin, sitting bolt upright, but feeling terribly muddled in the head. 'She brought me to a hill where the bees all live in little houses, like a fairies' village—unless, indeed, I dreamt it.'

'Nay, this here is Beehive Hill,' said the farmer, looking round at the twenty thatched hives, nestling amongst the fern and heather, 'where we farmers, and our fathers before us, have kept our hives for long

enough, so as to get the taste of the heather in the honey.'

'A very good idea,' said Colin, politely, though repressing a shiver. 'But I think I am rather off bees. Ouch, I can feel them tickling me yet! What a lot of stuff the queen-bee did talk when she crawled across my face!'

'Well, if she talked nonsense, she was not the only one!' returned the farmer tapping his forehead in a sly, meaning way, which would have vexed Colin sorely, had he felt well enough to notice.

'There you are wrong, Jasen,' said Mrs. Farmer, interfering in tones of great decision. 'The little master is not crazed, but mazed with fever, as any one with half an eye could see. Look here, lovey,' she went on, turning to Colin. 'It is not a bee in your bonnet, or on your face either, which is plaguing you, but the rash coming out. It is measles which is the matter with you—as I ought to know, who have reared seven children of my own.'

And measles it proved to be, when Aunt Susan was found and the doctor fetched.

Colin was in too high a fever to be moved—none of the cousins had had the complaint. So he worried through the rest of his illness, and the convalescence after, in the old stone-roofed house which looked on Beehive Hill, very kindly nursed by Mrs. Jasen, with as much solitude as he could wish, and (after the first few days) more books sent him by his relations than even he could manage to get through.

All the same, he was thankful to get home, and returned quite changed, sociable, alert, alive to whatever was going on.

I do not know what caused this difference, whether it was the counsels of the bees, or the keen, pure mountain air which braced his health and blew his mind clear. Anyway, the fact remains that the bee in Colin's bonnet was left behind for good, to employ herself where the bluebell and the grey scabious nod on the brow of Beehive Hill. M. I. C.

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

VIII.—WRESTLING AND BOXING.

THESE two sports, similar in that they consist of a trial of skill and endurance between two athletes, opponents face to face in a small enclosure, have a very ancient history.

Wrestling, as is proved by ancient sculptures that have been discovered, was known and practised in Egypt and Nineveh, and also by the Greeks and the Romans, though the tastes of the latter always inclined to the more savage exhibitions.

Amongst the ancient Greeks it was greatly encouraged as an excellent gymnastic exercise, and formed one of the events at the great national games, being introduced in the eighteenth Olympiad (704 B.C.), and the highest awards and honours were bestowed on the happy victors.

The wrestling of those days differed considerably from what we are used to nowadays, particularly as regards the dress worn by competitors, for they were in the habit of competing almost, if not quite, nude, with their limbs and bodies anointed with oil or some kind of grease, in order to make their muscles supple.

As this custom made it very difficult for them to get a good hold of one another, they were in the habit of rubbing sand on their hands, or even of rolling in the dust of the area before the contest commenced. In the contest a good deal of licence was allowed, for butting and throttling were permitted, though the great endeavour was to obtain a good hold on the opponent's legs, and so bring him down. It was a case of 'tackle low' as speedily and surely as possible. The third throw decided the victory, and struggling on the ground was not permitted.

In the Roman arena the niceties of the game were not so well observed; the more rough and fierce the combat, the happier the audience.

There is no doubt that wrestling has been popular in England from quite an early period, and that it was particularly so in the Middle Ages.

In 1222, during the reign of Henry III., it is recorded that a wrestling match took place between the citizens of London and those of Westminster. This sporting meeting took place in St. Giles's Fields, and resulted in an easy victory for London.

On Lammas Day following, the return match was arranged to take place at Westminster, and indeed had actually commenced, when the bailiff of Westminster and his associates spoilt the fun by falling on the Londoners in most unsporting fashion, beating them and driving them in disorder back into the City. Rioting and disorder appear often to have taken place at wrestling matches, for later, when Clerkenwell was the favourite spot for these encounters, we may read of another uproar when the Lord Mayor, who often attended these meetings, was routed and driven back within the City boundaries, accompanied by his fellow-townsmen, so we must presume that attending a wrestling match was liable to be a somewhat lively entertainment.

The prizes in those days did not consist of cups or medals, but usually of a sturdy ram or a cock.

The styles of wrestling have varied considerably. In England, the Cumberland and Westmorland system is perhaps the best and most scientific, and the least dangerous. The opponents stand chest to chest, each grasping the other round the body, the right arm of each being under the left arm of the other, and each joins his hands behind the other's back. Should one let go before the other the decision goes against him, and should both fall to the ground they wrestle over again, but should one fall before the other he is the loser. No kicking is allowed, or catching hold of arms or legs, each trying to throw the other by lifting from the ground, and then throwing him, using various twisting movements, such as the 'buttock,' 'back-hank,' 'leg-hipe,' and so forth.

In Devon and Cornwall kicking used to be permitted, and was a prominent feature of the West-country style, but it is now forbidden. The competitors are allowed to catch hold anywhere above the waist, or any portion of each other's jackets.

In the Lancashire system, which is the roughest, opponents are allowed to catch hold of any portion of each other's body, and wrestling on the ground is permitted. This is the most popular of the English methods, and has found many partisans in America, Australia, and South Africa.

There are many holds that are likely to prove injurious, and which professional wrestlers do not hesitate to make use of, but the referee has power to order the

"The bailiff and his associates spoilt the fun."

"Local and other champions."

removal of any grip that he considers likely to cause injury.

The Græco-Roman style of wrestling is by far the most popular on the Continent; it is, indeed, practically the only kind of wrestling indulged in. No leg holds are allowed, and little real work takes place until both men are on the ground, where the object of each one is to secure the uppermost position, so that often enough the struggle lasts for an hour or two, even longer, as when Pons, the Frenchman, met the Turk, Memisch, when a draw resulted after close on three hours' manœuvring on the mat, neither man daring to get on his feet.

Very few Græco-Roman wrestlers ever attempt the mastery of other styles of wrestling, and very few wrestlers in other styles have had much success when attempting the Continental method, the one exception being Tom Cannon, of Lancashire, who was admittedly up to the class of the crack European performers.

In the Græco-Roman, weight is of great importance, and most of the Continental professionals are enormous men, often tall, and always very heavily built. The same applies to the Japanese, where wrestlers of the older school are bred to the profession from four or five

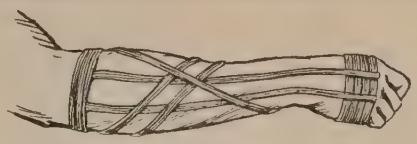
years of age, and where twenty stone weight is nothing at all out of the ordinary.

In this country the National Amateur Wrestling Association, which controls amateur wrestling, has done much to encourage the practice of this ancient pastime, and has barred many dangerous holds, such as strangle-holds, so that, in spite of the strain and muscular exertion involved, the chances of serious injury are slight, at any rate no worse than at many other sports.

Boxing, like wrestling, is a very ancient sport, and was first added to the Olympic games in the twenty-third Olympiad. The rules were somewhat similar to those in force to-day, but the boxer's wrists and fists were protected by straps of leather, instead of gloves, thereby increasing instead of diminishing the force of the blow. In spite of this, at the Greek games the death of one of the competitors disqualified his opponent, who, as well as losing the fight, was severely punished.

In a similar game, the *Pancratium*, which was a combination of boxing and wrestling, the use of leather straps, or even of the clenched fist, was not permitted.

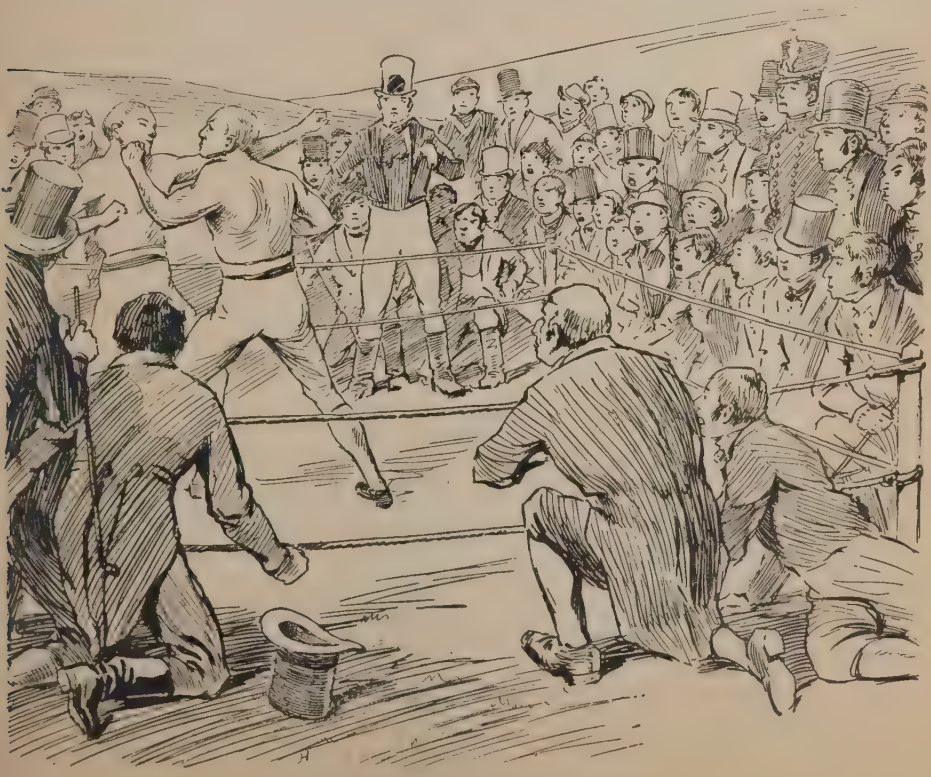
The 'cestus,' or glove, was no doubt originally



The Greek and Roman Cestus.

designed as a protection to the arm and hand, the knuckles and forearm being bound round with strips of leather, which would deaden the blow.

In Roman boxing, on the contrary, severe injuries were always hoped for by the bloodthirsty crowd, and the cestus was reinforced with metal in order to increase the force of the blow. Sometimes, not satisfied with lead or iron facing to the glove, rings of metal were passed round the knuckles and hands, forming a veritable 'knuckleduster.' In spite of the use of this dangerous and murderous weapon, boxing was one of the least popular of the ferocious sports of the Roman amphitheatre, whose audience would have been utterly



In the Prize Ring a Hundred Years ago.

bored with a modern fight of the fiercest kind, more savage and brutal contests being much preferred.

In England boxing appears to have long been popular, at any rate as long ago as the Middle Ages, and no doubt at village fairs there was a goodly show of local and other champions, to rival the popularity of the wrestlers and quarter-staff performers.

That boxing was universally popular at the time of George I., the following quotation, taken from the memoirs of an observant French traveller, will show: 'Anything that looks like fighting is delicious to the Englishman. If two little boys quarrel in the street, the passengers stop, make a ring round them in a moment, that they may come to fisticuffs. During the fight the ring of bystanders encourage the combatants with great delight of heart, and never part them while they fight according to the rules. The fathers and mothers of the boys let them fight on as well as the rest, and hearten him that gives ground or has the worst. These combats are less frequent among grown men than children, but they are not rare.'

Professional prize-fighting was already indulged in over two hundred years ago, when a man named Figg held the championship for ten years or so, and for about a century and a half prize-fighting continued a popular form of sport.

One of the first to bring a little science into their boxing was Jack Broughton, champion for ten years from 1740 on. He opened a boxing-ring near Tottenham Court Road, where public displays were given.

Boxing did not appeal to foreigners, and was confined almost entirely to Englishmen, though in 1754 the champion was challenged by a Frenchman, who very nearly won the fight, though by rather unorthodox methods, for 'he rushed at his antagonist and very nearly throttled him before he had had time to strike a blow, and Slack, the English champion was black in the face before he escaped from his predicament.'

The strange tactics of the challenger left the Englishman somewhat dazed, which is hardly surprising, but he managed to win for all that, for after receiving a severe hit in the ribs Monsieur Petit (the Frenchman) suddenly bolted off the stage and emphatically refused to return, although 'full strong' and able to go on.

The next great figure in the boxing world was that of Mendoza, who was famous in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and who opened a ring, or amphitheatre, in the Strand.

The beginning of the nineteenth century saw prize-fighting at the height of its popularity, rank and fashion, even Royalty, following the fortunes of the fight with as much enthusiasm as the people; the fights with bare fists were keen and hard, and usually lasted very much longer than is now the case. Pugilism continued to hold its place until about 1860, when it rapidly declined. Prize-fights were attended by gangs of dangerous ruffians, and no decent man dared attend unless under the protection of some well-known member of the confraternity. The police became more and more hostile, and interrupted or stopped numerous encounters, and the old prize-ring was doomed.

Boxing itself, however, was too fine a sport to die out, and in 1866 Mr. J. G. Chambers and others founded the Amateur Athletic Club, where glove-fights took place. A code of rules was drawn up by the Marquess of Queensberry, rules that differed in many respects from those of the old prize-ring. Hugging and wrestling were banned, and the time allowed to a fallen man to get to his feet was reduced to ten seconds.

Another important alteration consisted in making the rounds of three minutes' duration, instead of regulating their length according to the capability of the men to keep their feet.

The Amateur Athletic Club organized annual amateur championships for challenge cups, the matches taking place in a twenty-four foot ring on grass, and many glove fights took place in this way. Whilst in the present day the prize-ring has come into its own again, but with better rules and management than in its earlier days, amateur boxing has never been more popular. At the universities, public schools, in the navy and army, it holds a high place in the lists of athletic sports, as it fully deserves to do, and there is every reason to believe that this old English pastime will hold its own with the numerous other sports that are so popular, in school and out.

W. Herbert Holloway.

WANTED—A BLUE MOON.

SEVERAL curious things they say,
Happen when the moon is blue;
Lesson-time's preferred to play,
Often—*when the moon is blue;*
Children like to go to bed
Early—*when the moon is blue;*
Scorning cake they'll ask for bread,
Only—*when the moon is blue!*

Children who're on mischief bent,
Fate will overtake you soon;
Notice this advertisement—
Wanted here—a nice blue Moon.

Lilian Holmes.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 193.)

CHAPTER XXI.

UP and down went the lantern beam, like an eager anxious eye. Kadru's eyes and Louisa's, as eager and as anxious, followed it, blinking at each flicker, straining for a sight of the thing that they sought.

'Canst thou see the ring, Miss Sahib?' Kadru asked, half-a-dozen times at least.

'Not yet,' Louisa admitted. 'But we'll find it soon.' She encouraged all the more confidently because of the growing doubt in her own mind. 'Of course we can't expect to find it at once, or Santoo would have found it himself. Unless—'

She stopped abruptly as, suddenly, she realised a fact that had escaped her hitherto. It was possible the ring had dropped into the well, and lay beneath the water, safely hidden. She leant right over the shaft, trying to pierce the depths in her excitement, until Kadru caught at her skirt and pulled her back.

'You will fall in, Miss Sahib,' Kadru protested.

'Perhaps the ring's down there,' Louisa explained. And, if so, how could she recover it? But not yet would she acknowledge defeat. Round about the parapet she circled, her eyes on the ground. The ring might have slipped from Santoo's finger before he knew it, and been thickly covered with dust. It might have been kicked to one side ere he had realised his loss. She would not abandon hope until, at last, Kadru protested.

'If we waste the most of a night looking for a ring that cannot be found we shall be driven forth at dawn, helpless, without a resting-place,' said Kadru. 'Even my aunt's village will not take us in if the people believe that we are witches. Let us go while there is still a refuge open to us before yet the hue and cry begins. They will leave us alone then, Santoo and Mangli. They will be content enough to be rid of us. They want us out of the way because of Surabhi—that is all.'

Louisa did not answer immediately, since for the moment she was at her wits' end. She put out the lantern, and walked slowly up the street again, pondering, puzzled. She must decide what she would do, and she must decide quickly; yet no decision seemed possible. She lit the lantern again as she reached the hut. For the moment she had forgotten Dukhi, but the flickering wick showed him still in his corner with Bulbo still curled on his lap.

Dukhi had fallen asleep, but somehow he had managed not to disturb the cat. His head was at an uncomfortable angle; he would certainly have pins and needles in both legs when he woke. But he had scored a point; Louisa admitted it. She stood looking at him idly, still pondering. Then in a flash she turned on Kadru and took command again.

'We'll leave the village,' she said. 'But we won't go alone. Dukhi shall go with us. Why didn't I think of it before?'

'Dukhi?' Kadru questioned, open-mouthed. The suggestion left her gasping. It might be difficult to escape unhindered in any case. To burden themselves with Dukhi was surely to court disaster. Dukhi, who was a law unto himself, who would probably hamper them in every way. And Dukhi did not even require saving. He was in no danger. He was safe enough. For one scared moment Kadru thought that Louisa must be mad. Louisa caught her by the shoulder and promptly shook her.

'Don't look like that,' said Louisa. 'Don't you see? Can't you understand? I want Dukhi as a hostage, a threat to hold over Santoo. We'll leave a letter behind us saying that we've got him; and that if Santoo harms Surabhi, Dukhi will pay—that we'll do to him what Santoo does to her.'

'A—h!' said Kadru, as slowly astonishment turned to admiration. From the gossip of the village she had gathered that on one point, at least, Santoo agreed with Surabhi. Both were devoted to Dukhi; both thought his like did not exist. With Dukhi as a lever much might possibly be done; but there were weak points in the scheme.

'He is very little after all,' said Kadru. 'Would the Miss Sahib really slay him if Santoo kills Surabhi? I should not like to help in the killing. And to be hanged would not be nice.' She put her hands about her throat and pressed gently. 'It would hurt to choke,' she finished.

'As long as Santoo believes we'd kill Dukhi, idiot, that's all that's needed,' Louisa told her. 'He doesn't know who we really are, remember,' she went on. 'Perhaps he doesn't believe that I'm a witch. A witch might want a child's bones for medicine. A witch would know what Santoo was doing, even if she was ever so far away, and couldn't see him. That's what I hope he will think when he reads my letter.'

'Perchance he will,' Kadru agreed, more cheerfully. 'But still there remains Dukhi. How shall we get him to go with us? Though he is not large, he is heavy. We could not drag him, nor carry him far.'

'We'll bribe him with Bulbo,' said Louisa. 'We'll tell him he will *never* see Bulbo again if he doesn't come. But where shall we hide? It's no good going to your aunt now. We couldn't keep Dukhi shut inside her house night and day. The village people would talk; you know how news spreads, as Dukhi said. And Santoo will probably search for him.'

'I know of no other hiding-place,' Kadru admitted. And neither, it seemed, did Louisa. Yet, as she racked her brains, from somewhere in their depths something emerged.

'That time we went treasure-hunting,' she reminded Kadru, 'we came on an old deserted shrine. We sheltered there from a thunder-storm. It was watertight, and there was lots of room inside. If we can find it again, it might do for a few days at least.'

'I remember,' Kadru nodded. 'A man was killed by lightning where the shrine stands, not many years ago. I asked my father, and that was what he told me. The shrine was built to give the spirit rest, that it might not wander and work harm. But if we find the shrine and hide there, what shall we eat? The shrine was far from any village, as the Miss Sahib will remember.'

'Eat?' said Louisa. She wheeled, and pointed to an enormous tray heaped with food that Maru must have brought to the hut in their absence. There was enough to feed a dozen people, even with appetites the size of Dukhi's. It was Maru's thank-offering, as the shawl had been Surabhi's. She had tried to make it equally worthy of the occasion.

'We'll take that food and we'll make it last till somehow we get more,' said Louisa. 'We'll take the things we brought with us, and the things that have been given us to show that we like them. We can't say good-bye to Surabhi and Maru, because they would try to stop us, very likely, and they'd never let us take Dukhi. We'll come back and see them and explain when everything is cleared up, as it's sure to be some day.'

'When will that day be?' Kadru questioned, doubtfully; but Louisa waved the interruption aside. She began to search for a piece of paper on which to write her letter; and in a pocket she found a scrap and a stub of pencil. Just space there was for what she had to say.

'Dukhi is with us. If Surabhi is hurt he will suffer,' wrote Louisa. 'Witch,' she signed it. And outside, 'For Santo,' she printed. She would leave the letter on the floor of the hut beneath a weight. There Maru would find it, and would see that it reached its destination.

'And now we'll wake Dukhi,' said Louisa, 'and tell him he's got to come with us. It's no good his making a fuss. He's just *got* to come.'

(*Continued on page* 210.)

"Dukhi had fallen asleep."

"'Here is my pony,' said Dukhi."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 207.)

CHAPTER XXII.

DUKHI sat up and rubbed his eyes as Louisa poked him in the ribs. Instinctively his arms closed round Bulbo, who promptly struggled free. There was food at hand, Bulbo had just realised, and he meant to have his share of it. He stalked up to the tray, his tail erect and quivering. Then for a whim he sat up and begged.

'Thus did he when first I saw him,' said Dukhi, fondly, as one who had known Bulbo for years. 'Feed him quickly, wise woman, and I too will eat.'

Louisa eyed Dukhi thoughtfully as he squatted by the tray. She must find out how soon he was likely to be missed, a difficulty with which she had not yet reckoned. Now that she remembered it was somewhat surprising that no one had come in search of him, and that he had been allowed to visit the witch. It was Dukhi himself who supplied her with the reason.

'When I have finished I will go to my great-aunt,' he said. 'I told my father I would eat at her house, and sleep there also to-night. Thus I do when it is my pleasure. But through the hut-door I saw Bulbo, and so I came here instead.'

Louisa nodded, relieved. She had the whole night before her, then, in which to kidnap Dukhi. He would not be missed till late the following day. Santoo no doubt was glad to use the child as a link between himself and Surabhi; more than usually glad because of his guilty conscience. And Surabhi was not expecting Dukhi. She could not know that he was on his way to her.

'That's all right,' said Louisa aloud, to Dukhi's astonishment. He looked at her out of the corner of an eye as he ate steadily, sitting between her and Kadru.

'So after all the wise woman does like me,' said Dukhi. 'Her heart bounds with gladness when I come? I knew it.'

Louisa let the challenge pass with some difficulty. She was certainly glad that on this occasion Dukhi had elected to visit her. She looked at him steadily till he wriggled beneath her gaze. 'To-night I shall work a great magic,' she announced.

'Here, in this hut?' Dukhi asked, divided between fear and joy.

'In a place of my own, which is far distant,' Louisa told him. 'The people here call me witch, I am told. I am no witch, but I am very wise; there are things that I must do at certain times. And I will not remain with those who do not believe in me. I will not wait meekly until they drive me forth. On their own heads be their own mistakes.'

She had almost impressed herself. She had certainly impressed Dukhi. Even Kadru was beginning to believe that she and her mistress were leaving of their own free will, and was listening entranced. Louisa turned to her with uplifted finger.

'Kadru,' she admonished, 'an end of eating. Make ready. Tie all that we have in the blankets. Forget not what remains of the food. Bulbo shall travel enfolded in my *sari* as he travelled before. Dukhi, begone to thy great-aunt. Dukhi, farewell.'

Startled, Dukhi half rose to his feet while Louisa watched closely. A moment he hesitated; then to her relief he sank again to his little fat heels. She had been almost afraid he would take her at her word. Come with them he must, she was determined; but if possible of his own free will. She had seen enough of Dukhi to be certain that to urge him in one direction was to set him bolting in another. She still counted surely on Bulbo's attractions. And already Dukhi's lower lip was trembling, a fat tear had formed in the corner of his eye.

'I want Bulbo to stay with me,' Dukhi protested, at a loss momentarily. He could not maintain any longer that Bulbo would die of hunger, as he looked at the tray still heaped high.

'There is work for him also,' said Louisa, darkly. Undoubtedly Bulbo would be useful. The shrine was probably the home of rats and mice. The tear rolled down Dukhi's cheek, and was followed by another.

'Do not weep,' cried Kadru, impulsively. 'Let him come too, Miss Sahib. Ah, let him come too.'

Louisa beamed on her appreciatively. If Kadru had spoken on impulse, or with forethought, she could not have done better. Dukhi rose to the bait like a hungry fish.

'I *will* come too, wise woman,' he announced. 'Why cannot I come? Let me come.'

'You are too little. You are too fat,' Louisa assured him, and Dukhi stamped with rage. She only meant to spur him to greater effort in case that later he should complain; but she had produced in addition an unexpected result. Dukhi set his wits to work, and looked at her triumphantly.

'I will ride on my pony,' said Dukhi. 'The little pony my great-aunt has bought for me. It is in its stable now. Come, bring the lantern, and I will show it to you. It arrived but lately.'

He caught at Louisa's hand, and pulled her after him towards the house, and the servants' quarters behind it. The servants themselves were within doors, discussing the morning's events. In an outhouse a little apart was Surabhi's palanquin, and stabled alongside it the minutest pony. Far too small for Louisa or Kadru, but a comfortable height for fat little Dukhi.

'Here is my pony. Here is Chota,' said Dukhi. 'My great-aunt paid much money for him because he is so little, and also because he has many lucky marks. See how the hair curls on his neck and on his crest. He likes it when I ride on him. I will show you.'

Against the wall hung the trappings of the palanquin, and with them a little saddle and saddle-cloth. Louisa harnessed the pony, and found a little bridle and bit for his mouth, and Dukhi scrambled on his back, puffing and panting. At once he assumed the air of a bold rider, but kept a wary eye on Louisa.

'You must hold the bridle, wise woman,' he bargained, 'or Chota might run away, and I might be hurt.'

Louisa caught at the rein and let the pony out of the stable after a moment of thought. Chota gone, Dukhi might be missed the sooner; but if he could ride he would no longer be a hindrance. Moreover, Louisa knew that horses were held to be demon-scarers. Sooner or later Kadru would begin to fuss about the spirit of the shrine. Chota would prove an antidote. There was more gain than loss in taking the pony. And Bulbo could ride on him also. She caught up a small

round basket from a corner of the stable, and gave it to Dukhi to hold. Then she urged Chota towards the hut. Kadru came to meet them, Bulbo under her arm, her preparations completed.

'All is ready,' she announced, breathless with the haste she had made. 'I caught the cat in time as he was about to escape into the garden.' She popped Bulbo into the basket as she spoke, before he could suspect, and fastened the lid. 'And here are the bundles. One for me, and one I fear for Miss Sahib also, because there are more things than when we came.'

'Miss Sahib?' Dukhi murmured. But, as it happened, neither Louisa nor Kadru heard him. Louisa was looking for a stone to put on her letter; Kadru was testing the knots of the bundles. 'Miss Sahib?' Dukhi repeated softly to himself. 'She said that before. Why Miss Sahib?'

'Mew,' said Bulbo, and Dukhi inserted a finger in the basket, forgetting for the moment everything but the cat.

(*Continued on page* 222.)

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

VII.—FIRST STEPS IN REALISM.

EXCEPT for characters, our Shadow Theatre is now complete, and we can at last make a step forward on the way to fitting out the 'realistic' part of our show, or the 'legitimate' stage, as actors are pleased to call the actual theatre, to distinguish it from the 'variety' stage.

In the making of these 'real' scenes the constructional part is perfectly simple, so far as the drop scenes are concerned, and, as our theatre is quite small, the scenes will not be very large, and that means we can use a sheet of ordinary cardboard—white for preference—with the scene painted on it, it being quite unnecessary to go to the trouble of making 'roller scenes,' such as are used in the actual theatres for drop or background scenes. Of course the best type of card we could possibly use would be Whatman's or Arnold's special water-colour boards, using a surface called 'Not.' These boards can be purchased at any artists' material seller's, and the size we should require would only cost a few pence. The board is very stiff and strong, and in consequence will not curl or get out of shape very easily, and should certainly be employed for the most used and important scenes. But for ordinary use, however, a sheet of white-faced cardboard or mounting-board will do quite well, and, if you can use 'matt' or 'poster' colours when painting the scene, it is possible to get a really first-class effect on even the bottom or lid of an old cardboard-box.

When you have cut the card to size (roughly, 16 × 10¾ inches), all that is required is a long, narrow strip of thin wood, which is glued firmly along the top *back* edge of the scene, and should stick out about two inches on either side (fig. 1, A). If the card is extra thick and stiff, this one long strip will alone be required, and when it is fixed the constructional part of the scene is finished. But should your card be of the ordinary 'box thickness,' it is liable to curl slightly after a bit: and to prevent this curling, and at the same time stiffen the card, it is a very good plan to glue thin strips of wood or stout card all around the back edge, in addition to the long, narrow strip at the top (fig. 1, B).

Now we have to change our occupation once again, and this time we become scene-painters and designers, with 'Simplicity' for our motto—which means that our back or drop scenes must never be over-elaborate affairs, full of fussy little details that have nothing to do with the actual scene, and only bewilder the eye and spoil the general effect. Even in the real theatre of to-day this idea of simple scenes is rapidly becoming more and more popular. So we shall be well in the fashion when we design all our effects in the same way. Of course in the real theatre the reason for all this cutting out of details is to help the audience to centre all its attention upon the play and the actors. What scenery is used is simply a mere background designed to throw the players into greater prominence; in fact, in some cases a play has been produced with nothing more than a set of hanging curtains as a scene throughout. But in the theatre we are now making it would be impossible to carry out a play and make it interesting with only cardboard puppets in front of a curtain. So in *our* case the play-acting gives place to the scenic effect, and what we are to accomplish is a series of miniature tableaux that suggest in a wonderful way the idea of realism. Our scenes are set-pieces, or transformation-scenes on a small scale, and, instead of giving us pleasure through our ears, they add to our enjoyment through our eyes. So the reason why simplicity is to be our guiding star is because the truest beauty is always to be found in the simplest things, and the more we elaborate and overdo a scene, so much the more will the eye become bewildered by the multitude of details, and in trying to see them all we shall miss the very thing that we should see the most.

So now for some simple scenes that we can all easily design or copy upon our cards, and here in fig. 2 we have some upon which we can make a start. The first thing to notice is the low horizon-line in each case; it will be about 1 or 1½ inches up on our cards; on the real stage it is fixed at six feet above the stage-level in all scenes. The horizon, of course, is the imaginary line where the sky and distant land appear to meet, and is seen particularly at sea or on the desert (fig. 2, B, and fig. 1, A, I). Notice the colours shown at the sides, and keep them all fairly light in tint. The blue, when a definite blue is needed, should be ultramarine—light or dark, as the case may be—and where blue-green or greenish blue is wanted, Prussian blue should be used. The reason for this is that artificial light has a tendency to turn all blues into greens, because of its yellowish tint; but it has no noticeable effect on blues of the ultramarine or purplish tints, and so we use these blues when we want to keep a good rich colour whilst the stage is illuminated. On fig. 2, B, there are three palm-trees; it will be best to keep the foliage somewhat dark in colour, and also to copy the leaf details from a photo or picture of some palm-trees. For plain, simple desert we leave the trees right out, and only have sand, horizon-line, and deep-blue sky. In C is shown a country road, with distant hills and a suggestion of overhanging trees, done by just painting a dark-leaf suggestion in the top right corner (left and right on the stage are taken from the actor's point of view, and not that of the audience). Keep all the greens bright, and sunny, and light in tone by using plenty of water with your colours, or Chinese white if you are using Matt colours. In fig. 1, A, I, is shown a simple sea effect which will serve for practically all nautical occasions as a background. If you want

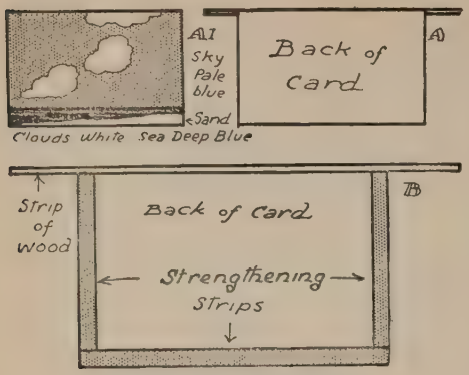


Fig. 1.—How to set a Back Scene.

other scenes, such as cottages, streets, &c., the most reliable way to get at these is to find a photograph or postcard with a scene you like—selecting one with a low horizon—and take a tracing off of its outlines, *leaving out* the intricate details. Then, if the picture so obtained is too small, re-draw it again on to the scene-card, and colour it in.

So much for our back scenes, for we must take another step forward, and tackle a complete scene or one with a foreground effect. For this purpose we should again

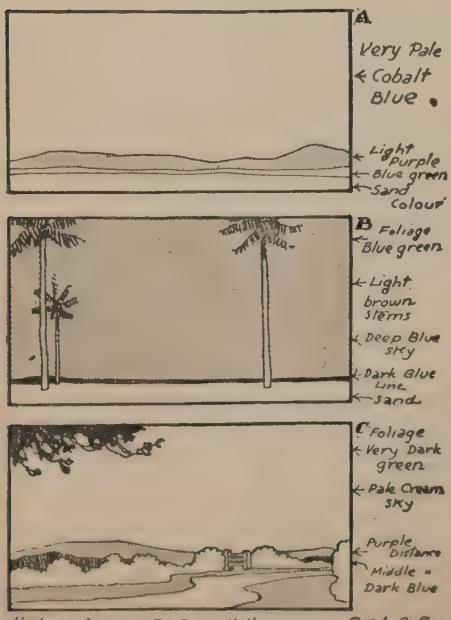


Fig. 2.—Some Horizon Scenes.

select a suitable photograph, such as the old ogre's castle shown in fig. 3, A, and, after carefully studying its features, we must first make our back scene by tracing off or copying into our scene all the distant details that are to be seen through the gateway (fig. 3, B), but with this difference: that there is no foreground on the scene, or, if any, only enough to give the effect of perspective. After we have finished this part of the scene we must make the foreground section. In this case it is the front walls and gateway, and these can either be cut out and painted on flat card, or they can be 'built up' on a card by means of stiff paper or thin card, and then painted to resemble the real thing. This method takes considerably longer time to do, but it is far more realistic and effective when completed (see fig. 4 for details of construction).

Further realistic touches can be given by tiling the roofs with strips of paper, overlapping, and then painted,

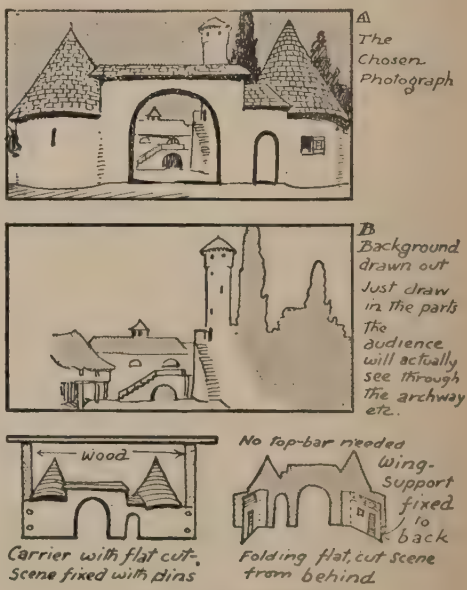

A
The Chosen Photograph
B
Background drawn out
Just draw in the parts the audience will actually see through the archway etc.
Wood
Carrier with flat cut-Scene fixed with pins
No top-bar needed
Wing-Support fixed to back
Folding flat cut Scene from behind

Fig. 3.—An Ogre's Castle.

and the little window-shutters and doors can be made of separate card, and then glued on the walls. For giving a rough-stone effect to the walls themselves, powdered colours mixed with gum can be used, put on thinly with a stiff brush, and dapped with the ends of the brush hairs to make it rough as it sets. If put on too thick, however, it is liable to crack and look rather unsightly. A scene thus built up will stand up on the stage without any additional support; but a flat scene, if it is not tall enough to reach the top and have a bar of wood across, must be supported either by a wing-piece at the back (fig. 3), or a better plan is to make a special wooden frame to take these flat, small scenes. This frame can consist of a top bar and two hanging pieces or uprights, to which the fragments of scene can be easily

fixed by means of drawing-pins, and just as easily removed when out of use (fig. 3).

At a later date we shall be making a series of special foreground scenes for stock use, such as arches and pillars, as we did for our shadow show, and these will help us to fit up a great many composite scenes from our own things on hand, so of that subject more anon.

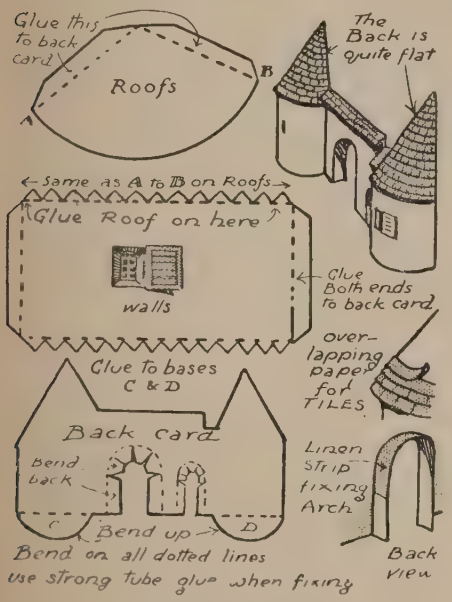


Fig. 4.—How to make the Castle.

The next things to consider will be side wings and top pieces, and to carry the former we must make another top bar or two with some pieces of cardboard glued on each side as in fig. 5, making little grooves into which the pieces of scenery can slide, and so be supported while in use. In this case it is well to have the long, narrow strip of wood, to be used as a top bar, slightly narrower underneath than on top, so that when the pieces of cardboard are glued on at each end, and a pair in the middle as shown, they will be tight on the portion of scenery in use, grip it like spring clips, and so keep it steady while on the stage. At the same time as these wing carriers are made, it will be as well to also make one or two simple bars of plain wood to stretch across the stage, and to rest in the three-quarter-inch openings we cut in the corrugated tops of our scenic bridges. These strips of wood should be just under three-quarters of an inch in width and nicely smoothed; they are simply hand-rests for use when working anything, such as characters, or moving effects from above. Both these rests and the wing carriers and, in fact, *all* the woodwork above the stage level should be painted a light grey in colour. A mixture of black and white, or blue, brown and white paints, will give a good grey, and the white paint should be some 'undercoating,' as it is called, because it dries dull and very quickly.

Now as regards top pieces, we may not want a lot of these, but it is certainly wise to make one or two for stock purposes and such things as tree effects and overhanging foliage or draped curtains are most useful things to have several of. The top piece itself is simply a little strip of scenery that hangs downward across the stage and gives the onlooker the idea of or sky, or foliage stretching high above the stage, and consists,

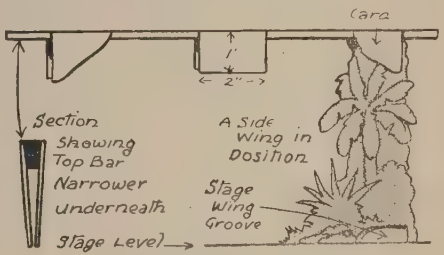


Fig. 5.—The Side-Wing Frame.

in our case, of an ordinary top-bar with the said piece of scenery glued on to it in exactly the same way in which we made our first drop-scenes (fig. 6). It is probably the easiest bit of all the fittings to make, and yet it adds effect to the whole scene in a very wonderful way.

As to the actual scenery for these and the wings, the best plan for overhanging foliage effect is to look out a nice photo from your collection in which such foliage occurs, and copy the piece right out on to the strip of card, and all the white or sky parts that are to be cut out should be done with the special stencil knife we made; the same with the side wings. These will seldom be made for stock use and usually will be part of an actual scene, and so should be again copied from a photograph that most suits the subject.

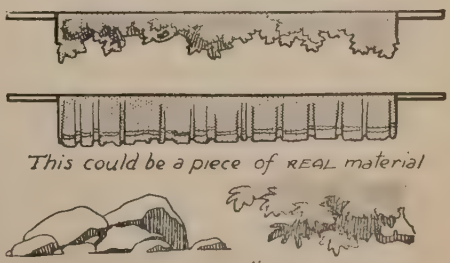


Fig. 6.—A Top Piece, and How to get a Perspective Effect.

We shall presently be doing some tree effects for properties, and in all our efforts this idea of simple, flat-coloured designs should always hold our way and attention. Do not try and paint in every leaf on a tree or every stone beside a brook, but carefully draw the outline of the mass of leaves or the group of

stones and also carefully copy the shadows they cast, and let that suffice. You will find that the shadows alone are almost sufficient to suggest the objects, but with the addition of the carefully drawn outline the effect will be complete (fig. 6). But one thing is important in this light and shade method, and that is to keep the shadows more or less connected one with the other, so that they form a continuous mass, and not let them be scattered all over the scene, so as to appear like a lot of dark spots on a light ground. It is as well, also, to keep your hand in constant practice at drawing and copying these features, and the study of a book on landscape drawing would be an enormous help, but practice is the great thing, and at odd times or idle moments it is a splendid plan to just make little copies of either actual leaves or trees, or else copy them from clear, reliable photographs. Once you can master the power of making small but accurate drawings, a great big world of pleasure will open out to you, and the little theatre will increase in its interest a hundred-fold. And if you are unable to draw much, but are trying to learn, do not get downhearted if it seems to be a long, long job; just keep going, until, one day, you will find that you, at last, are coming out on top.

One word, before passing, on the subject of water-colours for our scene. Matt and poster colours are sold in bottles and come rather expensive, ranging in price from sixpence to one shilling and sixpence per colour, but a very good temporary substitute can be made by mixing finely powdered crayons with gum-water. The main thing is to get the colours ground down to a flour-like powder, and it is wise to pass it through a piece of fine linen, like a sieve, before mixing with the gum-water. Quite a lot of good colours can thus be made in a very cheap way. Another way is to buy a tube of Student's Chinese White and mix your ordinary paint-box colour with it to make them into 'body colours'—in other words, thick and opaque. A lot of water and a little practice will soon make you proficient in handling them.

H. W. Whanslaw.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

ONE gloomy afternoon in autumn Doris and her nurse came hurrying from the school where she attended, which was about ten minutes' walk from her home. There were two very busy roads to cross, one where a great number of trams continually passed backwards and forwards, also many motors and bicycles. It was dull, cold, and damp, there had been a heavy fall of snow, and in the night some rain had fallen; the roads and pavements were very muddy, so that little Doris and her nurse found some difficulty in walking. But she was a strong, healthy little girl, and was dressed in nice warm garments, and you would have thought that the sight of the room which she entered on reaching home would have made her forget the dirty walk from school.

There was a bright fire and tea quite ready, and her mother was waiting for her. But the little girl drew her chair up to the table with a face which looked anything but happy.

'You may take my place this afternoon near the fire, Doris; it has been cold, dear, I am sure.' But no word of thanks came from Doris's lips. Her mother waited a few moments, then told her, 'You seem a cross little girl this afternoon, or you would have thanked me.'

Doris muttered some apology. There was silence for a short time, then Doris said: 'It really is too bad that I should have to walk home from school this nasty weather! We could scarcely get along this afternoon. Evelyn Rorke has a motor to fetch her whenever it is wet, whilst I have to walk home all in the mud. I wish you kept a motor, Mother. It is too bad, really.'

Just at that moment her father entered the room. 'What does my little girl say is "too bad"?' Doris repeated to him what she had said. He looked a little sad, but explained that she would be very pleased when older that she could walk and run, as there were many boys and girls who to move about were obliged to use crutches; and she must try to remember that everybody has something to do which they do not like.

The next morning her father took her for a walk with him. After visiting several houses Doris's father knocked at the door of a very small cottage standing alone on the common. It was opened by a pleasant-looking woman, who appeared much pleased to see them. Her little room was beautifully neat and clean, although it was the kitchen, sitting-room and bedroom. In a corner was a small narrow bed, on which lay a boy about thirteen. He was very pale and thin. Seeing Doris's eyes fixed upon him, his mother told her that a year ago the poor boy, whilst at his work, had fallen from a high cart, and had injured his back so severely that the doctors said he would never again be able to walk. For months he had lain there, unable to move without help; whilst others of his age were running about and enjoying themselves. 'Have you much pain, my boy?' asked Doris's father. 'Oh, sir, at times my back feels dreadful; but every one is so kind to me. This nice soft cushion you sent me, sir, I don't know what I should do without it. Every day I feel I want to thank you for it.'

Doris could not help asking herself how she would bear it, to lie all day, unable to run about, and often with scarcely enough to eat. She in health and strength with a very comfortable home, a beautiful bedroom all her own, where the sun shines in and the birds sing to her—how much she had to be thankful for! She would never complain again at having to walk home from school, even if it were muddy, and in future she would try never to complain. She remembered now having seen many children with such thin clothes on, and with white faces, that she was quite ashamed of being so cross on her return from school.

A. Minot Clark.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Bolton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 202.)

SYDNEY looked across the cave at Norma, as she sat on the floor, nursing her bruised wrist.

'Did that beast hurt you?' he asked.

But Norma was too much troubled by more important matters to answer. 'Where's Leonard?' she asked.

'Didn't he come with you? What have they done to him?'

'He'll be all right,' said Sydney, sincerely hoping that it would prove true. 'He'll be all right.' Then he turned towards the two men. He wanted above everything for them to go away, and to go if possible before Leonard came to the island. If the younger man was feeling blue about it already, so much the better; and perhaps he could frighten them a bit more.

'There'll be a jolly old row when my father turns up,' he said. 'You'd jolly well better let us loose and clear out before he comes. He's been in the Navy, you know, and he'd knock you two out in half a minute.'

The elder man merely laughed scornfully, but the other, as Sydney had hoped, started urging more strongly than ever that they should get away while they could.

But before Sydney could say any more, Norma suddenly spoke again. 'Oh, do tell me where Leonard is!' she said.

The elder man looked up sharply. 'Is there some one else?' he demanded. 'We'd better make sure of him, anyway. Where is he?'

But Sydney was determined to say nothing. Of course he didn't know where Leonard was now, although he might turn up at any moment. Only, with a fellow like Leonard, you never knew. He might get some new idea and go off in another direction! All the better if he did. And meanwhile, if only this fellow who was getting blue would go on talking, the other man might feel it too, and then they would clear out.

So he kept silent, while the man persisted, even with threats, in his questions. And Norma watched, growing more alarmed every minute. Where *was* Leonard? The boys had been together, and now Sydney had come back alone. Anything might have happened. If only Sydney would tell *her*, even if he wouldn't tell the men. She tried to signal the urgency of her question, but Leonard remained obstinately silent.

'All right, if you won't, you won't,' said the gruff man angrily at last. 'But when I catch your young friend, I'll take it out of you both. And I'll soon find him. You might just tighten those knots, Jim,' he added, 'and put a bit of screw on to them: it'll do the kid good.' And he left the cave and climbed out of the pit to look for Leonard.

CHAPTER XII.

When Leonard ran along the shore, leaving Sydney to take off his clothes for the swim to the island, he soon reached a spot where he could see the further cliffs. The mouth of the tunnel was dimly visible directly he passed the Ridge, but he was certain that there was no boat tied against it, and he ran on until he could see the whole of the north side of the island. The night was still dark, and although the mass of the Nab could be seen, it was difficult to trace its exact outline. Right at the end, near the landing-place, something seemed to project. It might be a shadow, or it might be the boat. If that was the boat, then it must be close up against the cliff—as close as if the painter were hitched, as Mr. Ross has fixed it during the storm, to a stone above the landing-place.

But that could only mean that the men were trying to get ashore on the island! Leonard did not see why they should want to do that, but he knew that he would have to make certain about it at once. It was impossible, of course, to see clearly at that distance, and it would be waste of time to swim out and investigate. Much better, he decided, to get back on to the island at once; but he would have to move pretty carefully, because if the men were really on the island he might come upon them suddenly at any moment. Still, he wanted to feel certain about the boat, and for a minute he stood on the shore, peering into the darkness, until he felt sure that the dark projection had moved, which seemed to prove that it could not be either a part of the cliff or a shadow.

Meaning to lose no time, he quickly ran back to the end of the ridge, slipped out of his coat and stooped to unlace his boots. Then he stopped. Of course, Norma would have been alone on the island when the men arrived! What would they have done to her? All very well for him, and for Sydney of course, but you couldn't expect a girl to tackle men like that, and she must have been in no end of a stew. What asses they had been to leave her!

And what about Sydney? He might be putting up a fight on the island at this very moment, and in that case there wasn't a second to lose. No use bothering about clothes. It didn't matter how wet he got, and for that matter if he went at it at a run he could probably get along the ridge somehow or other much quicker than if he tried to swim. He left his coat with the bucket on the sand and went closer to the ridge. It was still under water, and he could not see any sign of the gap in it. Still, it was the best way to get across in a hurry, and going back a few feet on the shore he took a sudden run, felt the ridge under his feet beneath the water, and staggered along it, finding running through the water surprisingly difficult.

But although he stumbled right into the gap, barking his shin severely against the farther side of it, he managed to get across without taking a header into the lake. He reached the slope and scrambled to the top of the island. Then for a minute he stopped. Rather a frost, of course, if he was wrong after all, and the men had not reached the island! Then Sydney and Norma would sit in the cave laughing, while he crawled about outside like a silly ass, stalking some one who didn't exist! Still, he could find out first of all whether anything was amiss in the cave. If he could only find out how things stood, he could get to work; and he made up his mind to go forward cautiously, crawling among the boulders and using them for 'cover,' until he found out what was happening.

Suddenly he heard Norma's voice, raised and frightened. In that case, she must have seen the men, and Leonard crawled forward as fast as he could. It was difficult, after hearing Norma's cry, not to run straight to the cave. Sydney would have done that, of course, but anyhow it wouldn't do a bit of good. Pretty little use to dash down into the cave and get captured at once, and so give up all chance of making any sort of fight for it. Much better to keep out of things for a moment and see what he could do to help the others.

The question was, had Sydney been captured? If not, he must be somewhere on the island, and, if they could join forces, they ought to be able to put up a good struggle, and then, when they had turned the tables on the men, they would soon rescue Norma.

(*Continued on page* 218.)

"'There'll be a jolly old row when my father turns up,' he said."

"The man was running full tilt."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 215.)

BUT whether Sydney was still free or not, it was certain that something to save Norma must be done at once. You couldn't leave a girl with men like that. It would have been jolly, of course, to have settled the affair on their own, as they had meant to do all along; but the whole affair was getting pretty serious and it was no use pretending it was still only a game. If he wasted time looking for Sydney, anything might happen in the meantime to Norma, and if he tried to help her by himself he was certain to get the worst of it, and do no good to anybody. The only thing to do, therefore, seemed to be to fetch help—to light the red signal lamp, and then, when people came from the hotel, to lead them to the rescue.

Meaning to go straight to the Signal Tree, but to make sure at the same time that he did not get captured on the way, Leonard crawled forward, zig-zagging among the boulders and listening carefully for any sound from the cave or elsewhere. But he neither saw nor heard any sign of Sydney, and he decided that he must have dashed straight down to the cave and have been captured. Of course, that was just what he would have done. Not much strategy about Sydney!

Leonard was soon near enough to the pit to see its edge. He was tempted to creep up and listen, in the hope of hearing what was happening; but after all that would hardly help now, and the first thing was to get that signal through to the hotel. With any luck, the night watchman there would see it at once, and then their father would come to the rescue. So he turned away from the pit, to the right, meaning to get round on that side, across the dell, to the further end of the island.

Suddenly, while he was still only a few yards from the edge of the pit, he saw a dark object rise out of it, and he stopped, catching his breath. It was a man's head. Then the shoulders followed, and he realised that someone was climbing out of the pit on its further side. In that case, he would have little chance of slipping past unnoticed. Suppose he got to his feet and made a dash for it? If he dodged to and fro the man might not follow directly and then with luck—a good deal of luck, he had to admit—he would have a second or two after he reached the signal tree in which to move the shutter of the lamp.

It was but a chance, but then for that matter it seemed a thin chance now that he would reach the lamp at all, and this seemed as good a plan as any other. He got to his feet, deciding to step cautiously but quickly till he was discovered.

But the man saw him at once, sprang out of the pit with surprising quickness, and ran across the island to intercept him. Leonard's brain worked swiftly as he ran. After all, it was rather like Rugger, except that there was no one to pass to. No use getting collared, anyhow. Obviously a case for dodging.

And Leonard dodged. He stopped dead in his tracks, turned, and ran to the left before the man could check himself. He gained a few yards in the direction of the lamp, and then the man had turned too and was running down on him. Leonard dodged again, but lost ground in doing it. And it was breathless work, running over such bad ground, with boulders to stumble over and loose stones to make his feet slip. Suppose he gave up this dodging game, and quickly backed till he was out of the man's sight? Then the man would start searching for him among the rocks and he would have a chance to slip across on the opposite edge of the island.

It was worth trying, anyway. Leonard turned suddenly and ran back till he was almost level with the hollow. Then he dropped on to his hands and knees, crawled swiftly away to the right, and stopped for a second behind a large boulder.

The man was running full tilt towards the spot where he had been a minute before. He slipped on a stone, staggered against a rock, and then before he could recover himself Leonard crawled quickly to the further side of the island, and started to make his way on hands and knees along it.

In a few minutes he was close to the Signal Tree. His pursuer had lost sight of him completely and seemed to be searching aimlessly among the boulders in the centre of the island. Leonard got on to his feet and reached up to the green-shuttered lamp. It took but a second to move the shutter to red, but the question was, would the change of colour be seen by the night-watchman at the hotel? If he did not happen to be looking at the moment, there was little chance of his realising the change for an hour or two.

(*Continued on page* 231.)

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

IX.—HUNTING.

THE word 'hunt' has come specially to be applied to the chase of the fox, stag, and hare, a form of sport popular for centuries in this country. But the history of hunting goes much further back—to the days of ancient Egypt and Babylon.

In Egypt the huntsmen were very important people, who hunted on their own account a large number of animals of various kinds, such as the wild sheep, wild ox, gazelle, stag, and hare. Others, such as the jackal, hyæna, and leopard, were also hunted for their skins, and the ostrich for its beautiful feathers.

Dogs were used, and occasionally a trained lion, to chase and head off the game, and the hunters, dashing along at full speed, strove to settle matters with a well-aimed arrow. Other weapons used were the net and the hunting-pole.

The chiefs and the wealthy, when on hunting excursions, had as attendants regular huntsmen, who took charge of the dogs, secured and brought home the spoils.

These excursions in the vast open deserts which border the Valley of the Nile must have been delightful, and often the sportsman would travel to cover in his chariot in comfort, and would sometimes join in the chase without dismounting. Preserves were not unknown, and some of the wealthy, and probably also lazy, hunted in large enclosed spaces into which the animals had been driven by the huntsmen and their assistants.

The Romans, curiously enough, appear to have considered hunting a very poor occupation for gentlemen, and to have left it largely to inferiors and to the professional hunters. As time progressed the Roman took more kindly to the chase, and borrowed some ideas on

the art of hunting from the Gauls—such, for instance, as making use of greyhounds, the speediest of all dogs, and immense enclosures were formed where wild animals were kept in large numbers.

The Greeks, who loved sport of every description, were great hunters, and considered the hare excellent game. The boar also was hunted, being rounded up and driven into nets, in which he became entangled, to be speared by his pursuers. Other animals were taken in pitfalls or speared by horsemen.

In our own country hunting has from far-off times been a popular sport, even as long ago as the days when the early Britons peopled the land, and bred dogs well suited for hunting purposes. Later, one of the English king's most cherished rights was that of taking any portion of the country that he wished, and converting it into a forest where he and his courtiers might enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Needless to say, this right was much abused, and bitterly resented by the people, and many bitter struggles between king and people resulted, until the time of King John, when the barons curtailed his powers.

Alfred the Great, when only twelve years old, is said to have been a most successful and active hunter. His grandson, Athelstan, imposed upon the vanquished King of Wales a yearly tribute that included 'hawks and sharp-scented dogs fit for hunting wild beasts.' Edward the Confessor's pleasure was 'to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice.'

The severity of the forest laws under the Norman kings was one of the many grievances that united the barons and the people against the king, until, as we have already noted, the Great Charter that King John was forced to sign contained clauses modifying these laws.

So it came to be that many forest lands were disafforested—that is, taken away from the forest law, and known as the 'purlieu,' though even here the wild beasts of the forest were to have 'free recourse therein and safe return to the forest, without any hurt or destruction other than by the owners of the lands in the purlieu where they shall be found, and that only to hunt and chase them back again towards the forest without any forestalling.'

Land, once it had been converted into a forest, was subject to distinctive laws, with courts of its own, and an offender was punished by forest laws, whereas an offender in a 'chase' or 'warren' received punishment according to common law. The beasts and birds of the warren were the coney, the hare, the partridge, and the pheasant; the animals of the chase the fox, the marten, the buck, the doe, and the roe; those of the forest the boar, the wolf, the hart, the hind, and the hare. The forest—'the highest franchise of princely pleasure'—is described in the early eighteenth century as 'a certain territory of woody grounds and fruitful pastures, privileged for wild beasts and fowls of forest, chase, and warren to rest, and abide there in the safe protection of the king, for his delight and pleasure; which territory of ground so privileged is mered and bounded with unremovable marks, meres, and boundaries, either known by matter of record or by prescription; and also replenished with wild beasts of venery or chase, and with great coverts of vert, for the succour of the said beasts there to abide: for the preservation and continuance of which said place, together with the vert and venison there are particular officers, laws, and privileges belonging to the same, requisite for that purpose, and proper only to a forest and to no other place.'

In the court of attachments, the foresters might bring in their attachments concerning any damage done to vert or venison in the forest. The swanimote was the court to which the freeholders within the limits of the forests owed suit and service, the verderers being the judges, all offences against forest laws being tried; but neither in this or in the courts of attachment did any punishment follow, this being reserved for the court known as the justice-seat, to which the reports of offences presented at the court of attachment, and tried at the swanimote, were presented by the verderers.

Verderers were forest officers chosen by the freeholders of the county, and ranked above the forester, who was 'an officer sworn to preserve the vert and venison in the forest, and to attend upon the wild beasts within his bailwick.' The duty of 'regarders' was to make a visit once every three years, to inquire into all offences, and into the conduct of the forest officers, such as those already mentioned, and of the agister, whose business it was to look after the pasturage of the forest.

The pursuit of the deer was a favourite recreation with royalty at an early period, long before fox-hunting became at all popular. The forest rangers of Exmoor hunted the deer as long ago as the thirteenth century.

In the earlier part of the same century, a regular establishment of buckhounds was established in Rockingham Forest, known as 'Hunter's Manor.' These lands were kept up by the hereditary masters, who were bound to keep up a certain number of 'canes currentes,' or buckhounds, two keepers, then termed 'berners,' a huntsman, 'ventrer,' and whippers in, the establishment being kept up partly at the royal expense and partly at that of the master.

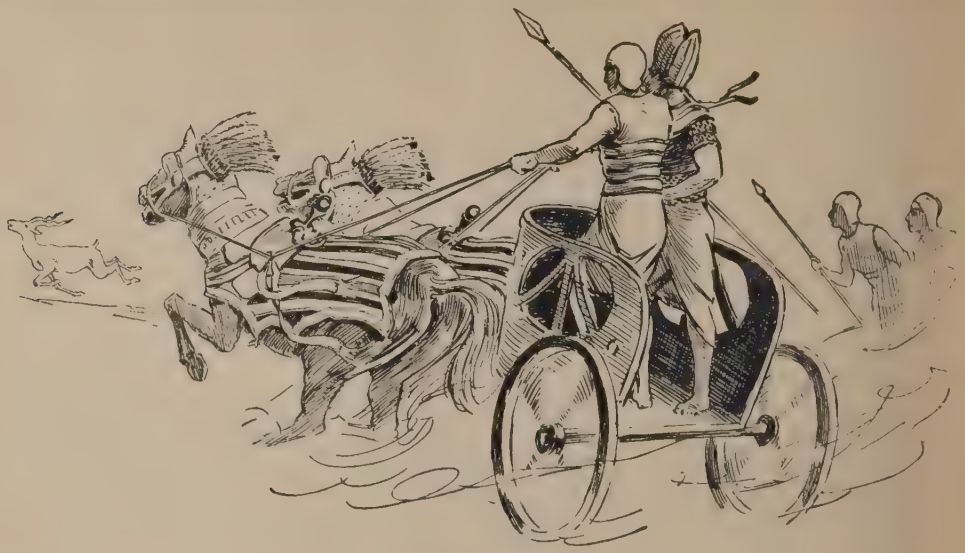
During Henry VIII.'s reign, the mastership of the privy buckhounds was held during the king's pleasure, instead of being hereditary.

Although the rangers on Exmoor hunted in the thirteenth century, the earliest record of a pack of staghounds in that district dates from 1598, this pack being kept up by successive rangers for about a hundred years, after which it passed into private ownership and was hunted until 1825. After a lapse of two years a fresh pack was got together that has hunted the district for nearly a hundred years.

Whereas at first the deer hunted were the denizens of the forest, by the end of the eighteenth century the only wild herds of deer were to be found on Dartmoor and Exmoor, in Wolmer Forest and in the New Forest; therefore hunting herds were formed, the deer being taken to the required locality in the deer-cart, which was introduced well over a century ago. The well-fed, well-cared-for, artificially conditioned deer provides just as good sport as his wild ancestors, and gives the hunter many a glorious run.

The most popular form of hunting in this country is undoubtedly fox-hunting, a sport that was not generally supported until about the middle of the sixteenth century, though the hare had afforded good sport for kings long before this. 'Of all the field pleasures wherewith old time and men's invention hath blest the houres of our recreation, there is none to excelle the delight of hunting.'

In 1726, Squire Draper, in Yorkshire, commenced fox-hunting for the purpose of reducing the number of



Hunting in Assyria.

foxes that had been creating havoc amongst the lambs, and a few years later a pack was formed in Dorsetshire, though it is said that a pack existed as early as 1690.

Since fox-hunting first became a pastime, the system of the sport has been changed. It was the custom to meet early and find the fox by the drag, that is by the line he took to his 'kennel,' his home, on his return from one of his expeditions in search of food. Later, it became the custom to find the fox in his kennel, at a rather later hour, when he would be less likely to be heavy and sleepy, and so more likely to run at a good pace and provide better sport.

Otter-hunting, like deer and fox-hunting, may well be termed a 'Royal' sport, and the first known Master of Hounds was Henry II., others being John, Henry VIII., that sporting monarch, James I., or James VI. It was James I. who prohibited the killing of otters in any way other than by hunting them with hounds, and he also ordered all millers to stop their mills during a hunt, and to raise or lower their water, as might be required by the huntsmen.

In some places, towns were compelled to contribute to the expense of maintaining a pack of otter hounds, and also to hunt otters on certain rivers, on so many days during the season, which used to open at Shrovetide and close at Midsummer. Now the time for hunting is really the best time of the year, from April to October.

Very few hounds used to be employed, and their business was to find the quarry; then the hunter, armed with a barbed, spear dispatched the otter in mid-stream. Nets were used in order to prevent the otter from escaping into deep water, also to catch him when forcing a shallow.

Later, when the spear and net were abandoned, it became the custom to catch the beaten otter by the rudder, 'tailing,' as it was called, and to place the sportsmen leg to leg across a river, forming a sort of human net, which was termed forming 'stickles.'

In the present day, the work of trailing, marking, swimming, and killing the otter is left entirely to the hounds and terriers, who are handled by the huntsman, the remainder of the sportsmen having really not very much to do, but to spend a very pleasant time, splashing through the streams of the countryside.

It would be difficult to say when racing first became a sport. The Greeks introduced it into the Olympic

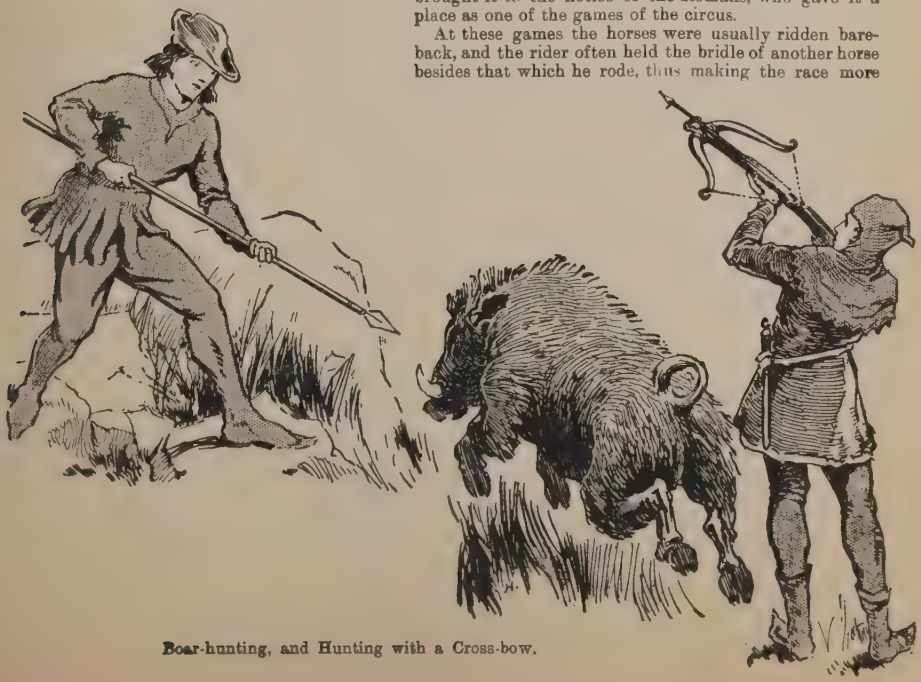
A Roman Chariot Race.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

Hunting in the Middle Ages.

games in the thirty-third Olympiad, and they likewise brought it to the notice of the Romans, who gave it a place as one of the games of the circus.

At these games the horses were usually ridden bare-back, and the rider often held the bridle of another horse besides that which he rode, thus making the race more



Boar-hunting, and Hunting with a Cross-bow.

difficult to ride. The riders, or jockeys, were called *cursores* by the Romans, and, as at the present day, wore brightly-coloured garments, and when victorious received great rewards from their patrons.

Chariot races, each being drawn by from two to four horses, were popular in those days, and nothing pleased the Romans more than to see a bad accident, with driver and horses mixed up in confusion, chariots smashed, and those fortunate enough to escape rushing madly round the arena.

In England the institution of horse-racing belongs to a very remote period. In the twelfth century races were run at Smithfield, where a horse show and sale usually took place on Fridays. 'The earls, barons, and knights who are resident in the city, as well as a multitude of citizens, flock thither either to look on or buy.'

In 1512 public races were established at Chester, and on Shrove Tuesday 'a wooden ball embellished with flowers and placed upon a lance' was the prize for the winner. Some thirty years later the prize was changed to 'a silver bell, valued at three shillings and sixpence or more, to be given to him who shall run best and furthest on horseback.'

For a while racing went out of fashion, until the accession of the Stuarts, when the sport became popular. James I. established regular races at Enfield and Croydon, and endeavoured to improve the breed of horses.

The prizes still continued to be silver or golden balls or bells, for we find, in 1609, a sheriff of the city of Chester had three silver bells made, the best bell to go to the first horse, also the money put in by the other horses that ran, this being the first record of a sweepstake.

These bells were in the nature of challenge cups, and had to be returned within the year; but some fifteen years later 'a bell of good value' was presented, to be held for ever, as a presentation cup is now.

Charles I. established the sport at Newmarket, where races have been annual since 1667, and also instituted meetings in Hyde Park, giving a valuable silver cup as prize.

In 1703 Doncaster races were established, in 1711 the York Plates, and in 1717 we find a race at Lincoln recorded, the prize being a silver tea-board.

Racing was now well established, and, instead of easy-going private matches between gentlemen riding their own horses, well-trained jockeys were in the saddle, and much attention was paid to the preparing of horses for racing, to their feeding and training. It continued the Sport of Kings, each succeeding sovereign taking a great interest in it and attending many meetings.

The latter half of the eighteenth century saw a great decline in horse-racing, largely owing to the wars in which this country was engaged, and many meetings were discontinued, though 1779 saw the Oaks established and 1780 the Derby; though races had been run at Epsom for at least fifty years previous to this.

The beginning of the nineteenth century, and the conclusion of the war with France, saw a great revival, Goodwood being established in 1802 by the Duke of Richmond, and the Gold Cup at Ascot in 1807.

Since then racing has become more and more popular with all classes, and, indeed, may well rank as the most important national sport, having more devotees than even football and cricket.

W. Herbert Holloway.

FAIRY VISITS.

SOME people who think they are clever
The notion of fairies pooh-pooh,
But now it shall be my endeavour
To prove the tradition is true.
And I would direct the attention
Of those who profess to be wise,
That fairies are full of invention,
And apt to appear in disguise.

One looks like a very old woman,
Another resembles a cat;
They mystify eyes that are human
By cunning proceedings like that.
They make a claim on our compassion,
Demands that cannot be ignored,
And then in a suitable fashion,
Our good or bad actions reward.

Their visits are quite unexpected,
But if one should knock at your door,
And find her petition rejected,
She won't trouble *you* any more.
But fairies don't make a commotion
When people resist their advance,
And probably you'll have no notion
That you've missed a wonderful chance.

G. D. Lynch.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 211.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

A YOUNG moon shone palely, and at the gateway Louisa paused. She, Kadru, and the pony with Dukhi on its back, could hardly hope to pass through the village unobserved. The evening meal was over; already the long street was beginning to stir with renewed life. The elders of the village would be assembling, as was their nightly custom, to gossip beneath the peepul-tree by the well. Louisa appealed to Dukhi.

'Can we get out of the garden by another way?' she asked. She had never finished the inspection she had begun on the day that Santoo and Mangli had returned to the village. One exciting event had followed another so quickly that Louisa had lost her interest in the garden itself.

'There is a little gate in the far corner of the garden,' said Dukhi, 'through which the rubbish is thrown. There are fields and waste places only beyond. And there are jackals there,' Dukhi added, in evident alarm. 'I have heard them howling at night.'

He clutched at Chota's mane, and Louisa began to talk quickly as she turned the pony's head towards the little gate. If Dukhi took fright now, he might prove troublesome; she must somehow reassure him. There was something about jackals in one of her father's books that might prove useful, she remembered.

'I know what the jackals say,' she told Dukhi. And he pricked up his ears, though his teeth were beginning to chatter.

'They are very silly. They are cowards, but they are always boasting,' Louisa told him She had found the little gate, and was fumbling for the latch. 'When they are out in the night, nosing amidst the rubbish-heaps, ready to fly at a shadow, the biggest cries, "Look! Look! I am a great King. As great as the King of Delhi." And the others are jealous and laugh at him. "Ho! ho! ho!" they cry, knowing well how frightened at heart he is. There now, listen.' And as the pony passed through the gate, the jackal pack gave tongue.

'You hear?' said Louisa. '"Ho! ho! ho!" They are laughing at each other. They must not laugh at *us*. We do not only boast.'

'I hear them,' said Dukhi in a very small voice. Then—'Ho! ho! ho!' said he, valiantly. '*I* am laughing at *them*.' And Louisa gave his head an approving pat.

'You're getting on, Dukhi,' she said. 'You're not quite so objectionable. And now, Kadru, which way shall we go? Straight to the river first, I think. The shrine wasn't very far from the bank. I know we began to wonder if the river would rise and sweep it away. There was such a lot of rain after the thunder.'

The shrine was about half a mile from the water, Kadru remembered. 'In a grove of trees. A tree was struck at the same time as the man. It marked the place plain even at a distance. And, also, the shrine lies between home and us. If we follow the river upstream, we must come to it.'

They were past the rubbish-heap now, and across the fields they went and towards the river. Already, Dukhi was growing drowsy. Louisa steadied him with one hand as she turned the pony's head upstream. He was shivering a little, too, and she took off the red shawl she had been wearing and wrapped it round him.

'You're so fat you ought to be warm,' said Louisa. 'But you'd better put this on. It's warm enough.'

'Um,' said Dukhi, contentedly, and cuddled into the folds of the shawl. Louisa twisted it round the saddle peaks, front and back, and it helped to keep him on top of Chota. He drowsed on as, through the night, by the side of the muttering river, Louisa, Kadru and the pony padded softly.

'It can't have been only two nights ago we were drifting downstream,' said Louisa, suddenly. 'It seems years and years since that bungalow was burnt. I wonder. . .'

She stopped with a jerk, for she was not quite sure where wondering might lead her. It was no use thinking of her father. It was no use wondering if he missed her, if he were well looked after, when she would be able to return to him. It was no use wondering where her wanderings would end when they had but just entered on a new phase. Above all, it was no use wondering if her enemies would track her. For a moment she had had a vision, far from cheering, of a furious Santoo appearing at a lonely shrine.

'Ho! ho! ho!' said Louisa to herself. If Dukhi could cast his small defiance at the jackals, she could surely do equally well. 'Ho! ho! ho!' she said, scornfully, to the jackal thoughts that threatened to pursue her.

She felt better after that, and it was time. Kadru, in turn, was growing depressed. She had begun to remember, as Louisa had expected, that the shrine might be haunted. She doubted if so small a pony as Chota could scare a really large demon. She was inclined to see a ghost already in every shadow and to make the very worst of each mishap. Chota stumbled, and Kadru moaned.

'Now he will be lame,' she was certain. 'And we shall have to carry the child. We shall go so slowly, we shall certainly be overtaken.'

And when Chota plodded on uninjured, Kadru shrieked as a wild duck rose with a whirr from the river reeds.

Louisa took her firmly in hand, and administered the only consolation possible. 'Look here,' she said 'you can wear *all* the charms and amulets we've got if you like. There's enough left to scare about a dozen spirits.'

'I will,' said Kadru, much comforted and already a little ashamed. She contented herself, finally, with the largest of the charms; and, thus fortified, she recovered speedily, and stepped out briskly ahead of Chota. She was, as a matter of fact, less weary than Louisa. Kadru had not been down a well that morning, or spent a strenuous interval heaving Surabhi into a bucket. Louisa had begun to stumble more often than the pony. She felt as if she must prop her eyes open unless they were to shut altogether. It seemed as if she had walked through endless hours for endless miles. Her feet sank deep into the soft sand; each time she drew them out again with greater difficulty.

Along the river-banks there were no villages; for, at certain times of each year the river rose swiftly and flooded the country far on either side. Then, the groves of trees that dotted the banks at intervals stood out like islands, and like islands they showed now above the night mists. As the hours wore on and the moon set, Louisa began to think it might be wiser to halt until dawn. They would almost certainly miss the grove for which they were searching with only the lantern to help them, and a rest would be more than welcome.

Kadru was willing enough to halt. It meant that she could light a fire for company's sake. While Louisa scooped a hole in the sand, dropped Dukhi and Bulbo into it and tethered Chota to the bundles, Kadru collected sticks and kindled a flame It was hardly ablaze before she and Louisa were asleep beside it, to wake only with the dawn. They stirred almost at the same moment, and sat up to survey the country.

It was, indeed, fortunate they had gone no further; that, at once, they realised. Scarcely two hundred yards away, lit by the rays of the rising sun, blazed the white scarred tree that was their landmark. How far it lay from Surabhi's village it was not easy to calculate; it was about seven miles from their own home town, they knew.

In the thought was something consoling. At least help was within reach, if help they must summon. And, after their wanderings in unknown places, the familiar scene was welcome.

'We've found our shrine,' said Louisa, joyfully, shading her eyes with her hand. 'It will make a splendid hiding-place, and why should they look for us there? Santoo and Mangli would never hide in a haunted grove. It's the last place they'd think of as a refuge. And they can't search *every* grove along the river-bank. It would take them a lifetime.'

'It may suit well.' Kadru agreed, but with, as usual, less confidence. 'But we know but little of this shrine,' she hinted darkly. 'There are strange things in lonely places, Miss Sahib—strange beasts and strange men as well as strange spirits.'

(*Continued on page* 226).

"Kadru shrieked as a wild duck rose."

"The block was separating into separate figures of men."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 223.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SNORT from the hole where Dukhi lay curled drew Louisa's and Kadru's attention to him. He was sitting up and sneezing, for he had buried his nose in the sand. But, unfortunately, he had not buried his ears as well.

'There are other strange things also that you have forgotten,' said Dukhi. 'There is strange talk. Why should a wise woman be called Miss Sahib? I want to know.'

This time Louisa and Kadru heard him, and glanced quickly at each other. Simultaneously, they decided that they would ignore the question, and Dukhi might forget. He asked so many questions—so many went unanswered—in which he soon lost interest. Louisa began to fill a water-pot at the river—there would be no water at the shrine. Kadru busied herself retying the bundles. But Dukhi wanted an answer. He decided to reply to himself. Unconsciously, Kadru helped him. 'Quick!' she said. 'We must not linger in the open. Now the sun is risen there may be travellers passing up and down the river, wild as the country looks.'

'And they must not see us because of the magic?' Dukhi asked. Then, to himself, he added, 'That is why she is called Miss Sahib; it is part of the magic, too. She will turn into a Miss Sahib presently. A Miss Sahib is all white. She turned half-way when she came out of the well.' Satisfied, he cuddled the basket containing Bulbo which Kadru had left in his possession. 'When she is a Miss Sahib, and no longer a witch, she will have no use for the cat,' Dukhi concluded. 'Then Bulbo will be mine.'

It seemed to him he had done well to come on this journey. Where it would end he had not the faintest idea, nor how long it would last. He did not mind. The prize might be the cat. He was so pleased he did not insist that he was starving, but let himself be taken to the shrine without a protest, when all trace of the night's camp had been carefully tidied away. Chota, rested, stepped out briskly. There was grass beneath the trees, and he could smell it. He was very hungry, too.

Between the river and the grove was a sandy waste, with scrubby bushes scattered here and there. Amidst the trees the little shrine was hidden. It was not large—about eight to ten feet across. The roof was of rough thatch, the only door faced east. Inside, at the further end, was a platform of beaten earth about a foot high, and, arranged upon it were half-a-dozen small clay bowls with little legs. On a tree by the doorway a scarlet rag fluttered, an offering to the spirits of the place. Kadru examined the rag and the bowls in turn. 'The rag is old and the bowls are empty,' she pronounced. 'They smell of sour milk, but it is *very* sour. I think it is long since the shrine has been visited. There would have been fresh milk, and fresh flowers, if worshippers came regularly. The Miss Sahib may be right, the shrine be still deserted save for those who pass by chance.'

Somewhat relieved, Kadru set to work on the bundles again, untying them and sorting their contents. Louisa pounced on some clean clothes Kadru had washed on the previous afternoon. The next few hours at least were safe; it was hardly necessary to watch even—they could do as they pleased.

Louisa was tired of the ashes in her hair, the dye on her face. She wanted to go down to the river to wash, to bathe in the sun-warmed shallows; but that, she agreed, would be rash. Dukhi had made her feel that she would like to be white again, but she could not afford to be rid of her disguise as yet she also realised. She might, however, be clean after a fashion, and she unearthed the soap and toothbrush that Kadru had packed on the night of the fire. She was about to brush her teeth vigorously, when Kadru interfered.

The shrine might be neglected by its worshippers, but those to whom the shrine was built still remained; more to be dreaded, quite as real to Kadru, as anything tangible.

At sight of the toothbrush Kadru shrieked. 'Not near the shrine!' she protested, vehemently. ''Twould be most dangerous. For just such a moment the spirit is waiting. It will leap down your throat.' And she would not be content until Louisa had retreated to the edge of the grove, whither Dukhi followed to watch with absorbed admiration. He had seen teeth cleaned with a stick often, but never with a brush.

'Now it is my turn,' he wheedled, holding out his hand, and retired offended, when his request was refused, to tease the tethered Chota. But Chota, though well-behaved on duty, had a pair of heels he was not slow to use, and Dukhi tried Bulbo next. Bulbo was crouched on the roof of the shrine, intent on his own affairs. He thought there was a nest beneath the thatch; he was not interested in Dukhi. Dukhi sidled up to Kadru finally, and eyed a pile of sweetmeats she had just unpacked. 'I want some—I am hungry,' he urged, holding out his hand; and Kadru, to secure peace, filled it. But, no sooner had he finished, than she popped a pinch of salt into his mouth before he guessed what she was doing.

''Tis best thus,' Kadru told him as he coughed and spluttered. 'Sweets must not be eaten in a haunted grove unless salt is eaten afterwards. Sweets are pleasant to the taste, and the eater smiles: then spirits grow envious. But the salt is bitter. They will see thy face all twisted, and their envy will vanish.'

'You're trying to remember everything you've ever heard about spirits,' Louisa told her, returning refreshed. She felt cleaner, though enough of the dye remained to colour her skin. 'I believe you're making up most of it.'

'No, indeed,' Kadru protested. 'Would that I could remember more. We must omit no ceremony that might be of use. Very terrible are the spirits of those who have died by accident or design. They are ever envious of those who live while they are dead.'

'I daresay I'd feel like that myself,' Louisa agreed as she retwisted her hair. 'I'd love to haunt any one who'd killed me. But only the person who'd done the killing. Your spirits are just spiteful, Kadru. They're not a bit fair.'

'Judge not the spirits,' said Kadru, nervously; and fell to her sorting again.

Louisa strolled to the edge of the grove once more. It might be wise now to watch the river road; it was not far from noon. Hidden herself, comfortably drowsy,

she sat—till, suddenly, she drew herself together, every sense alert.

Far down the river-bank she glimpsed a moving something. A speck at first—a solid block. It was nearer now. The block was separating into separate figures of men on horseback, of men on foot. A moment longer Louisa looked; then, back to Kadru she raced, that Kadru might look too and tell her what she saw.

'I *think* it's Santoo and Mangli,' said Louisa, very low, so that Dukhi might not hear. He was playing inside the shrine, luckily, with the little clay bowls, piling one upon the other. 'I think it's Santoo and Mangli coming. But you can see further than I can. Come, quickly, and look.'

(*Continued on page* 239.)

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

VIII.—THE WONDERS BEGIN.

WITH a nice little stock of back scenes and wing carriers, top pieces and fronts to our credit, we can now turn our attention to some 'variation' scenes, or transformation fittings, of which we shall require a considerable supply. In the good old days, the transformation scene, without which no pantomime was considered finished, consisted of a large number of bits of scenery, tops, wings, and set pieces, which by various mechanical means were made to move about the stage in a 'coming and going' sort of fashion, and thus, by their continual change of position, the aspect of the scene was constantly being altered or transformed. Usually it represented some place in fairyland, an enchanted wood, or a pixies' glade, or a general mix-up sort of view, very pretty and brilliant, but impossible to describe. All this was, of course, in the real theatre; but grandfather's little show also had its miniature transformation scenes, which one can still purchase at the shop in Hoxton already mentioned.

But, in the case of the theatre *we* are now engaged upon, the word 'transformation' means something slightly different to the fairies' dell idea, although it is very nice to have the good old kind of scene as well, if possible, just to make a change when one is so disposed.

We are still going to transform our scenes, change them from one thing to another, but in our case we shall not be getting our effect by the movements of imaginary subjects in view of the audience, but by making *quick changes of scene in a play* in order to save delay, and so hold the onlookers' attention, which sometimes has an irritating habit of wandering off into directions quite apart from the theatre, especially if they are grown-ups—and the old-type toy theatre was just the thing for delays and scene-changing intervals, particularly when the scenery got a bit obstinate and pieces got lost or torn.

So we are now going to make such scenes as can be altered in a few seconds, from 'outdoors' to 'indoors' in a quick transformation, from the Caliph's throne-room to a street in old Baghdad, long before our audience has had time to take their eyes from the stage, or think about other things. This sounds like a 'tall order,' a dreamland fancy, but it is certainly not. In fact it is a perfectly easy matter, and one of the little features about our show which will be giving us the greatest amount of pleasure.

To begin with, however, we must make a few stock front and middle scenes, such as archways and doors, walls and pillared effects, just as we did in solid black for our shadow-show, and the pictures of arches, &c., already shown will also serve as copies to go by in the present case. In fig. 1 of this article, we have the construction of these scene-pieces shown and it will be noticed that they are made in exactly the same way as our back scenes, that is, they consist of a cut-out cardboard scene held in position on the theatre by a long, narrow strip of wood, we call the top bar. It will be well to make a few *front* arches in this way, and they can be of any style we like, half circular (fig. 1 A, rounded, pointed, B, or oriental, C).

These archways will usually be placed fairly near the stage front (fig. 1, D), and should be painted BOTH SIDES, on one side a pale cream colour (powder and gum) dapped over—*i.e.*, painted with the brush held perpendicularly and dabbed downwards, after being put on fairly thickly to give a rough stone effect, and with every other big stone pale salmon pink on the edge of the arch (fig. 1, A). On the other side of the card it should be painted pale grey stone effect with markings in brown all over to give the idea of an old Norman castle wall (see fig. 7, A). You can get the markings accurate from a picture or photograph of an old church or castle.

All these transformation pieces should be painted on *both* sides—if for out of doors, the white-cream and pale grey, but if for indoors and rooms, which we shall soon be doing, they can be such brilliant or tasteful colours as we, personally, like best. But you see, the great idea at the back of it all is that each piece of scene can be used for *two entirely different* effects, and every time we make one arch or room, we really make two.

So much for some simple front sets: we can vary them as much as we please as we go forward, and even have side arches as shown in fig. 1, E, F and G; but we must now turn our attention to the middle scenes, which are, in fact the KEY scenes of the whole theatre, and by their use we can get more changes of scene than we can by any other section of the show. In the main, they will be somewhat similar to the other types of scene we have now made, in that they will still consist of a flat-card scene, supported in position by means of a top-bar; but there the likeness will end.

Archways, for instance, instead of being single, will be in pairs, and both openings *different in shape*. Fig. 2 shows one pair with an oval arch, and beside it a square one, and another with a pointed opening beside an oriental one. The reason for these odd-looking pairs is simply this: that, just above each archway on either side of the opening, and on *both* sides of the card, are a pair of little hooks or slots upon which quite a large number of changes of scenery will hang; because practically all our doors and windows will be quite separate from the scenes, so as to enable us to put them just where we fancy we should like them when we make up a scene. Now, these little slots, or rests, are simply made by glueing a tiny block of either thin wood, or thick cardboard, on to the scene, just about half an inch or so above the archway, and then fixing a slightly larger piece upon each block; so that it forms the slot, as shown in fig. 2. C. Take very great care in seeing that these two slots are both at exactly the same level, perfectly horizontal; otherwise, all the doors or windows will hang at a slant and have a most unsatisfactory appearance. This means, therefore, that all the

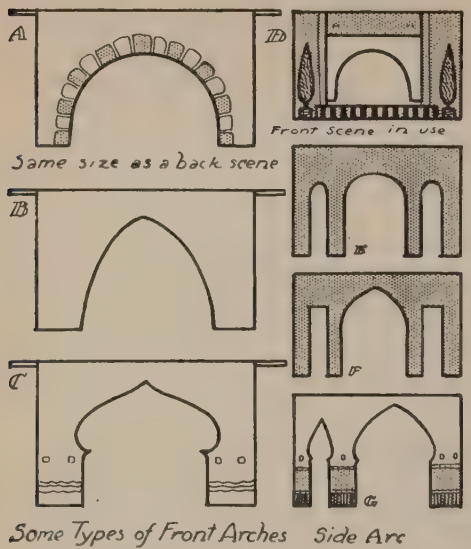


Fig. 1.—Experiments with Arches.

additional pieces, in order to hang on these rests, must have a thin strip of either wood or strong card fixed to the top and projecting each side a little; in fact, a top-bar in a small way, just like that with which the larger scenes are fitted.

Now let us make a few doors and windows. Doors will not give us much trouble, as they simply consist of a piece of card painted to represent the panelling of a door and a cardboard top-bar to hang it on the scene with. Of course, if we wish to have a more elaborate door, we can get the effect of real panelling by just making a miniature copy of our own real doors in layers of cardboard cut to represent the panels and glued to a piece of card the size required (fig. 3).

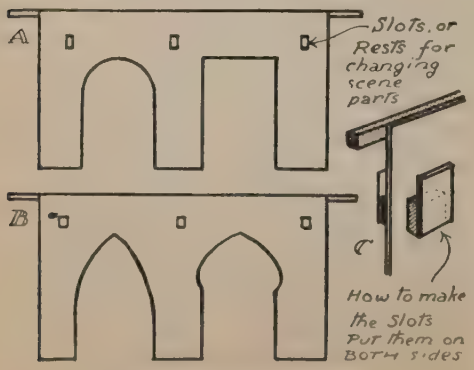


Fig. 2.—More Arch variations.

Windows, however, are somewhat complicated in structure; yet, at the same time, very simple to make. First, you cut a piece of card exactly the size of the space between the two slots above the archway and two corresponding points at the base of the arch: in other words, a piece of card that will effectively cover up the whole archway if laid upon it (fig. 3). Next you cut a square or oblong piece, or even round (if so desired) *out* of this window-card, taking care that the opening thus made will reveal nothing of the sides of the arch when the window is in position (figs. 3 and 4). This represents the window-opening; but it does not require any glass, though you can stick a piece of colourless, transparent gelatine over it if you think fit. The next thing to do will be the window-bars, and here you do as you did on the window of the shadow-show. Simply stick

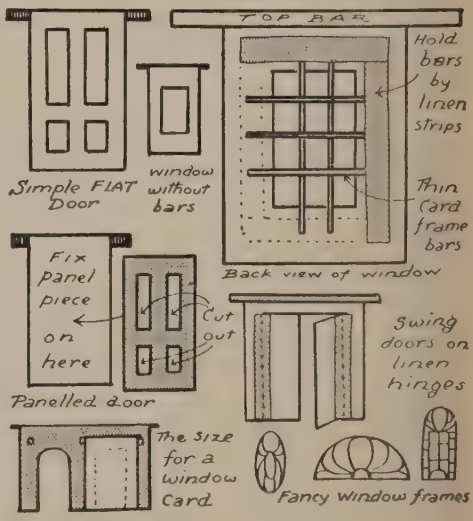


Fig. 3.—Windows and Doors.

cross-pieces of thin card at the back and over the opening and then secure the ends by fixing strips of linen over them all (fig. 3). Oval or round windows can be treated in the same manner, and these window-cards can also have a pair of slots fitted above them, to take curtains, if they are wanted.

Perhaps by now it has dawned upon you just *why* there are two *different* archways to each middle scene; if not, hang a window on over one of the arches, and you will realise that the whole scene is entirely altered in appearance (fig. 4). This is where the variety, the transformations, come in, for with only two middle scenes, and a single door and window, it is possible to make at least nine, if not more lightning changes and each time a different scene.

Before we leave this section there is another changing piece we can make several varieties of, and it consists of a strip of card with either a window, or door, or even perfectly blank, and coloured the same as the big scene, and with either a thin top-bar going right across from

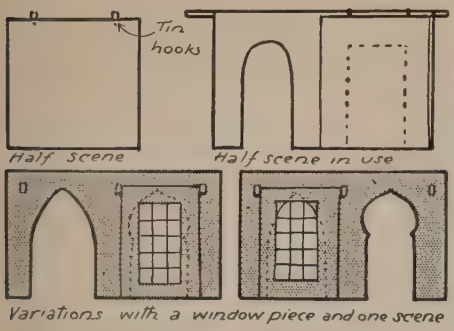


Fig. 4.—Windows and Doors and Arches together.

bridge to bridge besides the main scene, or a pair of little wire hooks at each upper corner to hang it on to the main top-bar with. This piece of scene might be called a half-scene, as it rests against the main scene and entirely blots out one half of it, and in consequence alters its whole appearance. The size of this half-scene will of course be the same height as an ordinary scene, but only half its width.

Our next interesting items are rooms and screens, and both are perfectly simple in construction. Rooms can be either triangular in appearance as though the audience were looking at what might be a corner of a large room, or they can be square or 'box sets,' as they are called. For a triangular room all that we shall require will be two pieces of card the same height as a scene, but a little over half a scene in width: out of these, two doorways can be cut, one central, the other slightly to one side. These two pieces of card must now be hinged by a strip of stout linen of window-blind quality, as it does not 'fray out' along the cut edges very easily. This should be glued firmly to the back of each card and so connecting them in such a way that they are enabled to swing easily to and fro, and even fold right back when not in use (fig. 5).

At the back, also, above the doorways, slots should be fixed to take the doors, or even a window if desired, over one of the door-spaces. When completed the whole

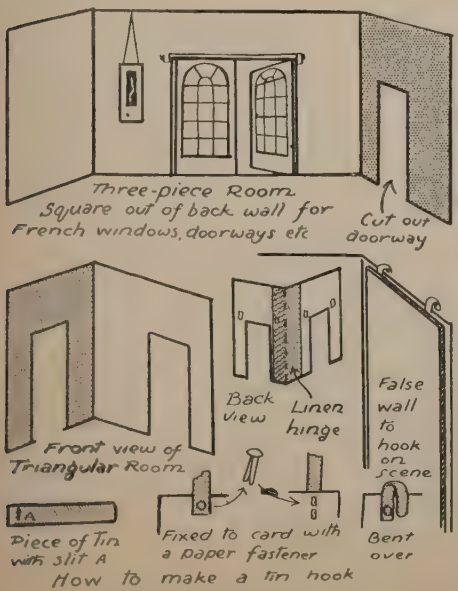

Three-piece Room
Square out of back wall for French windows, doorways etc
Cut out doorway
Back view
Linen hinge
False wall to hook on scene
Front view of Triangular Room
Piece of Tin with slit A
Fixed to card with a paper fastener
Bent over
How to make a tin hook

Fig. 5.—Some Room Scenes.

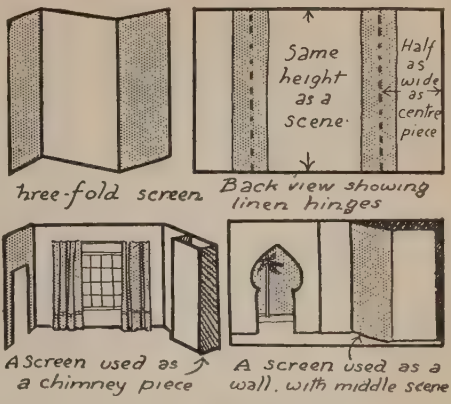

Same height as a Scene
Half as wide as centre piece
three-fold screen
Back view showing linen hinges
A Screen used as a chimney piece
A screen used as a wall, with middle scene

Fig. 6.—Folding Scenes.

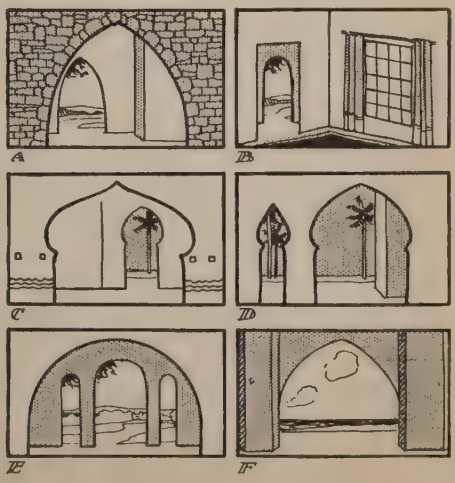


Fig. 7.—A few Simple Scenes which can be 'set' in a few seconds.

scene must be painted some perfectly plain and simple colour, such as lemon yellow or pale buff; the doors can be painted white. In addition to this scene, half scenes can be made, or false walls to hook on to the top edge and hang flat against the wall, and upon these can be windows and a fireplace, or just the fireplace alone, or a blank wall.

Pictures can be made to hang by hooks on the top edge and so be taken off if not required. Be careful, though, to colour your false walls and odd pieces of scene EXACTLY the same tint as the main scene; otherwise the audience will detect the difference—and probably mention the fact.

For a box scene the process is exactly the same as with the triangular one, except that it has three walls instead of two, and the two side walls are not quite half a scene in width; they must also be nicely hinged with the strips of linen, so as to fold flat when not in use.

Hanging pieces and changes should also be made for the walls, just as for the other scenes.

By now we have got together a fairly respectable lot of scenes and changing effects, and, when one comes to try a few of them out, it will be discovered that an enormous number of different scenes can already be made. Just try out a plain back scene, like those already described, with a middle scene (fig. 2, A) and a front scene (fig. 1, C). Hang a plain wall half-scene over the square archway on the middle scene, and immediately we have an oriental street scene, very simple but very real. Change the back scene to the one with the palm-trees and the effect is more real than ever. Change the back scene again to the country lane. Pull out the front arch, shift the middle scene back, close to the back scene, and put in your triangular room scene, after first shifting the half-scene on the middle one across or to the round archway so that the square doorway shows instead of the arch. Drop in a window-piece, and we have at once an interior scene looking out on to a wall with gateway which again looks out on to a country road. The various effects shown in fig. 7 can all be achieved by devices like this.

This sort of thing can be done over and over again and with endless variety, especially if we make just a few threefold screens, small copies of the larger scenes, but all the same height as a scene though quite narrow-sided (fig. 6). They can be painted to represent stone walls or plaster walls, and some can be painted to match the interiors of the rooms. With these we can add even many more to the variations we have already got on hand. Later on, when we have made our stairways, steps, raised floors and other things, we shall discover that it is possible to spend hours in just making changes and hardly repeating the design. And if we are at all ingenious and like to think out ideas for ourselves, we shall find means of adding heaps more to our fittings and take an extraordinary pleasure in the doing of it.

H. W. WHANSLAW.

THE BOWLER.

THERE was a little man,
He took a little run—
He wobbled with every stride, stride, stride;
Away flew the ball,
But the wickets didn't fall,
For his bowling went for a wide, wide, wide.

That was number one.
He took another run,
A nice new run, and a jump, jump, jump;
Then swift and straight and true,
Away went number two,
And away, hurrah! went a *stump, stump, stump!*

LILIAN HOLMES.

HOW SOME RARE STAMPS HAVE BEEN FOUND.

A VERY valuable little book on rare stamps, published by the Melville Book Company, tells us how the rarest stamp in the world, the British Guiana one cent of 1856, was found by a schoolboy. It was so very rare that even collectors did not know of its existence, and when the boy came to put it in his album he found there was no space provided for it. This struck him as very curious, and, knowing nothing of the value of the stamp, he thought the best thing to do would be to sell it and spend the money in buying other stamps for which he could find spaces in his album. He sold it for six shillings. In 1922 it fetched the record price of seven thousand three hundred and forty-three pounds!

The author of the book, Mr. Fred J. Melville, of the Junior Philatelic Society, tells us how in the year 1847 a man in Alexandria, Virginia, wrote a letter to a lady who afterwards became his wife. He wrote her several other letters, both before and after that one, and she put most of them away and kept them safely tied up with ribbon. Sixty years later, her daughter, looking through the bundle, found on one of the envelopes the five cents, Alexandria, one of the rarest stamps known. In 1907, that envelope was bought by a millionaire stamp-collector for six hundred pounds.

The old custom of sending friends a valentine on February 14th (St. Valentine's Day) seems to be gradually dying out. Certainly one never connects the idea of anything valuable with a valentine; but in 1851 a lady received one, the postage of which had been paid with twenty-seven of the green ten cents United States stamps of that year. She kept that big block of stamps and long after some one offered her ten pounds for it, but she couldn't bring herself to part with it. Not long ago, however, she changed her mind, and a block of twenty-one of them fetched three hundred and seventy pounds at auction.

One of the favourite hiding-places of rare old stamps is the secret drawer of the bureau or writing desk. Some one puts them in there for safety, they are forgotten, and, perhaps years later, some one, who had probably never heard of the original hider, is lucky enough to discover the treasure. Such was the case with a London dealer, who, in 1920, bought an old writing-desk. It needed a good deal of repairing, so he sent it to his workshop and told his men to take it to pieces. While doing so they found a secret drawer, in which were several part-sheets of some early unused English stamps, which were sold for a considerable sum.

Another romantic find in much the same way was that of one of the rarest unused 'Sydney View' stamps of New South Wales. The father of an Australian collector died in 1861, leaving a desk which seemed of little value. So it was emptied and stowed away in a barn with other 'rubbish.' Fourteen years later, during

a clearance, the desk was broken up, and many rare stamps, including the 'Sydney View,' were found in a secret recess.

About twenty years ago, the valet of an old man who died in Glasgow had an unexpected stroke of good fortune. His master left an old writing-desk to him, and two hundred pounds to his cook. The valet was rather inclined to envy the cook, whose legacy certainly *seemed* the more generous of the two. However, on search being made in the desk, it surprisingly disgorged a little store of old stamps which the valet sold for five hundred pounds.

We had better all keep our eyes open, in case one day we can be the finders of some hidden treasure.

B. W.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 218.)

LEONARD wondered how to draw attention to the lamp. If he made a decided movement, he would attract the attention of the man who was still looking for him. But that wouldn't much matter when once he had sent the message, and Leonard determined to take the risk. If the man saw him, the pursuit would start again, and at any rate he would have as good a chance as before, except that this time there was nowhere to go—no particular objective, and it wasn't likely that he could lie hidden among the boulders until help arrived—and that might not be for ages!

A pity he could not tell some one else, so as to double the chances of help coming quickly! But, of course, he could. Ross! If Ross were the leader of the men connected with the tunnel, as Sydney had insisted, he was probably on the island already. But Leonard didn't believe it. He was certain that he had solved the mystery about Mr. Ross, and in that case of course he was just the man to help them.

Leonard decided to send his message as quickly as possible, then to dodge his pursuer again, reach the end of the ridge, go ashore, and get to the house. With any luck it ought to be fairly easy.

Grasping the lamp firmly in his left hand, therefore, with his right Leonard untied the string that bound it to the branch of the tree. Then stepping boldly out into the open, he held it with the red light towards the hotel and swung it steadily to and fro. Immediately he heard a shout behind him. The man had seen him directly he left the shelter of the tree! Glancing quickly over his shoulder, Leonard saw the man running towards him. Not much time, thought Leonard, for sending signals. It would be better, though, to make as sure as possible of it, and then to take the consequences. He swung the lamp twice more, holding it high above his head, and then set it down on top of the cliff. No time now to tie it again to the tree.

Leonard turned swiftly, to find the man only a few feet away. It would be difficult in any case to get past him, but the only chance seemed to be to feint suddenly to one side and then dash to the other. Leonard made three quick steps to the left, and then, as the man turned at once in that direction, he swung round, ran back, and sprinted along the cliff to the right.

But the man turned equally quickly and ran to intercept him. Too late now to dodge again, and there was no chance of getting through. Yet Leonard had no intention of being caught. He had somehow or other to reach the shore and find Ross, and suddenly the last possibility flashed across his mind. Without stopping to see how close was his pursuer, he turned to the edge of the cliff, raised his hands above his head, and dived into the lake.

CHAPTER XIII.

When he came to the surface, Leonard struck out at once for the shore. He could hear the man on the island shouting angrily behind him, and then he heard a small splash as a stone hit the water some distance away. But Leonard knew that the man could not see him in the darkness, and he felt that there was not much chance of being hit. Still, it was best to be on the safe side, and he swam as quickly as the difficulty of swimming in trousers, shirt, and boots would permit.

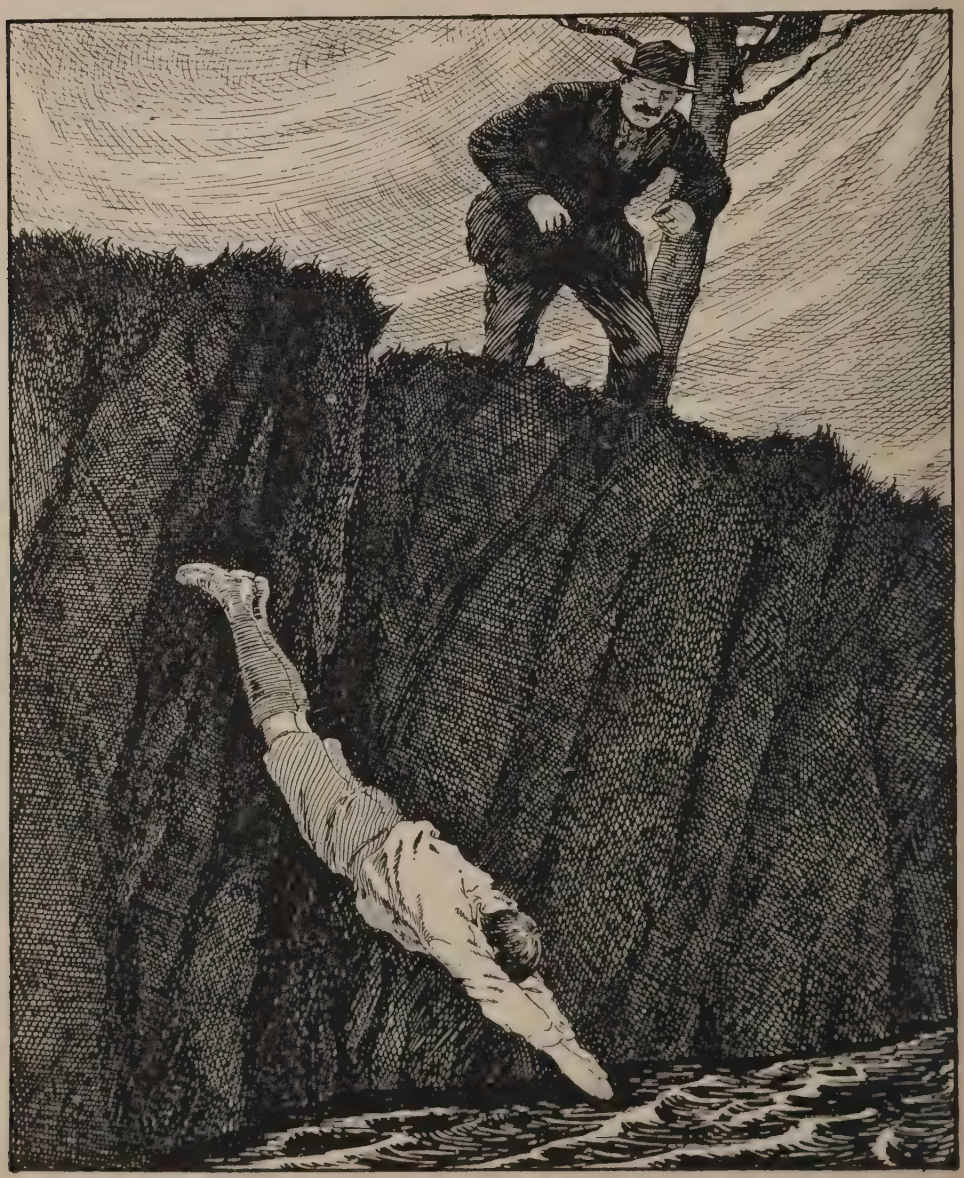
Suddenly an idea came to him. He was certainly on the winning side now, and he might as well make a good job of it. A boat from the hotel would come pretty soon, and in another quarter of an hour he could bring Ross as a strong reinforcement. Or, of course, if the red signal light was not seen at the hotel, Ross and he could settle it on their own. But supposing the men did not wait? The man would find the lamp and realise that it was a signal. Then he and the other man would want to get off the island as soon as possible; and it would be pretty disappointing if they both got away scot-free before any one came to stop them.

Why shouldn't he cut off their retreat? It would be easy enough to swim round to the landing-place and cut their boat adrift, and then the men would be caught. At any rate they would waste a lot of time looking for the boat, and they weren't likely to try swimming or going down the Ridge until they were jolly sure they couldn't get ashore in any other way.

Leonard turned, swimming as quietly as he could, till he passed the end of the island and found the boat. Treading water, he was able to grasp the gunwale, and then, supporting himself in this way, he drew his knife from his trouser pocket, gripped the handle firmly between his teeth, and fumbled with his right hand until he was able to unclose the blade. Then, hand over hand, he drew himself along to the bow of the boat, held the painter taut, and cut through it with the knife.

But there was little current in the water, and he knew that if he left the boat where it was, one of the men might climb down the landing-stage and either jump into it or secure it by swimming. Having done so much, he must make a decent finish to the job. Moving down towards the stern, he grasped the gunwale, putting all his weight on to it, so as to draw it down in the hope that the water would run over the side. But the boat was too heavy, and he found that swamping it was impossible. What else could he do? He tried to draw himself up, so as to climb in. The boat swayed dangerously, but he did not care, and a minute later, while the whole boat tilted as if it would turn over on top of him, he got his chest to the level of the gunwale, and he stretched out a hand in the hope of getting a grip on the thwarts.

(*Continued on page 234*).



"He turned to the edge and dived into the lake."

"He stood on the top of the upturned seat and grasped the balustrade."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 231.)

LEONARD'S fingers came down on a scull instead of the thwarts. He grasped it, and drew it towards him as he slipped back into the water. The boat righted itself, but it did not matter now, for with only one scull it would be useless. Dragging down the scull into the water, Leonard let it float, and then, swimming till he was between the boat and the cliff, he started to push the boat out towards the lake. But after it had moved a few feet he decided that he had done enough. He pushed the scull before him as he swam till it was several yards from the island, and then, leaving it, he went to the shore.

Swimming in his clothes had proved uncommonly hard work, especially with the additional weight of the scull, and by the time he landed midway between the Nab and the Wirdstone he was completely out of breath.

But there was no time to be lost. Getting rid of the boat had taken longer than he had expected and he must hurry on to find Ross. The man who had chased him on the island would be pretty wild at his failure, and he might want to take it out of Norma and Sydney; so that the sooner they were rescued the better.

Without stopping to rest, therefore, Leonard set off at a run towards the trees, the water dripping from his clothes as he went. He skirted the wood, leaving it on his right, and then, when he reached the fence, stood for a minute leaning against it, struggling for breath. Then he pulled himself together, scrambled over, and started running across the garden. Blindly he stumbled into the rhododendron bed, tripped over a stem, and fell on to the mould; but he got at once to his feet again and went on until he was close to the house.

He remembered that the door was in the open verandah on the left side of the house. But suppose he went to it and rang the bell, what would happen? The men now on the island had come from the cottage and were presumably servants of some sort to Mr. Ross: gardeners, probably, or men from the stable. In that case, the servants inside the house might be their friends—possibly confederates who would do anything to help them! If one of them opened the door, and saw him with about half the water of the lake running off him, it was quite likely that the message would never reach Mr. Ross at all: because it wouldn't be difficult to guess that he knew something of what was happening in the night on the Nab. And if the servants got as far as that, they were quite likely to lay a trap for him and knock him on the head, or try to shut him into a cellar or something. Not much good risking that!

He wondered if he could get to Mr. Ross direct, without ringing the bell. It was long after midnight now, and of course Ross would have gone to bed. The question was, which would be his bedroom window?

Leonard stepped back on to the grass till he could see all the front of the house. A big stone verandah ran all round it. The roof of the verandah, supported by stone pillars, formed a sort of balcony just below the upper windows, for the house was a low one with only two floors. It was pretty certain that the bedroom would be upstairs, and there Leonard could see three windows. He remembered how he had seen a light in the one on the left as he and Sydney came through the wood earlier in the evening; and how he had said that that must be Ross's room.

Anyhow, that seemed good enough to start on, and in that case the first thing would be to get up to the balcony. But that looked pretty difficult. The pillars of the verandah were quite ten feet high and about a foot thick: quite impossible to climb them. And above them was a stone balustrade to a height of two or three feet.

Leonard ran first to one side of the house and then to the other in search of a ladder, but none was to be seen. Still, he had got to get up to that balcony, somehow or other—and without losing a lot of time. A pity there wasn't a creeper.

Then, as he ran back from the right side of the house, he noticed a heavy wooden garden seat, standing on the edge of the grass just beyond the stone floor of the verandah. It was about seven feet long, and Leonard measured it with his eye, comparing its length with the height of the nearest pillar. If he could lift one end of it so as to stand it up on end, it would reach a good distance; and then if he could manage to climb up it, by getting to his feet on the struts in the back, he could use it as a ladder and be able to reach the top of the balustrade.

He dragged the seat over the grass till one end was almost touching a pillar. He was glad to find it not so heavy as it looked. He ought to be able to lift one end of it all right, he decided, and at once he set to work. Getting a firm grip under the end of the seat, he lifted it, shifting his hold to the legs until he was able to rest the seat on his shoulder. He rested for a second, lifted it over his head, and then started to walk forward, moving his hands down along the seat as it came into an upright position.

Stepping back as soon as it was firm on the grass, he realised that he could easily get to the top, and he started to climb the 'rungs' across its back. But his weight at once upset the balance and he jumped down only just in time to prevent the seat falling on to him. Then he tried again, first turning the seat round, so that as he climbed he could support his back against the pillar. The plan succeeded, and a minute later he stood on the top of the upturned seat and grasped the balustrade. He pulled himself up, and sat astride for a minute, while he considered what to do next.

(*Continued on page* 247.)

SAND CASTLES.

I BUILT a sand castle with turrets and moat;
I banked it up firmly and neat,
And planted a flagstaff (the mast of my boat)
With green seaweed flag—all complete.

With pebbles I studded the door of the keep;
Then a drawbridge—as strong as could be—
I made for the moat, which was flooded quite deep
With water I'd fetched from the sea.

I worked at my splendid sand castle for hours,
Till firm as a fortress it stood,
With the sun streaming down on its turrets and towers,
Its flagstaff and drawbridge of wood.

Then—as I was thinking how grand a surprise
For any invaders 'twould be—
Gigantic in size, just in front of my eyes,
An army marched out of the sea!

There were mussels and cockles, and winkles and crabs,
And fine native oysters in shoals;
Halibut, haddock, and whiting and dabs,
Salmon and lobsters and soles!

Sparlings and cuttle-fish, brill, cod, and hake;
Herrings and fat conger eels;
Whitebait and mackerel, garnet and skate;
Tunny-fish, turbot, and seals!

Captains and Colonels, Lieutenants and Majors—
With sword-fishes, many a score—
Brigadier-Generals—and other old stagers—
With flying-fish, stood on the shore.

'Just look at that fortress,' said General O'Hake,
'Its size and its strength both alarm me;
Indeed, to subdue it I'll not undertake
Without some more men for the army.

'We'll send Sergeant Lobster recruiting again,
He'll fetch all the men we could wish;
His manner's persuasive—he'll speak very plain
To the limpets—and jelly-fish!'

The Sergeant went off, and the General went on,
Till he suddenly noticed *the moat!*—
'Call him back!' he exclaimed; 'he need never have gone—
Straight into this fort we can float!'

He'd thought of it too! 'Twas the danger I feared
When I saw them march out of the sea;
But the King of the Castle that minute appeared—
'What's all this commotion?' said he.

'Pray, why are these fishes on land, in a crowd?
Then old Colonel Halibut spoke—
But his voice was so queer, and he bellowed so loud
That he shook all the shore and—*I woke!*

LILIAN HOLMES.

LAUGH OR WEEP?

A CERTAIN king was naturally inclined to economy. This was once made a topic of ridicule in his presence, to which he replied: 'I had rather see my courtiers laugh at my avarice, than my people weep at my extravagance.'

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

X.—CRICKET AND CROQUET.

CRICKET may with every truth be described as the national summer game, for it is played from one end of England to the other: counties, towns, villages play each other, and there is not a university, not a public or private school that does not possess its cricket club; and abroad, wherever Englishmen assemble in sufficient numbers, the game is keenly played, even in tropical lands where exertion of any kind requires an effort, and slackness might almost be excusable. It is indeed a national sport, requiring a combination of qualities, such as patience, quick decision, prompt execution, sureness of hand and eye, and general fitness, all excellent to develop in boy or man.

Cricket probably owes its name to the Saxon *cryc*, or *cric*, a crooked stick, and the earliest record of the game dates back to about the middle of the thirteenth century. In an old manuscript there is to be seen a grotesque representation of two men playing some sort of game with bat and ball. One figure is that of the batsman, who is holding his bat in his right hand, handle downwards and the bat pointing straight upwards. The other figure shows the catcher, standing ready with outstretched hands, waiting for the ball. In another illustration the batsman is pointing his bat at the waiting catcher, the base of the bat, in this case, being shaped like a leopard's head.

In King Edward the First's wardrobe account for the year 1300 there is an entry referring to a game named 'creag,' thus proving the interest of the king and other highly-placed personages in the sport.

In another manuscript, dated 1344, is to be found the first reference to fielders, in addition to batsman and bowler. In this old illustration all the players are monks, who are, we may presume, enlivening the quiet life at the monastery with a cheery game. The batsman is holding his bat in his left hand, which must have been the custom at this time, for in another picture the batsman is again shown as being left-handed. The bat is long and roughly hewn, also a little curved, and is held vertically, with the handle downwards. The fielders, four in number, are shown with their hands raised ready to catch the ball.

Some years later, in 1365, cricket was one of the games that were barred as being liable to interfere with the practice of archery, and which were denounced as 'ludos inhonestos, et minus utiles aut valentes,' ('unseemly games, less useful and valuable.')

'Stool-ball' and 'Cat-and-dog' may perhaps be regarded as early forms of cricket. In the former game one of the players took his place before a stool, whilst his opponent, standing at a distance, threw the ball in the direction of the stool, and if he hit it, the players changed places. On the other hand, if the defender of the stool succeeded in beating the ball away with his hand, he scored a point, though he did not have to run for it.

In 'Cat-and-dog' two holes were made some twelve yards apart, and in front of each a player holding a club, or 'dog,' stands ready. The 'cat,' a piece of wood four inches long, is thrown to one of the waiting players. If he succeeds in hitting the cat he changes places with the other batsman—runs, in fact—and one point is counted as won by the two holding the clubs. When a cat got into a hole, the defending player was 'bowled.'

In the fifteenth century the game was called 'Hondyn or Hondout,' or, as we should say, 'Hand in and Hand out.' Possibly this referred to the circular hole in the turf that took the place of stumps, for when the game was in its infancy, stumps were not used. The batsman was put 'out' either by being caught, or by the ball being returned into the hole before he could place the base of his bat in it. This must have resulted in heated tussles between batsman and fielders, often enough with painful results to the fielders' hands.

Boys, at any rate, played cricket at the commencement of the seventeenth century. 'Boyes played at

Cricket in the Eighteenth Century—

crickett, with a crooked bat or cricket-staffe.' Not a very scientific game no doubt, but, as it is nowadays on village green, square, or alley, quite good fun. Quite good fun—provided the law did not interfere, for the ban on cricket, which no doubt referred to its play by youths or grown men, stated that any man allowing the game to be played on his premises was liable to three years' imprisonment and a fine of twenty pounds, any player to two years and a ten-pound fine, and all the implements to be confiscated and burnt. 'This is, perhaps, the most severe law ever made against gaming, and some of these forbidden sports seem to have been manly exercises, particularly "handyn" and "handoute,"' wrote a chronicler many years later.

It was only to be expected that the big schools would take the game up, and in 1650 a reference is found to it at Winchester, and in 1688 an Etonian's school bill contains an item referred to as a 'ram and bat,' and no doubt other schools also played, in spite of the ban on the game, which although it was not enforced was not removed until 1748, when the Court of King's Bench held that it was a very manly game, and not against the law.

Monks playing at 'Creag.

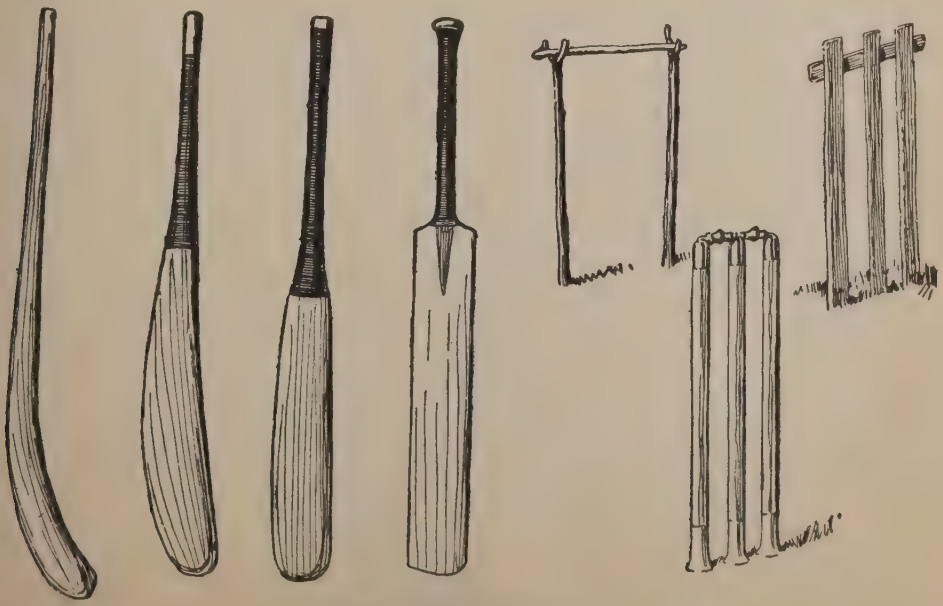
In the eighteenth century the game was rising in the world and being taken up more seriously. 'If you have a right ambition you will desire to excel all boys of your age at cricket,' was fatherly advice given by Lord Chesterfield, who further alludes to 'your various occupations of Greek and cricket,' thus proving that the game was then, at any rate, coming into its own.

A young Cricketer of the Eighteenth Century.

—at White Conduit Fields.

Indeed, it became so popular that one pessimistic individual was moved to write in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1743, that 'Cricket is certainly a very good and wholesome exercise, yet it may be abused if either great or little people make it their business.' A complaint rather similar to one we have more than once heard expressed in these days of long matches.

From various old records it is believed, though there is no actual proof, that the first wicket consisted of one stump only, some eighteen inches high, which the bowler tried to displace with the ball, instead of 'holing' it, as before. The next innovation was the addition of a second stump a foot high, placed some two feet from the other, and connected with it by



Bats and Wickets of all Ages.

a cross-bar, lying from top to top, and a large hole for putting the ball into was made between these two stumps.

The wicket in the eighteenth century still consisted of only two stumps, twenty-two inches high and six apart, until somewhere about 1775, when a third stump was added. The reason for the addition of a third stump is quite clear, for it was sometimes the case that the ball passed clean through the wicket between the two stumps without actually touching either, or dislodging the cross-piece, or bail, across the top. To obviate this a third stump was added, placed between the other two, and bails were introduced, displacing the single cross-bar that had hitherto been considered sufficient. In 1798 the height was altered to twenty-four inches and the width to seven, and twenty years later another inch was added to the height.

The distance that one wicket was placed from the other was from the very first one chain, or twenty-two yards.

The shape of the bat has varied considerably. It was originally a sort of crooked club, and hitting hard and high must have been the rule. The old-fashioned bat, with its sweeping curve, was broader and far more cumbersome than the present-day implement, and continued in use until the beginning of the last century, when round-arm bowling succeeded in establishing itself definitely.

That the old-fashioned wicket was still in use in 1774 we know, for that year a committee of noblemen and gentlemen foregathered at the 'Star and Garter' in Pall Mall, and drew up a code of rules, which were practically the same as those of to-day, although bats and wickets were quite different, and the crease was cut, not painted or chalked.

The dress worn by the players of that time was very different from the white flannels to which we are so accustomed—'white drawers and red slippers,' one writer mentions; and, as the illustration shows, they certainly wore tight knickers and a sort of jockey-cap, such as baseball players of the present day almost always wear, and which were probably very useful for keeping the sun out of the players' eyes. Later, in the last century, it was for a time the custom to play in top-hats, and many old prints show the game being played in this headgear.

Another quaint custom of early cricket was the method of scoring by cutting notches in tally-sticks—a somewhat wearying occupation if a big score is being made.

The bowling was at first always under-arm, and the introduction of round-arm bowling was bitterly resented. The M.C.C. (Marylebone Cricket Club) proclaimed an edict against all round-arm bowling, which, however, at last overcame prejudice, and was firmly established by 1845.

A very famous club was the old Hambledon Club, in Hampshire, which was in existence during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and which was invincible for some forty years, frequently contending successfully against All England. Some of the best players were retained by wealthy patrons of the game, much as jockeys are now. When the club was dissolved, its players dispersed through neighbouring counties, where they carried on the good work of teaching and popularising the game, which, before the beginning of the last century, had become the national game of England.

Of modern clubs, the most famous is undoubtedly the Marylebone Cricket Club. The Artillery Ground Club, which played at Finsbury some two hundred years ago, eventually moved to White Conduit Fields, and became the White Conduit Cricket Club, until 1787, when the club moved to Old Lord's Ground, where Dorset Square now is, and became the Marylebone Club, the world's leading club, framing the laws and arbitrating on all disputes. Twice more was the club obliged to move, until it finally settled down at the present Lord's Ground, in St. John's Wood, where so many great matches have been played. Lord was the player who owned and maintained the ground.

Unfortunately, in 1825, after a Harrow and Winchester match, the pavilion was burnt, and a wholesale destruction of cricket records resulted.

The Surrey County Club, at the Oval, was not formed until 1845, which year also saw the well-known I Zingari Club—which consisted entirely of amateurs—formed. This and other wandering clubs, such as the Free Foresters, carried the game all over the country; and professional elevens did the same, commencing the following year, when an 'All England Eleven,' under the captaincy of 'The Nottingham Bowler,' Clarke, commenced playing matches against odds in various parts of the country.

A tremendous fillip to English cricket was given when the Australians first visited this country in 1878. Four English teams had visited Australia, playing against eighteens and twenty-twos, and winning most of their matches; so nothing very startling was expected of the Australian visitors, and the surprise was all the greater when the Marylebone Cricket Club was beaten by nine wickets. The Australians, not content with this feat, also beat Yorkshire, Surrey, Middlesex, Leicestershire, Sussex, and Gloucestershire—a very fine performance for a first visit.

Since then many English elevens have visited Australia, and the players from that country, vastly improved, have made the long journey here, and given our best men many a hard game and many a beating.

In spite of numerous counter-attractions, such as golf and tennis, the ancient and manly game still, in school and out, retains its hold upon the affections of the English boy, and remains the national game.

CROQUET.

This game was probably introduced into England from Ireland, which country had in turn received it from the South of France, where croquet, or a very similar game, had been played for centuries. As early as the thirteenth century the game was played in Languedoc, in France, with the use of two hoops, or a hoop and a peg, the winner being the player who ran through the hoop, or hoops, and touched the peg in the smallest number of strokes, using a mallet very similar to that now in use.

It was about 1850 that croquet was introduced into Ireland, and in a few years' time it had come to England and found favour, so that before long a croquet-ground was considered almost a necessity for a country house.

The first public match took place on the bowling-green at Evesham, in Worcestershire, in 1867, and the following year saw the first all-comers' meeting, which was held on the cricket-ground at Moreton-in-the-Marsh. The same year the All England Croquet Club was formed at Wimbledon, where the annual championship meeting took place.

The rules were drawn up and discussed by delegates from the principal clubs in 1869, 1870, and 1873, the size of the ground being fixed at forty by thirty yards; but this measurement was altered later to thirty-five yards by twenty-eight.

W. Herbert Holloway.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 227.)

CHAPTER XXV.

ONE glance was enough for Kadru. Moreover, the advancing group was already perceptibly nearer.

'I can see them plainly; it *is* Santoo and Mangli,' said Kadru. 'I know the clothes they are wearing. They ride ahead of the others.'

Louisa nodded. She, too, was sure of her enemies by this time, quite certain of their identity. She had not expected they would so soon discover the right direction to take; it was puzzling as well as alarming.

'How did they find out which way we went?' she wondered aloud. 'I thought they'd search all the near-by villages first.' And, at that, to her surprise, Kadru wriggled uneasily.

'Miss Sahib,' Kadru admitted shamefacedly, 'I fear it was my fault. I would have told you before, but I hoped that all might yet be well.'

'Your fault? But how?' Louisa questioned.

'Something dropped from my bundle opposite the village on the river-bank,' Kadru confessed. 'I heard it—plop; and I felt for it in the dark, but I could not find it. I thought: "Perhaps it will not matter." And we were in a hurry. I did not want to linger.'

'And what was it?'

'It was one of those slippers, Surabhi's gift. I have searched the bundles, and now I know. They are like those that she wears herself. Santoo and Mangli must have found it, and have guessed who had dropped it. I am sorry, Miss Sahib—very sorry.'

She stopped, breathless, to watch. The searchers were almost level with the grove; the sound of their voices came drifting across. To Louisa they seemed like hounds upon a scent. Now they were passing the site of the last night's camp. They stopped to tighten a saddle-girth. What would they find? Had anything been left that might again betray?

But Kadru had been more than careful, scared by her loss. 'I covered every scrap of the fire,' she reassured Louisa. 'I buried it deep; I filled the hollow where Dukhi slept; I smoothed the spot where Chota stood, where were the bundles and where we lay. And they cannot track us hither by footprints, for the sand is too soft. Each footprint fills as soon as it is made.'

The girth was tightened; they were moving again. Surely they would turn towards the grove; they would never leave it unsearched. Despite the arguments Louisa had used herself, she could scarcely believe it. She tried to remember those arguments now; one by one she recalled them. 'They won't come,' she told herself firmly; 'they won't come.'

She stopped, with a sigh of relief; the danger *had* passed. On, up the river, without a halt or pause, went the pursuers; but, so near had they been, that not till they were out of sight could she believe that they had gone. It seemed too good to be true, a miracle almost. Louisa spun round and caught at Kadru's hands, and whirled her, with arms outstretched, round and round until both dropped on the ground, breathless.

'And the Miss Sahib did not say it was my fault,' said Kadru gratefully as her breath came back. 'I will be very careful; I will make no more mistakes.'

'We're both making a mistake now, anyway,' said Louisa, jumping to her feet. 'We've left Dukhi alone for ever so long; he's sure to be getting into mischief.'

'Tis strange he did not come after us,' said Kadru, as she followed Louisa towards the shrine; 'that he did not want to know what we were doing.'

At any rate, Dukhi had finished his game. The bowls were arranged once more in a line; the shrine was empty, but a trail of crumbs led to the other side of the grove. A little further, and they caught sight of Dukhi between the trees. His back was turned towards them, and he seemed to be talking to himself.

'I have come with the wise woman to see a magic,' Dukhi was proclaiming loudly. 'It will be a great magic. Now she is brown, but she will become white. She said I must not talk about it, but I like to talk. She will go away to the white people soon, and I shall be rid of her; and when she goes she will leave the cat with me. It is a beautiful cat. It is sitting on the shrine roof. Come and see.'

Come and see? To whom was the invitation given? Had Santoo and Mangli doubled on their tracks? Had they reached the grove by another route? Almost Louisa believed it, though she knew it was not possible.

Then Kadru clutched at her arm. 'It is a stranger, Miss Sahib,' Kadru whispered; 'a worshipper at the shrine. Look! he holds an offering in his hand. I *said* that so it would be.'

A little beyond Dukhi a man was standing, staring at the small boy. He was carrying a bowl of milk and a garland of flowers. His mouth hung open in amazement. As he caught sight of Louisa and Kadru, it opened wider still. He wheeled; then stood looking over his shoulder, poised for flight. Checked he must be, and immediately, ere he spread the news abroad.

Louisa had no time to plan; she could only act on impulse. Around her neck there hung a little bag in which she kept her money. So far she had had no need of it since she paid for the hire of the raft. Now, she thrust two fingers in and drew out a couple of rupees.

'We would make an offering at the shrine,' said Louisa. 'Sell us, then, the milk and the flowers. We have nothing worthy of the spirit. Here is money wherewith we will pay.'

At least the man seemed less frightened. He looked at the coins with a gleam in his eyes. Louisa chinked them together and held her hand outstretched. First, she would win his confidence; then see how best he could be silenced.

Step by step, the man advanced, until he could touch the money. He looked as if he thought that it must vanish, as if it could not possibly be real. Then suddenly he grabbed at it, and laid the milk and flowers at Louisa's feet.

(*Continued on page 242.*)

"Suddenly he grabbed at it."

"He had watched admiringly a thief bolder than himself."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

Illustrated by Frank Wright.

(Continued from page 239.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

DUKHI pounced on the milk immediately, and raced towards the shrine. He and he alone should offer it. Often he had gone with his aunt to the village temple on similar occasions; he knew just what to do. Almost he hoped the spirit would appear in token of approval. It was broad daylight; it could not be so very alarming. He could shriek for help if necessary. Louisa was delighted to let him go. With Dukhi listening it might be difficult to conclude a satisfactory bargain. He knew both too much and too little, and was sure to interfere. When he had disappeared inside the shrine, Louisa drew out another rupee, and slipped it from palm to palm.

'The child spoke the truth,' she said. 'I have work of my own to do which must be done in secret. My presence here must not be known. It is a good magic. It will harm no one. I like this grove, and I would be friendly with the spirit of the shrine. I would make another offering to him. One is not sufficient to do him honour. If you will bring more milk and more flowers there will be more money in return.'

The man had retreated a little distance, but he was standing his ground, and he was listening attentively to what she had to say.

'Come again to-morrow,' Louisa urged. 'Tell no one you have seen us, or others will bring offerings to sell. While you keep my secret I will buy from you alone.'

She watched his face closely. How much she had accomplished she could not be sure; to persuade further would probably do harm. The man looked at the coins she had already given him, rang them one against another, and seemed satisfied that they were genuine. He tied them in a corner of his loin-cloth, but other answer he made none. A moment more he waited, then he wheeled upon his tracks and ran away.

Kadru looked after him anxiously. 'Perhaps he will hold his tongue,' she said, doubtfully. 'But dare we trust him, Miss Sahib? We are wholly at his mercy.'

'I'm afraid we are,' said Louisa, ruefully. They were in the man's power, there was no use denying it, and very likely he would find it to his advantage to betray them. It was possible that Santoo would offer a reward for Dukhi; a reward too big for her to compete with. Or the man might learn that the child was missing, and hope to gain largely if he told what he knew. Had he guessed the truth all the time, and had he been playing with her, trying to reap what he could from both sides at once? Over and over in her mind Louisa turned each chance, while Kadru watched her mistress' face anxiously until her attention was diverted to Dukhi. He had finished with the milk, and had returned for the flowers, and was furtively wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

'Thou hast drunk the milk, the spirit's milk,' Kadru challenged, indignantly. 'Infamous child! Thou wilt bring a curse upon us.'

'I drank only what was left,' Dukhi urged. 'I filled the bowls to the brim first, and there was more than enough.' Even he would not have dared to tamper with the spirit's property; but, nevertheless, he had watched admiringly a thief bolder than himself. As he gathered up the flowers he flung the news at Kadru.

'Bulbo has drunk a bowlful already; I left him drinking,' said Dukhi. 'And *nothing* has happened. The spirit does not dare to touch him so wonderful is he.' Away he capered, laughing gleefully.

It was enough for Kadru. Louisa might hesitate, but she was certain now that but one course was possible. The danger was great enough before. It had increased a thousandfold. The spirit of course would use the stranger to punish them. Not a moment must be wasted. They must leave the grove ere yet catastrophe befell. They had brought Bulbo to the shrine; they were responsible for his disgusting conduct, for the sacrilege that he had wrought.

'I knew that cat would be our ruin,' Kadru moaned. 'I said it. The Miss Sahib may remember from the first I said it. Quick, I will pack the bundles. Whatever the difficulties, to my aunt's village we must go. No other fate can threaten so dreadful as threatens us here. Would that we had left both cat and child behind. By this time, unhampered, we should surely have been safe.'

(*Continued on page* 255.)

LIFE-PRESERVERS.

A MAN dining with a certain General once admired two pictures on the wall.

'Ah,' exclaimed the soldier, smiling, 'I have a great regard for those paintings. They saved the lives of two very worthy men.'

The General was at this moment called out of the room. One of his guests completed the story.

'Yes, I remember the incident well. After the General X—— took a well-known town in Italy, the two owners of those pictures were brought before him with ropes round their necks, and told that they would instantly be hanged if they did not sign a paper that was placed before them, making a gift of those beautiful paintings to the victorious general!'

QUITE AT HOME.

A HOSPITABLE lady once became thoroughly tired of a guest who abused her hospitality and whose visit seemed endless. At last she said very politely, 'I hope you won't mind, but I am obliged to leave home for some time to-morrow.'

'Not at all,' replied the visitor in a gracious tone. 'Don't stand on ceremony with me. Come when you please, or go when you please, *you will always find me here!*'

FARTHINGS.

THE purchasing value of the farthing has fallen greatly in these bad times, though 'farthing buns' and 'farthing's worths' of various things have reappeared in the shops. The little copper coin is very ancient indeed, and owes its name to the fact that originally it was the fourth part of a penny, in reality as well as in value; for until they were coined separately

in the reign of Edward I., farthings, like halfpennies, were simply made by cutting up the big round pennies of the day.

In those far-off days the penny was often of silver, and before it left the mint it was cut in half if half pennies were required, or in four if a farthing, 'ferding,' 'feorthing,' or 'feorthling,' was in demand. The last two names are Anglo-Saxon, and mean a 'fourth part,' from *feorth*, fourth, and 'ing,' or 'ling,' the diminutive.

These coins are mentioned in Domesday Book under the title of 'ferdings,' and their value is mentioned—of course, it was considerably greater then than it is now.

After farthings were separately struck, they were made of silver, as well as of brass or tin, as long as silver pennies were current. A 'silver farthing' was quite a valuable coin in bygone days. A mediæval book on manners and customs advised housewives not to spend more than a farthing at a time on various requisites. It was not till the time of the early Stuart monarchs that the name of the coin was used as an equivalent to something of very little value. Thus, in the authorised version of the Bible, published in 1611 by order of King James I., we find our Lord's reference to the 'two sparrows sold for a farthing' indicating how small their value was.

In the time of Charles I. a London city ward, Lime Street, was popularly called 'Farthing Ward,' because it was so small. In Salisbury we find the oddly-named 'Penny-Farthing Street,' and the story goes that it is so called because the workmen engaged on building the cathedral struck, in order to have their wages raised to a penny-farthing a day instead of a penny.

The first copper farthing seems to have been coined in the time of Charles II., and, like his penny and half-penny, bore a figure of Britannia, for which the beautiful Duchess of Richmond is said to have sat. Some say, however, that though she may have acted as a model, the idea was certainly borrowed from the figure on copper pennies of the Roman Emperor Hadrian. Tin farthings of this reign are very valuable, and eagerly sought after by collectors and dealers in coins. One fetched nearly eight pounds a few years ago.

Some very curious and interesting farthings have been issued. During Charles II.'s reign a tin farthing was coined, bearing the inscription, 'Nummorum famulus'—'The servant of the coinage.' The expression, 'Not worth a brass farthing,' dates from the time when James II. debased the coinage, and issued, among other almost worthless coins, brass pennies, half-pence, and farthings.

In much older times, not only pennies, but many other large round coins were divided into 'farthings' by having a cross made right across the circle of the coin, and dividing it into four equal triangular parts, just as a round cake is often marked in a similar fashion and divided into four quarters. In an ancient book, known as 'The Grayfriar's Chronicle,' we read: 'This year the king made a new quyne (coin), as the noble, half-noble, and ferding-noble.'

Silver farthings were in common use till the time of Edward VI., and the 'token farthings' were in use till Charles II. issued the copper farthing in 1672. Until the time of Edward I., a penny was the lowest separate coin in England, though King John had issued a farthing for use in Ireland. As early as the reign of Harold, however, 'ferdings' were obtained by cutting the penny into quarters.

Several curious farthings are in existence. The Queen Anne issue, said to have been struck at the suggestion of Dean Swift, are not very rare even yet. About half-a-dozen varieties of this coin were issued in her reign. The most valuable has a figure of Peace standing in a chariot. A specimen of this coin has fetched up to twenty pounds. Oliver Cromwell, too, issued some interesting farthings. One has on the obverse three pillars, bound together, the English cross of St. George, the Scotch thistle, and the Irish harp, with the motto: 'Thos vnited, invincible.' A separate three-farthing piece was coined in the reign of Elizabeth, and bore the inscription: 'E. D. G. Rosa Sine Spina,' in graceful allusion to her majesty. This coin did not, however, remain very long in circulation.

We often read of the 'smoke-farthings,' 'Whitsun-farthings,' or 'Pentecostal-farthings,' paid at Whitsuntide as a tribute to the churches, according to the number of chimneys in each parish. An old writer says: 'The Bishop of Elie hath out of everie Parish in Cambridgeshire a certain tribute called *smoke-farthings*, which the churchwardens do levie according to the number of chimneys that be in a Parish.' At Lichfield they were called 'Chad-farthings,' after the saintly founder of the Cathedral, to whom Shadwell, London, also owes its name. The writer of a history of Lichfield, published more than a century ago, said: 'In many ages the country congregations of churches made annual processions to the Cathedral, as to their Mother Church, and contributed towards the support of the fabric by an annual donation at the High Altar. This was called Whitsun farthings, or Pentecostals, because it was usually given on Whit-Sunday, and at Lichfield it was called Chad-pennies, or Chad-farthings, in allusion to the founder of the Cathedral.'

At an early period a similar tribute was sometimes paid to the Mother Church at mid-Lent, or 'Mothering Sunday,' while at Easter every house paid a farthing, known as a 'wax-farthing,' to provide the Easter candles, or wax tapers. We are told that 'Chad-farthings' went to 'hallow the font for christening of children,' and also for oil to anoint sick folks with. In some places the practice of making these payments to the Church lingered till long after the Reformation. In a churchwarden's book in a Worcestershire parish there are entries of the payment of 'Wisson farthings' as late as 1799.

Farthings seem to have been quite a usual toll. In the eighteenth century in London, a court adjoining the city, Goup Street, had a gate known as 'Farthing Latch,' because the owner was privileged to demand a farthing toll from each person who passed through on his way to or from Moorfields. There were several 'farthing-pie houses' in the good old times, when the smallest of English coins could purchase one of those delicacies. A public-house in Marylebone bore the legend, 'Farthing-Pie House,' till after the middle of the nineteenth century.

Farthing candles, a farthing's-worth of tea, sugar, and bread were often asked for in shabby little shops in the very poor districts of big cities; but now the purchasing powers of the coin are much reduced, though we still get a packet of pins, or some other small item of haberdashery, instead of a farthing in change.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

IX.—MORE WONDERS.

OUR scenic effects up to the present consist practically of archways, walls, doors, and windows; apart from the back scenes, of course; and, before we actually get on to the 'properties' and small movable parts, it will be well for us to add to our series of larger or 'fixed' scene-pieces one or two sets of 'column' effects, as these are especially useful when we wish to suggest Greek or Roman palaces, or interiors of

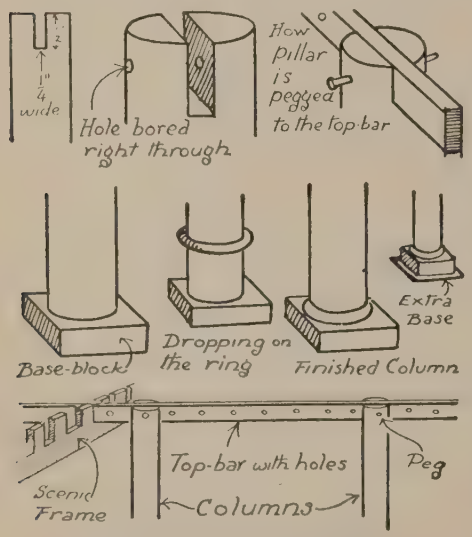


Fig. 1.—Some Devices for setting Columns.

cathedrals, or a multitude of other things in which a single column or pair of columns would be necessary for an aspect of realism.

To make these columns is not a very difficult matter, but they will take a little longer time, perhaps, than did the ordinary type of cardboard scene; because, to get a *real* effect, the columns themselves must be *real*, and not flat, painted affairs that never actually look the thing. Now, for the size of theatre we are using, a piece of an ordinary broomstick, or similar rounded wood, about one and a quarter inches in diameter, will suggest, when properly set and painted, a most massive-looking pillar. It should be cut about ten inches in length, and the two ends nicely square with the stem or horizontal. Into the top end of the column must be cut (with a fret-saw) a groove or niche about half an inch deep and a quarter wide (fig. 1). At right angles to this groove, and exactly in the centre of the pillar, a small hole must be bored (with a red-hot skewer) that will cross clean through the groove, as shown in fig. 1.

This completes the top part of the column. The next thing to finish is the base; and of course it is quite evident that without some sort of finish the column will lose more than half of its realism. So, get an exactly square piece of wood in width about half an inch *greater* than the diameter of the pillar—that is, pillar one and a quarter inches, wood-block one and three-quarter inches (see fig. 1). Take particular care that the block is nicely finished in appearance; all angles squared, with no ragged edges. Glue this

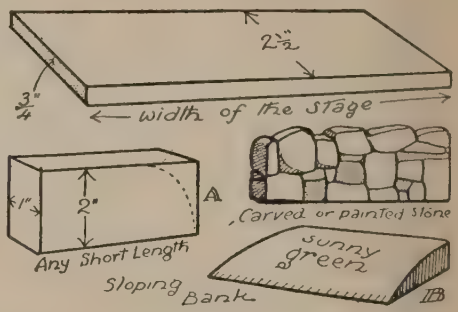


Fig. 2.—Blocks for Properties.

strongly on to the bottom of the pillar. Now get a brass curtain-ring, or any other small ring that just fits the broomstick, and slip it over and down the column, and when it reaches the base-block glue it strongly into position, and leave it for a day before painting it. This will complete a column when painted, and it is well to make two, if not four, of these pillars at the same time.

The next point is how are these pillars to be kept in position during a scene? That is exactly the reason why we bored the little round hole in the top. When we have finished the pillars, we must either make a new top-bar half an inch wide and eighteen inches long or we can adapt the scene-frame we made to take the front scenes. What we actually require,

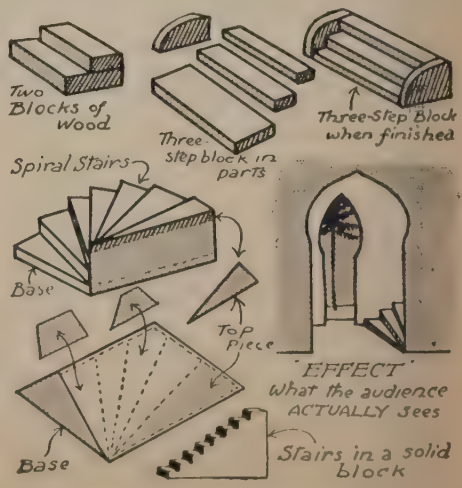


Fig. 3.—Something about Properties; Steps and Stairs.

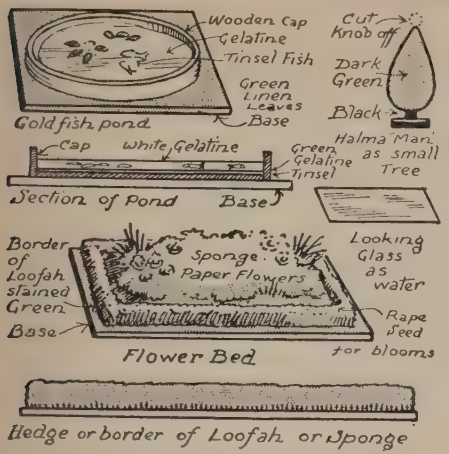


Fig. 4.—A few Garden Effects.

whether we make a new top-bar or use an old frame, is a series of holes bored along through the bar with the same skewer that bored through the top of the pillar. These holes should be about one and a half to two inches apart, and should extend right across the whole stage-width.

After that the matter becomes simplicity itself; for all we have to do when fixing up our pillars is to drop the top-bar into the top-groove and peg it to the column with a nail or wooden peg running right through the hole in both the column and the bar (fig. 1).

By this means we can put our pillars just where fancy decrees, they must go wherever we like, and they will stand as steadily, if properly made, as if they were real stone columns on a real stone floor.

When it comes to painting these things, *always* keep them *white*, or creamy white; two coats of white undercoating (oils) and one finishing-coat of white enamel, and they will look like real marble. If, when these are made, you desire to add more varieties of pillar, the safest plan will be to try to copy some of the more simple styles either from actual things or from photographs (or, better still, from a book on architecture). Each type will probably present some fresh little difficulty or obstacle to overcome; but, as such things as difficulties and obstacles are 'our speciality,' as the boot-repairers say, we shall enjoy the victory over them which we *know* we are going to get.

So much for columns and larger scenes. We must now give our attention to the next branch of the theatre, and become 'property men' and furniture makers on a small scale. Whilst the word 'furniture' is on the tip of the pen, it will be well to realise that, for the purpose of our small show, where furniture *is* needed a carefully-made selection of ordinary dolls'-house furniture will serve our purpose, and save us from trying to build up a lot of our own; unless we are fret-work experts, and prefer to do it for the pleasure thereof. But dolls' furniture is so cheap nowadays that it is hardly worth the trouble of making, especially when it is now possible to buy the furniture made to represent exactly in miniature perfect copies of antique furniture of almost every period. At the same time, if we prefer to make our own, let us, as in all things connected with our show, make copies of things that are *genuine* and of real historical interest; so that we are not only getting pleasure, but gaining knowledge at the same time.

As regards the properties that we *must* make, the first are the simplest, and consist of various strips and

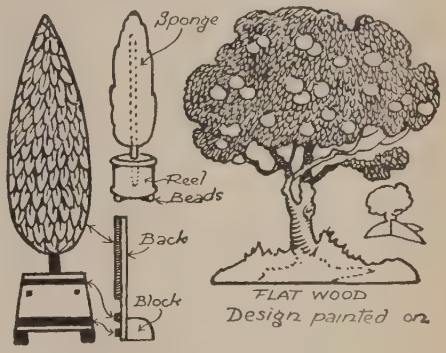


Fig. 5.—How to grow Trees.

blocks of wood, cut and planed nicely square. Some should be about two or three inches wide and half to three-quarters of an inch thick, and should be long enough to go right across the stage (fig. 2). Others can be short blocks of inch-thick wood, and varying in length and height. You will make quite a number of these blocks—some singly, others in pairs, and will certainly find use for them later on. When finished,

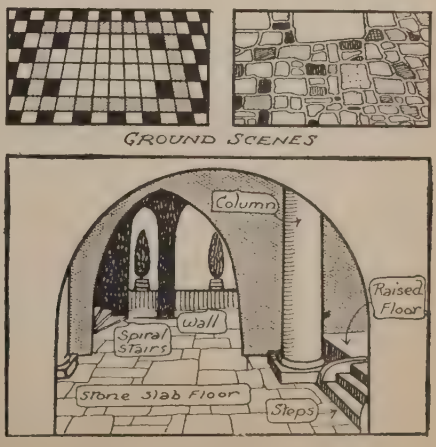


Fig. 6—The 'Boards' the Puppets tread.

they should be painted creamy white or very pale buff, with a slightly roughened effect. These blocks are for raised floors and low walls, and a heap of other uses which will come along when the theatre is going. Some blocks can have a rounded end, as in fig. 2 A; and others can have a gradually sloped surface, as in fig. 2 B. These last should be painted bright sunny-green, to represent a grassy bank.

After blocks come steps and stairways, and the simplest form of step is just one block above a somewhat larger one (fig. 3 A); then a group of three steps with a small block glued at each side. In all cases, whether they are stairs or steps, the wood for these should be about a quarter of an inch in thickness; so that, in the case of the three steps with side-blocks, they will be the same height when made up as the long raised floor we have just made.

We come to something far more elaborate and tricky when we begin to tackle spiral stairs, or even ordinary flights of steps, but a little care and a lot of patience soon gets the better of even this. For a spiral effect it is not the least bit necessary to make the *whole stairway*. A group of seven or so steps placed behind a doorway and just showing a little bit will give the *effect* to the audience of a real flight going on, up and up, until it reaches the attic, and, after all, it is *effect* that does the trick. In fig. 3 we have one of these spiral blocks, and beside it a little sketch showing what is meant by effect. The onlooker from the outside sees what *appears* to be a long flight of spiral stairs, because, although he *actually* sees perhaps but three or four steps, the edge of the doorway, coming into action, and cutting off the view of the rest from his eyes, just gives his imagination the necessary amount of help to make him think of a long flight of steps, of which he is certain he can see the beginning. Fig. 3 shows how these steps are to be made.

Long, straight flights can either be built up in ladder form or cut out of a solid block of one-inch-thick wood (fig. 3), the latter method, of course, being the quicker of the two; but, at the same time, it will require much accuracy and care in the setting out and cutting.

Corner ornaments for low walls and gateways, such as balls or vases, can be made with big wooden beads pegged or nailed to the corners of each wall—vases from odd 'Halma' or similar game pieces. All sorts of strange and unexpected things will suggest ideas for use. A garden pond, for instance, is quite easily made by sticking one of those wooden caps supplied with bottles of office-paste, back downwards, on to a square wood base. Then, with the cap representing a shallow marble basin, first stick a sheet of pale blue-green tinsel-paper flat on to the floor of the pond, and over that a sheet of green gelatine. Now cut out of green linen (an old blind will do) some tiny leaf shapes for water-plants and also some small gold-fish shapes of orange-gold tinsel-paper (a sweet-wrapper will supply this need); stick these carefully on to the surface of the gelatine, and over all, very neatly, fix a final sheet of clear, white gelatine. Paint the basin outside white to represent marble and the base-wood bright sunny green for grass, and the deed is done (fig. 4).

Garden-beds, flowerings, and borderings can be made of either sponge or loofah, which should be stained green with green draughtsman's ink, or dipped in green spirit stain; or, failing either of these methods, it can be painted. The sponge is cut in strips the size required and glued round the edges of a wooden base (fig. 4). When fixed, it is painted along the top edges with glue, and rape seed sprinkled along the top edge, which, when painted, will give the effect of very small blossoms. The centre of a bed can be filled out with selected artificial grasses and flowers, all proportionately small to give the true effect. Borders simply consist of loofah or sponge stuck on long narrow strips of wood (fig. 4).

In *all* cases the colours must be very bright and the stands painted green. Trees, however, will look best if cut out in flat three-ply wood with a fret-saw, and then painted brightly. They should have either a fixed stand or a block at the back, or be made to slot into a wooden stand when required for use. Some can be made in sponge fixed to a wooden stem and this stem glued into a cotton-reel. Beads will make good feet, and can be fixed with flat-headed nails (fig. 5). Fir-trees and other special varieties may be cut out in three-ply and fixed to stands. They should always be copied either from nature or from a photograph (on the outline and shadow style of drawing as shown in Chapter VII., fig. 6).

It would be impossible to set out fully here just how many things and fittings one can make, because every one will think of subjects and details to his or her own liking. A suggestion will come to one of us that the rest would probably never dream of; and, as we get into the way of thinking out the little points of construction of each thing we make, we shall find other ideas issuing from the same subject, like branchings out from a tree-trunk. In fact, we shall find quite a lot of real pleasure in working out *fresh* properties and fittings for our own pet use. So we leave this great big field open, ready to go into and discover afresh whenever we think fit, remembering also that of models, and toys, and furniture, and many other things already made, we can at any time choose a good selection ready for immediate use.

There is yet another and most important part of our scenic scheme that must be taken into consideration, and that is, floors or stage coverings. Under this heading come carpets, tessellated pavements, tiled floors, green fields, and a multitude of other things. The audience seated in the balcony or gallery of a theatre gets a much more comprehensive view of the stage 'floor' than does a person seated in the front row of the stalls, although the stage itself slopes slightly downwards towards the front. So those people who look down on to the stage can see that it has a 'flooring' or covering suitable to each particular scene. For example, a room scene has carpets to complete the illusion of an interior; a hall in a Norman castle, or an underground chamber, would have a flooring to represent massive slabs of stone; a peasant's cottage home would have a mixed tile and slate kind of floor; whilst a scene in a forest would be set off with a plain green grass effect. Now, it would be impossible to lay stone floors or even put real grass on a stage, so all these 'floorings' consist of painted *ground-scenes* to represent the various subjects. In our own theatre we can get the same effect by sheets of cardboard covering the whole stage, with our stone slabs, our tessellated patterns, our grass green, or sandy streets painted on. One piece of card can do *two* floors by being painted on both sides. For carpets we can hunt out [illegible] squares of velvet pile or cretonne, or anything else that has an artistic appearance and a tiny pattern. Failing these, we can *paint* our own carpet effects on squares of canvas

or linen. So we can go on, and on again, and the more we make the greater the variety of our scenes and the still greater popularity of our 'show.'

H. W. Whanslaw.

THE CIRCLING YEAR.

'THE Spring is best!' a fair maid said;
'When underneath the budding trees,
The breath of hidden violets
Steals softly on the passing breeze;
When swallows come, and blackbirds tune
To sweeter notes their golden bills,
And by the river in the vale
We see the nodding daffodils.'

'The Summer has its charms?' you say,
'When all day long the cuckoos sing,
And roses bright as ruddy flames
Replace the paler flowers of Spring;
While serried ranks of lilies stand
'Neath garden-walls, where busy bees
Hum round their blooms, and gold-green flowers
Droop from the neighbouring linden-trees.'

'The Autumn crowns the year'—you say,
'The harvest-tide is calm and fair,
When elfin ships of gossamer
Drift idly through the quiet air;
When woodlands flaunt in red and gold,
And ripe fruit loads the orchard tree,
Of all the Seasons of the year
The bounteous Autumn days for me!'

'And yet the world is very fair,
When chill December flings a store
Of sparkling frost-gems on the boughs,
And spans the streams from shore to shore!
Sweet Maid, the circling year is good—
Which time is best, 'tis hard to tell,
For all its hours are guided by
The Hand that doeth all things well.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 234).

IT was always possible, of course, that he was mistaken about the window; but he would have to take the risk. And if it came to that, it hardly seemed worth while taking any more precautions. He couldn't possibly be certain which was Ross's room, but if he made a noise now, whoever else came out Ross was sure to come too, to see who was there. Then, if he had roused one of the servants, he could appeal to Ross and be all right.

But fortune was on Leonard's side. He knocked loudly on the glass of the left-hand window, and after a moment of tense waiting the blind was pushed aside, and a man's face looked out. Then the blind was drawn up, a hand unlatched the window, and a second later Leonard found himself face to face with Mr. Ross.

'I'm Burnaby,' cried Leonard, at once, but Mr. Ross did not look particularly surprised. He was wearing a suit of pyjamas, with pink and yellow stripes, and as he stood by the open window he took a dressing-gown from the back of a chair, and slipped his arms into its sleeves. 'You are,' he said. 'Which?'

'I'm Leonard. But look here! I want you to come——'

But Mr. Ross was not going to be hurried. 'The one that gives orders,' he asked, 'or the one that asks questions?'

'I don't know,' said Leonard, feeling rather annoyed and wishing the man would realise that there was no time to lose. 'There are some men on the island,' he went on, 'and they've made Norma a prisoner, and Sydney too, I think. We followed them through the wood, you know, and they took the boat and went to the cave while we were watching the tunnel, and they caught Sydney, and I had the most awful scrap with one man; and then I lit the lamp to fetch Father, you know, and came to fetch you.'

Mr. Ross looked at him quietly. 'Come inside,' he said, and then he lit the gas and began to dress.

'When did you light the lamp?' he demanded, and Leonard replied that it must be quite half an hour ago.

'Your father will be there,' said Mr. Ross. 'Why did you come here?'

'In case they didn't see the signal,' Leonard explained. 'The man nearly caught me and I had to put the lamp down.'

'Don't know what you mean about these men,' said Mr. Ross, as he laced his boots. 'Who are they?'

As briefly as he could, Leonard explained how they had found the tunnel, and tried to discover who worked in it. 'Sydney thought it was you,' he said.

'Don't know what you mean,' said Mr. Ross again.

'He thought you were one of the two men who worked in the tunnel,' Leonard explained, 'the men who are on the island now. They come from the cottage inside the garden, you know. I thought you were one of them, at first, only after you brought us those boots I knew you must be a friend of Father's. You see,' he went on, 'you knew the boots would be useful because the pit was flooded, only you couldn't have known our sizes unless you had asked Father, and you wouldn't have known our names unless he had told you; only you went and spelt one of them wrong. Sydney's you know. It's spelt with a "y." And that showed that they hadn't come from anybody that knew us really, so it was pretty certain to be you. And I worked it all out and everything fitted in.'

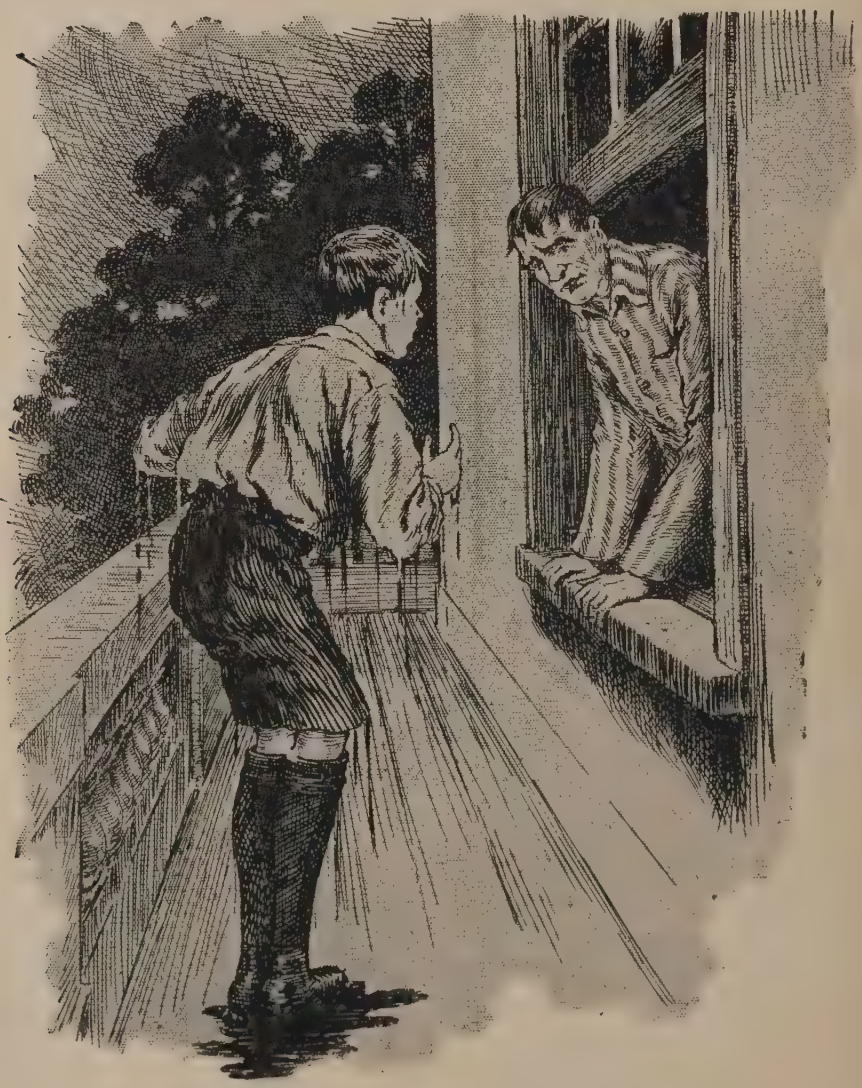
Again Mr. Ross looked at him quietly. 'Right,' he said. 'You're cute.'

'Only,' cried Leonard, 'do let's buck up, or Norma will be in the most awful stew, you know.'

By this time Mr. Ross was dressed. 'Come along,' he said, and he led the way downstairs to the hall. Then he chose a stout stick from a stand and handed one to Leonard. He opened the door, and they went into the garden, reaching the open hillside by way of a small gate in the garden fence, opposite the door of the house.

Then Mr. Ross turned to Leonard. 'Not pulling my leg?' he demanded, and then, taking his answer from Leonard's indignation he continued: 'All right. Something happening on the island. We'll see to it.' And with Leonard close at his heels, he set off at a run in the direction of the Nab.

(*Continued on page* 250.)



"A second later Leonard found himself face to face with Mr. Ross."

"Seizing Norma's wrist, pulled her roughly across the cave."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 247.)

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Sydney and Norma were left in the cave with only the younger man to guard them, Sydney decided to make as much of a row as he could if any attempt was made to tighten the knots on his wrists and ankles. They were tight enough already, and his efforts to get free had only resulted in chafing his skin. But the younger man seemed to have no intention of carrying out his companion's instructions. He turned his back and stood in the pit, apparently listening intently for sounds from the top of the island, so that Sydney decided that he must be genuinely scared and not likely to put up anything of a fight if some one came to the rescue. Much more likely to try to clear out at once. And for that matter, it wouldn't be surprising if he didn't even wait for the other man's return.

But suddenly Sydney and Norma heard the man give a sharp cry, and saw him climb half out of the pit, peering into the darkness and then looking back at the cave, as if undecided whether to run at once or to stay and guard his prisoners. And at the same time they heard running footsteps on the island.

Leonard must have come at last! In that case he would meet the elder man in the dell, and then there didn't seem much doubt as to what would happen. If it had been the younger man who had left the cave, Leonard would have had a decent chance, at least, to drive him off the island. But it was different with this fellow, who had plenty of muscle and wasn't the least bit scared. In a minute, no doubt, Leonard would be brought in as a prisoner, and trussed up, and they wouldn't be any better off. Sydney wished that he could get free, so as to dash out to the pit, settle the man who was watching there, and then go to help Leonard. But try as he would he could not get loose.

Suddenly he thought of Norma. Her hands were not tied, and she could easily cross the cave and untie the knots. But she was watching the man in the pit, with her back half turned to Sydney, and he could not attract her attention without making a row, which would warn the man as well. Still, there was nothing for it, and as gently as he could he whispered 'Norma! Norma!'

She turned at once, and then, after a quick glance towards the pit, stepped towards Sydney. He turned on to his face and moved his bound hands towards her. But before she could touch them, the man had run in from the pit and, seizing Norma's wrist, pulled her roughly across the cave.

'Now, none of that,' he cried. 'Bill will fairly do you in if you try to get loose. He'll be here in a minute with the other fellow. You just keep apart.'

The man stood between them, and the chance of escape seemed to be completely gone. Still, they could hear nothing now of Leonard and yet the elder man had not come back to the cave. Sydney wondered, as he sat again on the floor, wrenching in vain to free his wrists, what could have happened! If Leonard had tried to put up a decent fight, of course he might have got pretty badly mauled. But that wouldn't have kept the man away, and of course it was always possible that Leonard had somehow got the best of it, and was now at the top of the pit, waiting till he could catch the other fellow off his guard. Well, if that happened, Sydney decided, he would join in the show, even if he could only roll down the floor and trip the fellow up.

But before he could make any more definite plans, he was disappointed to see the elder man appear again in the pit. But he was alone! Where then was Leonard?

The younger man seemed as anxious as Sydney and Norma. 'What have you done with him?' he demanded.

The other grunted with anger. 'Kid got away,' he said. 'Slipped away in the darkness and jumped off into the lake. I expect he's drowned,' he added, turning vindictively to Sydney.

But Sydney was now feeling distinctly happier. 'No jolly fear,' he said. 'Leonard 'll swim all right. And he'll fetch help in no time. You'd jolly well better clear out if you want to save your skins.'

The man turned to his friend, and spoke in a whisper which Sydney could just overhear. 'The kid 'll fetch help all right. He got away from me for a minute and lit a lamp on the end of the Nab. Some sort of signal, probably. Of course I kicked it out in a minute, but it was turned towards the hotel, and if any one saw it—well, this will be no place for us.'

'Bravo, Len!' cried Sydney enthusiastically, and both the men turned to him at once. 'That's settled things for you,' he went on. 'We'd fixed that up, you know, in case we wanted help, and there'll be a boat-load of men here from the hotel in no time. They'll make short work of you two.'

The younger man seemed to agree, and obviously the other also was realising that they might soon be in a tight corner.

'This is your fault, you young dog,' he said, coming threateningly to Sydney. 'You've spoiled our show.'

(*Continued on page* 258.)

SOME WEATHER SIGNS.

ALTHOUGH many of the popular weather-signs are not to be relied upon, certain items of weather-lore are true, particularly with regard to the immediate future. There is a real foundation for the old belief that—

'A red sky in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A red sky at night
Is the shepherd's delight.'

This idea prevailed in Palestine before the Christian era. Another version of the saying is:

'Evening red and morning grey,
Speed the traveller on his way;
But evening grey and morning red
Bring down showers upon his head.'

Sometimes this idea is connected with the rainbow:

'Rainbow in morning,
Shepherds take warning;
Rainbow at night,
Shepherd's delight.'

Cloud-lore, too, has many bits of weather-lore. For

instance, 'mares' tails' and 'mackerel-skies' are thought a sure sign of windy weather:

'Mackerel scales and mares' tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.'

Or,

'A mackerel sky,
Not twenty-four hours dry.'

A blur or haze about the setting sun is thought to be a token of coming storms, and a green or yellow hue in the sky at sunset is also a bad omen.

Broken bits of rainbows, known to sailors as 'windy-dogs,' or 'wind-bags,' are a sign of very broken and bad weather.

The turning up of the points, or horns, of the new moon is thought a sure sign of fine weather, as in this position the luminary is popularly supposed to hold the water which is thought to be in it, and which would run out if the horns were turned down!

In Essex and other eastern counties they say:

'When the new moon's on her back
Of fine weather there's no lack;
When the new moon's off her back,
Mend your shoes, and tend your thack (thatch).'

A clear, bright moon is thought a sign of fine weather, while a misty moon, or one surrounded by a halo, is thought an omen of rain:

'If the moon shows like a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.'

In Scotland a halo round the moon is thought to foretell cold and rough weather:

'If round the moon there is a brugh (halo),
The weather will be cold and rough.'

The Dutch, however, think a halo round the sun indicates worse weather than one round the moon:

'A ring around the moon
May pass away soon;
But a ring around the sun
Gives water in the tun.'

'The old moon in the new moon's arms,' or when that part of the moon which is turned from the sun is dimly visible through the reflected light of the earth, is still thought a sign of very stormy weather, as it was in the days when the ancient 'Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens' was written:

'Oh! ever alack! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm;
I saw the new moon late yestreen
With the old moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll suffer harm.'

But it is not only by 'discerning the face of the skies' that country folk foretell the weather. Beasts and birds, fishes and insects, trees and flowers, are also rural barometers, and some of them are really accurate. It is useless to look for the opened flowers of the pretty scarlet pimpernel in wet or cloudy weather, for they only open on sunny days; hence they are often called 'shepherd's weather-glass.' The pink field bind-weed is another country barometer.

The old naturalist, Gilbert White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, calls crickets 'the housewife's barometer, telling her when it will rain by chirping more than usual.' When mice squeak and run about more than ever behind the wainscot, it is also thought a token of coming rain. When dogs roll in the dust it is said, in some parts of the country, to be a sign of rain and squall. When pussy sneezes, or washes herself more than usual, especially over her ears, there will be rain, or a thaw if it is frosty weather; if she rushes about wildly, or scratches walls, chairs, tables, and so on, more than she generally does, a storm is at hand; while, if she sits with her back to the fire, it is said in some districts to be a sign of snow. Rabbits hurrying back to their burrows in winter from their favourite feeding-grounds are a sign of snow, and when they come out earlier than usual to feed in the evenings, keepers say a wet night is at hand.

If pheasants hurry over their meals, or peewits are very restless, now rising high, now swooping suddenly towards the ground and skimming along, rainy weather is said to be at hand.

When lambs frolic madly, kicking out sideways, shepherds say it is a sign of rain, and when sheep grow frisky and butt at each other, a storm is at hand. Pigs squeal before a storm, or run up and down with hay, straw, or grass in their mouths. This is also thought a sign of very cold weather: they are making their bed before it comes! Before a storm cattle generally gather at one end of the field, and stand with their tails to windward; the birds stop singing, and begin to oil their feathers. Donkeys bray louder and more frequently than usual before rain, and country folk, hearing them, say 'The donkeys are calling for rain!' Frogs croaking very loudly and persistently, peacocks screaming shrilly, the green woodpecker 'laughing' a great deal, chaffinches constantly calling 'pink-pink,' and swallows flying low are all said to be indications of wet weather. Both the woodpecker and the chaffinch are locally known as 'wet-weather bird,' or 'rain-bird.'

Bees are considered excellent barometers, as they are so wise, and an old rhyme declares that—

'If bees stay at home,
Rain will soon come;
If bees fly away,
Fine will be the day.'

Some say the goldfish are very reliable barometers, as they are most susceptible to atmospheric changes. It is said that in a glass bowl, or aquarium, they stay near the surface if cold weather, or rain, is at hand; while they are generally to be found near the centre of the vessel if clear, sunshiny weather is coming.

Fish are lively, and bite more readily; ants are busy; all kinds of flies bite both man and beast more eagerly before rain. Spiders come out of their nests and strengthen their webs, and hens and chickens crowd round houses and coops before rain looking for shelter.

Soot falls down the chimney, candles and fires burn dimly, and all sorts of odours—pleasant and unpleasant—are more perceptible when rain is near. Tobacco and salt become moist, ropes tighten, and slate and stone exude moisture in damp weather, while rheumatic folk 'feel the rain in their bones!'

By the seaside a piece of seaweed is often hung up as a barometer, for it shows by dryness or dampness whether fine weather or rain is at hand. The so-called 'weather-spiders' are really plants, a kind of grass or grain, rather like barley, whose spikes point in different directions, according to the atmospheric conditions.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE HIDDEN FORCE.

MOST people like stories about wonderful detectives. But not many know how carefully the police forces watch over us. There is, in every civilised country, a less-known force behind the uniformed patrol-men, an organization with which few people come into contact, and that does its work in silence, with as little fuss and display as possible.

This organization is the detective force, which exists not so much, like the uniformed force, for the prevention of crime, but for the detection, pursuit, and capture of the guilty after a crime has been committed.

The name 'detective' is one that will usually arouse interest. There are but few of us that have not, at some time or other, keenly enjoyed stories of the wonderful doings and marvellous deductions of some uncannily clever detective, who invariably, toward the end of the book, runs his quarry down.

There is a good deal of similarity between the detective of fiction and the detective of fact, though the real ''tec' certainly makes less use of disguise and make-up than his colleague in the story-book, and he is not necessarily a grim-faced, lynx-eyed individual with 'man-hunter' written all over him. On the contrary, he is usually, as far as appearances go, just an ordinary law-abiding citizen, the last man that one would pick out of a crowd as being a detective, which is really just what he himself would wish, for should he, by his appearance, advertise his calling, half his usefulness would be gone.

He is not, in this country at any rate, continually living in danger of his life, though detectives have sometimes had strenuous tussles with men whose arrest they had to effect. This has particularly been the case when foreign criminals have to be dealt with, for they often carry arms, and are apt to be very ready to use them.

Many of the most violent and dangerous criminals

"Foreign criminals often carry arms."

Taking a Thumb-print.

that the police have had to deal with have been Continental anarchists, men belonging to secret societies of evil-doers, often with many crimes to their account, and ready to go to any lengths in order to avoid arrest.

In England, the spies, informers, and Bow-street Runners of bygone days have given way to the Criminal Investigation Department, usually known as the C.I.D., which has its headquarters in the splendid buildings at New Scotland Yard, close to Westminster Bridge, though detectives are also stationed locally in the various police divisions and towns.

As late as in the 'fifties, the detective branch of the police consisted of a small number of men, mostly of very poor education. Now the detective is picked not merely for bulldog courage, but on account of his general aptitude for the work he will have to perform. That is why the old type has died out, to be replaced by men who are often extremely well educated.

Scotland Yard in its earlier days had many successes, and made some mistakes, gradually improving its methods and increasing in numbers.

Its one great tragedy took place in 1877, when three inspectors were found guilty of being in league with a criminal gang, and of furnishing them with inside information. This sad occurrence, instead of bringing 'The Yard' into disrepute, eventually had a contrary effect, for the great efforts made to rehabilitate the force in the eyes of the public soon had the desired result.

Just as many habitual criminals specialise and are adepts at some particular form of crime, such as forgery, jewel-thefts, coining, which is the making of imitation money out of base metal, so do the higher-placed detectives specialise in various branches, give special attention

"Many detectives can move among foreigners without being recognised."

to some definite type of crime, and acquire a great knowledge of the criminal's ways, his haunts, his friends, his past history, so that when a robbery, for instance, occurs, the detective can often, on seeing how the crime was committed and the methods employed, make a very good guess at the guilty person or gang.

The moment a crime is reported these trained men are sent to investigate, and are far less likely to overlook clues than those less versed in the ways of the law-breaker.

In their ceaseless fight against crime, the C.I.D. have the assistance of much well-arranged information to assist them in their investigations. Convicted criminals are photographed, full face and side face, and the photographs filed for future use.

Another very important item is the finger-print. It is a curious fact that the tiny lines and whorls that we all have on our fingers are different one from another, no two people having the same markings.

Realisation of this truth induced the Frenchman, Bertillon, to make use of finger-prints for the purpose of identifying suspects, or for comparison with fresh marks left under suspicious circumstances.

Bertillon's idea was to obtain the finger-prints of all known criminals, so, as soon as one falls into the hands of the police, his markings are taken on a card which is filed for future reference, so that if, on the spot where a crime has been committed, finger-prints are found, on a window-sill, a table, a glass, or on any surface likely to keep a good impression, these prints can at once be compared with those already in the possession of the police, and should they find similar markings, that correspond in every particular, they know at once who the criminal is, and waste no time before searching for him.

This finger-print system has proved so useful that it has been adopted by the police authorities of nearly all countries.

When a new prisoner reaches prison, one of the first things is to take his prints. His hands are wiped on a cloth in order to take off the natural moisture, so as to give clearer markings. Then each finger is placed on a board covered with a greasy black preparation, after which the fingers are pressed in turn on a form marked out in squares, one for each finger. Both hands are done this way, and then the fingers and thumb of each hand are all done together, and the record is complete.

Needless to say, the really up-to-date burgler has tried to counter this danger, and now, when out on business, thoughtfully provides himself with rubber gloves, and so leaves behind no marks that might be of assistance to those who will soon be on the search for him.

The height of a convicted prisoner is also taken, and a general description of his colouring, and any peculiarity about him, so that, one way and another, the police have some useful information about each prisoner recorded for use when required.

Whilst in many cases a wanted man is arrested very speedily, perhaps quite near the scene of his wrong-doing, in others the man-chase may last for months, extending from one continent to another before it comes to an end.

Possibly all clues may fail and the criminal disappear completely; possibly, again, owing to his description being circulated, the wanted man may be arrested by the authorities in some distant country, and it is then the duty of a detective to go and escort him safely back, to stand his trial in the country where he had broken the law.

Besides the detectives attached to the various police forces, there are many private detectives employed by big companies, such as large hotels, where there are usually many clever and unscrupulous thieves ready to pounce on the careless or unwary.

The great liners, too, carry detectives, partly for the protection of passengers, though some will be working for the American Customs, who are ever anxious to catch people trying to smuggle things into the United States without paying duty.

Others again may be employed by a trading corporation, such as those in South Africa engaged in watching out for the 'I.D.B.' (Illicit Diamond Buyers), the selling of these precious stones being a monopoly.

The workers in the mine sometimes conceal a diamond that they have found, hoping to sell it on the quiet to some illicit buyer, and these are the gentry that the detectives are always on the look-out for.

Many detectives are men that are quite at home with some language other than their own, and can live and move amongst foreigners without being recognised, which is often of great importance when the suspect is one of a foreign colony.

Modern inventions, such as the telephone, wireless telegraphy, and motor-cars, have greatly helped the police, but they have undoubtedly also been of assistance to the criminal who is clever enough to take advantage of any new improvement, so it is a case of 'diamond cut diamond,' and each side is always trying to be a little cleverer and smarter than the other, but in the majority of cases, thanks to their organization and numbers, victory fortunately rests with the forces of law and order, the forces that day in, day out, all the year round are silently working, and watching over us.

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

SCARLET hips on wild rose-briar,
Coral fruit on rowan-trees,
Silvery ships of thistledown
Drifting o'er the sunlit leas,
While the heather's honied scent
Floats upon the gentle breeze;

Bracken turning bronze and gold,
On the moors and commons wide,
Purple loose-strife banners wave
Gaily by the streamlet's side,
Where the creamy meadow-sweet
Blooms above the placid tide.

Clematis, on cottage walls,
Glows in hues of amethyst,
And the latest roses blush
By the golden sunbeams kissed.
While the distant hills are veiled
In a shining, fleeting mist.

Pale sea-asters open now
In the marshes by the sea,
And the cliffs above are starred
By the azure chicory,
And the scented purple thyme
Blossoms still to tempt the bee.

M. E. S.

FIELDS OF MYSTERY.

'O WILL you come walking with me, Yvonne—
Come walking with me?' said Tim:
'If we follow the towing-path—on and on—
We shall come to the wide world's rim.

'O yes, dear, I know it is miles away—
The meadow that meets the sky—
But we'll tramp and we'll travel—a league a day—
We shall come to it by-and-by.

'And when we have followed, Yvonne—we two—
The track as it turns and bends,
We shall find that the meadow beside the blue
Is the place where the rainbow ends.'

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart Hampden,
Author of '*The Secret Valley*,' '*Chinna*,' *&c.*
Illustrated by Frank Wright.

(**Continued from page 242.**)

'WE will go,' Louisa agreed. She had come to the same decision as Kadru, though not for the same reason. Leave the grove they must, for she dare not trust their late visitor. If they could reach Kadru's aunt, she, as the bearer had said, would never betray them. It was still true that in the aunt's house Dukhi could not be effectively concealed; but would it not be possible to dispose of him safely? The bearer should come and should take the child away, and hide him in the Lumsdales' compound. Louisa wished now that thus she had planned in the first instance. Then precious time would not have been wasted.

'How do we get to Faridpur?' she asked Kadru. And Kadru, who had stored in her memory the directions that had originally been given her, began to draw a rough map in the sand with her finger.

'See, here is Surabhi's village,' she said when she had finished. 'Here is the river, and this little hump is the grove. And *here*, I reckon, lies Faridpur. We have come south, and it is due west.'

'There will be other villages on the way,' Louisa reminded her. 'We shall have to avoid them.' And—

'Doubtless,' Kadru assented. 'But it is flat country. We shall see them in the distance in time to be careful. And the villages in this country are scattered. It is not very populous. There will not be many in any case.' To which Louisa agreed.

'And we'll have to go slowly,' she reckoned. 'We mustn't reach Faridpur until it's dark, so that we can slip into your aunt's house without being recognised. It won't matter if we have to go a bit out of our way.'

The future was clear again, Louisa was content. And as yet she had not lost a point in the game. She still had possession of Dukhi. Still Surabhi was in consequence safe, and prison walls were still a possibility only. She hummed a little tune gaily as she picked up a handful of flowers that Dukhi had dropped.

'I think I'll put them in the shrine myself,' she said, 'to apologise for Bulbo. He really did behave badly. Come along, Kadru.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

'At least,' said Louisa, 'since it's dark, we shan't have to wait for very long outside the village.'

She caught at Chota's bridle as the little pony stumbled. He was very weary. All day Louisa, Dukhi, and Kadru had journeyed west, looking for Faridpur. They had sighted half-a-dozen villages and gone wide of them. They had met a few children on distant grazing-grounds in charge of herds of buffalo or cattle; children who had been friendly enough; children who had left their homes at daybreak, too early to glean the day's rumours. No other human beings had they seen. In a sense, everything had gone well; but, in a sense, everything had gone badly.

Dukhi had had a tumble early in the day, and had bumped his head. He had been sick, and the bump had ached so much they had let him sleep until he was better; a dose of fizzy medicine had completed his cure. But, next, Bulbo had escaped from his basket. Louisa and Kadru had chased him for an interminable time before he had been caught, and Kadru had twisted her ankle as she made a grab at his tail. Louisa had tied up the ankle, but had been sparing of sympathy, for, despite all Kadru's pluck, she was always intensely sorry for herself when hurt, and even sorrier if pitied. The ankle was bad enough to make it difficult for her to carry her bundle, and Chota had to take charge of it, as well as of Dukhi. He bore the extra burden patiently, and Louisa petted and made much of him, and fed him with bits of sugar-candy that she knew were sustaining. It seemed to her most unfair that Chota should be dragged into a quarrel which was none of his, and then be overworked. His poor little back must be sagging in the middle.

Louisa had neither sprained her ankle, bumped her head, nor been forced to carry an additional burden, but she was desperately thirsty. They had brought what water they had left from the morning's supply, and had hoped to find more on the way; but in this they had not been successful. Some of the water had been used to bathe Dukhi's head—there was a cut as well as a bump—some to cool Kadru's ankle. Louisa had portioned out the water, and had given Dukhi and Kadru each a good drink as well. There was Chota, also, to be considered, and even Bulbo. Louisa had hardened her heart against Bulbo at first. He had had the milk from the shrine; he ought to be satisfied, she argued. But the day was so hot, his coat so thick, his little pink tongue looked so brown and dry. In the end, Louisa had shared her own water with him. It had been little enough before; it was less when Bulbo had finished by an amount that mattered.

And, being thirsty, Louisa had tired more easily. The road to Faridpur had seemed appallingly long. They had kept due west. They should have been in sight of their goal by early afternoon at latest. Yet, for long, Kadru could find nothing familiar in the surroundings. Weary mile after weary mile the pilgrims trudged, straight into the setting sun that seemed to mock them redly.

'We must be near now,' Kadru at intervals insisted. But it was not until she stopped to light the lantern, for the night was cloudy, that at last she found a landmark—a large tree, with a hole at its foot, to which she pointed eagerly. 'I have seen that tree before,' she cried, joyfully. 'A snake lives in its roots. The people of Faridpur bring the snake food that it may not drive away the rain from their fields. I have fed it myself more than once. Look! there is a saucer on the ground now.'

(*Continued on page* 263).

"'I have seen that tree before,' she cried joyfully. 'A snake lives in its roots.'"

"Very soon cut through the handkerchief that secured Sydney's hands."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 250.)

NORMA shuddered. She wondered if she could cross the cave without being noticed, so as to help her brother. She hardly knew what she would do; but this man seemed very terrible and she must not let him hurt Sydney. But the younger man was still there to be reckoned with, and she could not do anything till he moved away.

This, however, he seemed in a great hurry to do. He climbed half-way to the top, and then he turned to his companion. 'Come along, Bill,' he said. 'Have to leg it now—and no time to lose, either.' And without waiting for an answer, he disappeared.

The remaining man stooped and picked up the pick-axe, the drill, and the electric motor. 'If you two move for five minutes, I'll come back,' he said: but Sydney knew that it could be no more than a threat, because the man obviously meant to get clear of the island at once, and he wasn't likely ever to come back to it. But he wasn't gone yet, and it wasn't worth while to do anything more towards getting free until his back was turned. He would be gone in a minute, though, and then, if Norma got the knots undone pretty quickly, they could both get out of the cave. Once in the open they wouldn't be caught again, and they might be able to throw stones or something, so as to delay the two men until the rescue party arrived from the hotel. Then the tables would be jolly well turned!

But before the man could leave the cave, the younger man jumped breathlessly down again into the pit.

'The boat's away!' he cried. 'The painter is hanging loose, and I can see the boat out on the lake.'

The elder man muttered under his breath. 'That's that young kid,' he exclaimed. 'Must have cut the boat away. Is it worth swimming for?'

'Don't see what else we can do,' said the other, 'unless we are going to chuck all the tools away and swim ashore. Not that they are of much use now, anyhow.'

But the older man was obviously not prepared to do that. 'You'd better swim out and get that boat back in double quick time,' he said. Then he turned again to Sydney. 'Remember,' he said, 'if you try to interfere, I'll settle you at once—and the girl too.' And then he crossed the pit on the heels of his companion and climbed to the top of the island.

'Now!' cried Sydney, excitedly. 'Come along, Norma. Get these beastly things off and we'll get away. There's a knife in my pocket,' he added, as she bent over him. 'No, the other side—hurry up.'

And Norma found the knife, opened it, and very soon cut through the handkerchief that secured Sydney's hands. 'Now the towel,' he cried. 'Better untie it; you can't cut through all that stuff.'

His fingers were stiff, and Norma's in her excitement were clumsy, but in little more than a minute the knots were untied, and Sydney stood up.

'Now for it,' he cried. 'Come along,' and reaching out a hand to Norma he scrambled down the cave, and they quickly climbed out of the pit. They turned at once in the direction of the shore, but Sydney insisted on stopping as soon as they were on the mound over their cave.

'Not so much hurry now,' he said. 'We may as well see what they are doing, and then when Father comes we can lend a hand.'

They had not made much noise in getting out of the cave, but in any case the men were now too fully occupied to attend to them. As a silhouette against the sky, which seemed already to be lightening slightly with the dawn, they could see the elder man standing near the landing-place, and apparently pointing directions to his companion, who by this time must have been swimming in search of the boat.

'Jolly good plan of Leonard's to cut their painter.'

'But,' said Norma, 'Father won't know what has been happening on the island, and when he comes to the landing-place to find out, the men might prevent him from landing.'

'Not much fear of that,' said Sydney. 'They won't stop Father. Rather not! Besides, we can shout as soon as he comes and warn him, so that he will be on his guard in case they throw stones or anything. Wonder if he will bring a revolver! I tell you what,' he went on, 'as soon as Father comes, we'll stand up and yell and make a sort of demonstration to distract the men's attention while he gets ashore.'

They had not long to wait. After a few minutes, they heard a sudden cry from the man in the water, followed by the sound of quickly moving sculls.

'Who are you? What are you doing here?' they heard their father shout, and his voice sounded so fierce that they hardly recognised it.

(*Continued on page* 271.)

GIPSIES.

AN extract from the register of the parish of Beckenham, Kent, reads: 'Margaret Finch, buried October 24, 1740.'

This remarkable person lived to the age of one hundred and nine. She was a gipsy, and had the title of their Queen. After travelling about during the greater part of a century, she settled at Norwood, whither her age and the fame of her fortune-telling attracted numerous visitors. From a habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, the sinews at length became so contracted that she could not rise from that posture.

The gipsies are also known as *Cingari*, or *Zingari:* the Spaniards call them *Gitanos*. It is not certain when they first appeared in Europe, but mention is made of them in Hungary and Germany as early as the year 1417. Ten years later we hear of them in France, Switzerland, and Italy. The date of their arrival in England is more uncertain. It is most probable that it was not till nearly a century afterwards.

In the year 1530, they are spoken of as follows in the statutes:—"Divers and many outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandise, have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire, and from place to place, in great company, and used great subtle and crafty means to deceive the people, *pretending* that they could tell men's and women's fortunes; and so many times they have deceived the people of their money; and also have committed many

heinous felonies and robberies, to the great hurt and deceit of the people they have come among.'

It was afterwards made a crime for them to continue in the kingdom, and it remains on record that thirteen were executed a few years before the Restoration; nor was this cruel Act repealed until the eighteenth century.

The gipsies were expelled from France in 1560, and from Spain in 1591; but they do not seem to have totally disappeared from any country. Their origin is not definitely known, but the most prevalent opinion used to be that they came from Egypt. This opinion (which is the origin of the English name used above) arose from the fact that some of the first who arrived in Europe said that they came from that country; but there is some evidence that they came originally from Asia.

BEATRICE WORTLEY.

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

XI.—ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE original home of athletic sports was undoubtedly Ancient Greece—the Greece where the Olympic Games originated, where a successful athlete was honoured above all men, and where the ambition of every youth was to be physically perfect.

The Grecian athletic contests were usually connected with some religious observance or festival. At the funeral of a great man athletic games would take place, the belief being that the honoured dead would be gratified by the same festival of sport that used to please him when living, and all the great meetings took place by some consecrated spot or near a shrine.

The earliest were the Olympic Games; they were, and remained, the most important of all, and were held every fourth year.

Next in importance came the Pythian Games, founded some six hundred years before Christ. Originally with no other contests but in the harp and the pæan, they developed into a sports meeting, with all the races and games that were so popular, and were held every eight years.

The Nemean Games, which commenced some thirty years later, were held more frequently, and in the first instance were more of a review and warlike gathering than a meeting of athletes.

The Isthmian Games were founded about the same period, and at one time were considered of great importance; but none of these meetings reached the same pinnacle or aroused the same amount of enthusiasm as did the Olympic Games.

What at first had been but a small, almost local, affair became a bond of union for all members of the Greek nation. Before a meeting, heralds proclaimed throughout Greece a truce of the gods, thus putting an end to all civil warfare and ensuring a safe-conduct during the sacred month to all those who desired to attend.

From the remotest colonies along the shores of the Mediterranean gathered the enthusiasts, though in those days journeys were not, as they are now, to be lightly undertaken, but meant much time and discomfort for the traveller.

The competitors, who were required to state on oath that they had qualified by undergoing ten months' continuous training in the gymnasium, had also to prove by witnesses that they were of pure Hellenic descent, and to swear that they would use no unfair means, guile, or fraud in the sacred contests.

The number of events varied considerably. For the first twelve meetings the only contest was the foot-race, consisting of one lap of the stadium, which was two hundred yards long. At the fourteenth meeting a longer race was added, the course being traversed twice, and at the following meeting a long race—some three miles—was added to the list. An interesting event, that was, however, soon abolished, was the race in which the competitors were clad in heavy armour, which was looked upon as an excellent preparation for active service. In the warm sunshine of Greece this must have been a very severe test on the stamina and endurance of the runners.

At later meetings other field events were added, and the festival extended from the original one day to five.

Although the only prize for each contest was a garland of wild olive, the successful athlete received many substantial rewards. A herald proclaimed his name, parentage, and country; his friends and admirers showered costly gifts on him, poets sang his praises and sculptors were engaged to carve his statue. In some cases he received money, or free rations for life; so we see that the successful athlete of those far-away days was even more popular than the champion boxer of the present day.

That the English were always fond of sports of various kinds there can be no doubt. So long ago as the reign of Henry II. the young men of London had open spaces near the City, where they indulged in 'leaping, wrestling, casting of the stone, and playing with the ball,' and knightly youths, chiefly as a military training, were taught to run, jump, and wrestle. Weight-putting must have been a popular pastime, for Edward III. brought out an edict prohibiting it, just as bowls and cricket were at different periods banned, for fear the citizens might spend too much time over these sports, instead of improving their archery. Weight-putting, or 'casting of the barre,' was one of Henry VIII.'s favourite sports, and, owing to his enthusiastic example, running, jumping, and weight-putting became fashionable accomplishments, there always being many anxious to follow in the monarch's footsteps.

But fashions are nothing if not changeable, and running, walking, and jumping lost their favour amongst the upper classes, though not so amongst the masses, for many races took place at the many fairs held throughout the country.

In Elizabethan times a great part of the country's trade was done at these fairs, and, business once over, it was the turn of sport, and many competitions took place.

Unfortunately, most of these meetings ended in uproarious riots and much drinking. This, and the fact that most sporting meetings, apart from those held at the fairs, took place on Sundays, aroused the bitter opposition of the Puritans, and they succeeded to a large extent in putting a stop to Sunday play, with the inevitable result that, when the Puritan Government fell, sport was taken up with more enthusiasm than ever before.

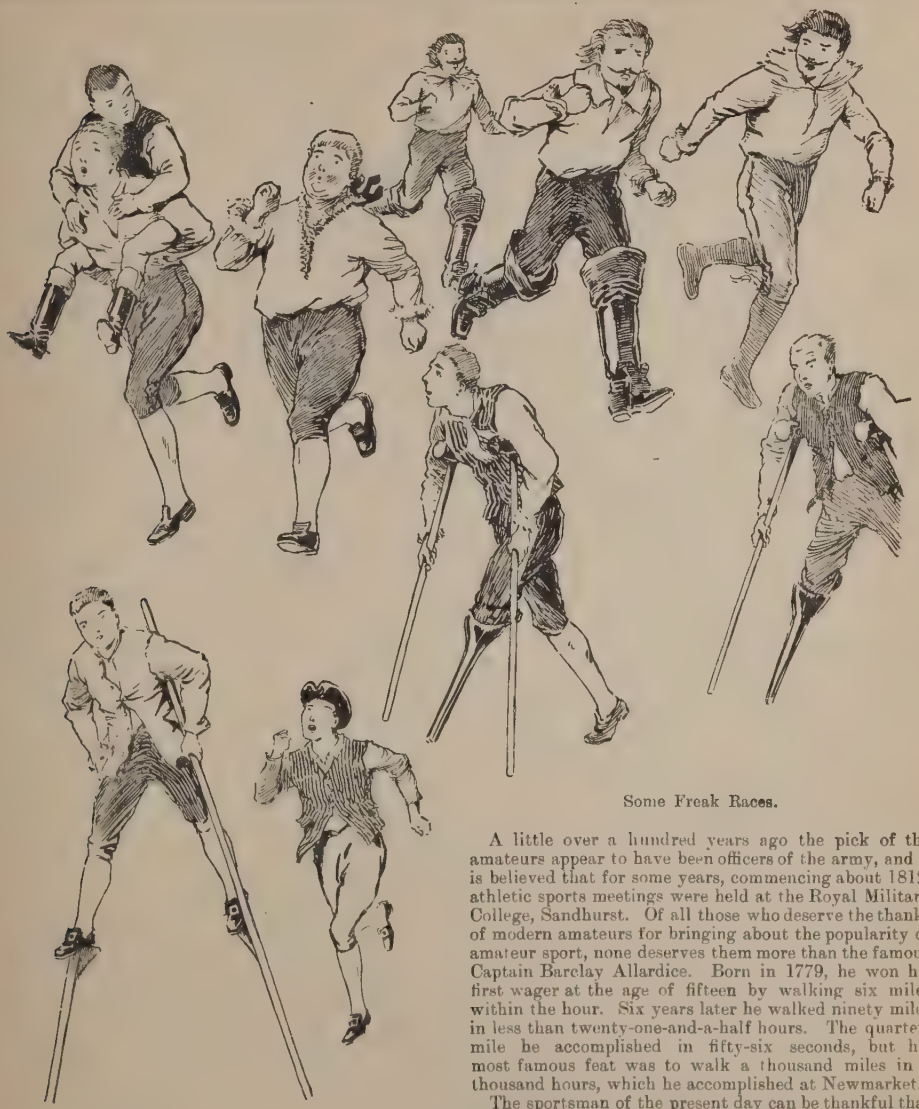
So great was the relief of the people at being able, unhampered, to resume their favourite sports that all and sundry took part; and of all sports, foot-races

Old-Time Sports at a Fair.

appear to have been the most popular, both amongst amateurs and professionals.

Whilst noblemen and others often ran races, often for a wager, the former encouraged professionalism by the curious custom of keeping 'running' footmen in their service. These men, over the bad roads of the period, could travel faster than the lumbering family coach, and would run on in front to make arrangements for the journey or to carry messages. As he had to be a strong runner, and was always in pretty good training, it soon came to pass that his master matched him against some other gentleman's footman, so that any strong runner was much in demand, and could easily find a position as 'footman' with some sporting family. All he had to do was to 'show his paces,' and if his speed pleased his future master, he was fitted out with a showy uniform and given a staff of office to carry. So keen were some of the sporting noblemen on the speed of their footmen that when in need of a new one they would secure him by competitive examination, by making several applicants run a test race. It was worth a deal of trouble to secure a really good man, who might, in wagers, put hundreds of pounds in his patron's pocket.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century the 'running footman' had almost disappeared. On the good roads then built he was no longer required in his character of messenger and outrunner, so, very often, he became a professional runner pure and simple.

Sports on the Village Green.

Some Freak Races.

All this time the amateurs had not been idle, and many were the races run, usually for a wager. 'Freak' races were often run, such as a man in light shoes or barefoot against one handicapped by having to wear riding-boots; a fast man with a smaller on his back against one whose weight was against him; a man on stilts against one on foot. Even cripples, hobbling along on crutches, competed cheerfully.

A little over a hundred years ago the pick of the amateurs appear to have been officers of the army, and it is believed that for some years, commencing about 1812, athletic sports meetings were held at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Of all those who deserve the thanks of modern amateurs for bringing about the popularity of amateur sport, none deserves them more than the famous Captain Barclay Allardice. Born in 1779, he won his first wager at the age of fifteen by walking six miles within the hour. Six years later he walked ninety miles in less than twenty-one-and-a-half hours. The quarter-mile he accomplished in fifty-six seconds, but his most famous feat was to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, which he accomplished at Newmarket.

The sportsman of the present day can be thankful that he did not live a hundred years ago, for the stalwarts of those days had ideas on training that would not appeal to most of us. The diet recommended, in a book published in 1813, is chiefly 'beef, mutton, stale bread, and strong beer,' also it is advised that the patient should reduce his superfluous fat 'by walking under a load of clothes and by lying between feather-beds.' Many things were forbidden, such as cheese, butter, eggs, fish, and vegetables.

So many matches were there between amateurs, that it is a matter for wonder that no regular athletic meetings should have been started until much later. Not until about 1840 was any attempt to hold regular meetings made at any of the public schools, and then a number of them came to the front. A few years later, the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, held meetings which, for some unknown reason, were abandoned a few years later.

The Universities, in the present day such enthusiastic centres of athletic prowess, were very slow at instituting meetings, and it was not until 1850 that Exeter College, Oxford, arranged an annual gathering. The idea spread to other Oxford colleges, and soon Cambridge followed suit, whilst in London, the Kensington Grammar School started a regular meeting in 1852.

So far all meetings had been open only to the members of the schools and colleges, not open to any amateur that might care to enter, and it was not until 1862 that an 'open' race for amateurs took place, the prize being a silver cup. The following year saw the foundation of the first amateur club, the Mincing Lane Athletic Club, the first meeting being held the following year.

Four years later the club became the London Athletic Club, and this year, 1864, also saw the first inter-Varsity contest. On March 3rd, the Cambridge men met Oxford on the Christchurch Cricket Ground, the result being a draw, there being no 'odd event,' and each side claiming four wins. Three years later the meeting was transferred to London, where it has been held ever since, being perhaps the most popular meeting of the year. The previous year, 1856, saw the first annual amateur championship meeting, also in London, when the Amateur Athletic Club had been formed 'to supply the want of an established ground upon which competitions in amateur athletic sports might take place, and to afford as completely as possible to all classes of gentlemen amateurs the means of practising and competing against one another, without being compelled to mix with professional runners.'

Since that time, the history of athletics shows that the number of meetings and the interest shown in field sports has been steadily on the increase. Nearly every town and village, cricket, football, or rowing club holds its annual gathering for athletic purposes, and international gatherings have been many. The revival of Olympic sports has brought the athletes of various countries together in keen rivalry, to contest not only the events that were popular in ancient Greece, such as running, jumping, putting the weight, javelin-hurling and throwing the discus, but the many other events that have since been added.

The Public Schools and Universities still remain the great training centres for field sports, and provide a goodly number of champions, more particularly in such events as the hurdle race. For putting the weight and throwing the hammer we find the hefty Northerners usually manage to hold their own, and the great Highland gatherings, such as Braemar, always provide some fine sportsmen.

Since athletics have been taken up so thoroughly, practically all over the world, our best have often had to acknowledge defeats from Continental athletes, as well as those from America and the great Commonwealths, where interest in almost every form of sport is quite as keen as it is in this country—the modern home of athletic sports.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE HAUNTED COTTAGE.

OLGA and John burst into the schoolroom. 'I say, they cried simultaneously, 'the Wrights' cottage is haunted!'

'Nonsense,' said Esmé, looking up from her book, and yawning. 'Whatever tale will you kids come home with next?'

Jim was less sceptical. 'What makes you think so?' he asked.

'Well,' said John, 'we haven't said anything before because we wanted to make quite sure; but we've somehow always hated passing it since it got so old and broken-down, and the last few times we've heard ghostly noises coming out of it!'

'What are ghostly noises when they're at home?, laughed Jim.

'In this case it is the same one all the time—a long-drawn-out "Hssh-h-h, hssh-h-h," repeated again and again.'

Esmé became interested in spite of herself. The Wrights' cottage was in the lane below the vicarage garden; having fallen into a state of bad disrepair, it had been empty for a long time.

'I expect it's an old tramp gone in there to sleep, and that's his snoring you hear,' she suggested, brightly.

'No, we're sure it isn't that,' said Olga. 'We threw some stones in at the window, and said, "Come out; we know you're there." But nothing happened, and the noise went on just the same.'

'We must certainly investigate the matter,' said Jim. 'Get a candle, somebody, and we'll go and find this wonderful ghost.'

A few minutes later, armed with a big stick, he led the way. Arrived at the cottage, they waited outside to listen before going in. Even the phlegmatic Jim started as the 'hushing' sound described by John came distinctly forth from inside—once, then a pause, then again several times. 'There's certainly *something* in there,' he whispered. 'We'd better go in.'

He lit the candle; the others followed him as he went up the stone steps and pushed open the battered door.

The noise had ceased by this time; but the empty cottage seemed even more ghostly in its stillness, and the candle shook perceptibly.

They peered into the two downstair rooms, but saw nothing there. Jim began to mount the rickety stairs leading to the one bedroom the place boasted.

He stood at the top and looked round. 'Nothing here,' he said, disappointedly.

'Are you sure?' asked John. 'We'd better give a *good* look. . . . Ah! what's that?' he whispered, pointing to the tiny grate. 'Look, that blur of white down there! It moved—I'm sure it did!'

Jim turned the candle in that direction, and gazed astonished; then burst out laughing.

'Why, it's owls,' he said; 'a nest of young white owls. A jolly good place, too. But I never knew owls made that weird noise before.'

'Oh! what lovely fluffy things,' cried Esmé, springing forward. 'But we had better not touch them; we have frightened them enough already, and had better leave them quickly to get over it.'

'Well, anyhow, they scared *us* enough,' said John, laughing, as they descended the stairs again.

'And spoilt our ghost-story, too,' added Olga.

Beatrice Wortley.

ROSAMOND.

ROSAMOND certainly sprang from a rose—
Petals her eyelids and pink buds her toes!

Should a stray dewdrop, with silvery sheen,
Lurking near Rosamond's petals be seen,

Presto! it vanishes, quickly as mist,
Melts in a sunbeam when Rosamond's kissed!

Dimples appear again, *that* cheek and *this*—
Cradles for butterflies, traps for a kiss!

Gold as a guinea, ah! every one knows
Rosamond's curly head's heart of a rose.

Gardener Gracious, who plants little flowers,
Thanks be to Thee for this blossom of ours.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

Illustrated by Harold Wright.

(Continued from page 255.)

KADRU almost forgot her ankle in her relief, and began to limp ahead, until presently a huddle of houses loomed darkly. But, even yet, they were not at the end of their troubles. They could not rest at ease, dark though it was. It was too early to risk the village street—the people of Faridpur were still too wide awake. Some one was beating a small drum, a voice was raised in song; there was a glow of cooking-fires against the sky.

'At which end of the village does your aunt live?' Louisa asked. It might be best to skirt the village boundary, and so attain their refuge more easily. But—

'About the middle of the village,' said Kadru. And Louisa drew Chota to a standstill. Since it was no use going further, they had better halt till all was quiet. And she could hear a trickle of water not far away—cold, delicious water, she was sure. She was longing for a drink. Her throat was so dry, she could not speak easily; her tongue was swollen. As Chota stopped, Dukhi, who had been dozing, woke at once, and demanded water also in a high whine that carried far.

'Hush!' said Louisa sharply. 'I'll get you some in a minute. Don't make that noise.' To fail now in sight of safety would be maddening, and she felt as if Dukhi's voice must penetrate to the village. Moreover, Louisa had been conscious since they came in sight of Faridpur, not of the relief that Kadru felt, but of a vague and growing alarm. It was just because she was thirsty, and her throat ached, she told herself. She was needlessly anxious. Yet the night seemed full of little noises that she could not name satisfactorily. The whine overpowered them, but she wanted to listen, to reassure herself as far as possible.

'Hush!' she said again, as Dukhi still whimpered; and, subdued, he subsided. If he made the witch angry, perhaps she would desert him, he thought.

He began to wheedle instead. 'Take me to the water, and I will be very quiet,' he bargained.

And Louisa stood listening to the trickle, that she might judge from where it came—to those other little noises of which she was suspicious. Perhaps the snake was abroad hunting in the fields for rats and mice; thirsty, also, in haste to drink. It *must* be the snake, that rustling sound that was growing each moment more insistent. Louisa loathed snakes; they always made her feel uncomfortable. No doubt that was why a little chill went running down her spine.

'Kadru!' she called. 'Turn the lantern round; I can't see with the dark side towards me. That snake's somewhere near.'

'Oo—oh!' said Kadru, alarmed, as she swept the light about. 'Oo—oh!' she cried again, on a shriller, startled note, and dropped the lantern, with a strangled scream. Out it went; but Louisa, too, had seen the cause of Kadru's scream, of Kadru's fright.

They *had* failed. It was not the snake that was creeping towards them; it was not the snake that had rustled in the dust. Advancing stealthily, crouching low, were half-a-dozen men. They sprang upright as the lantern dropped; in a second Kadru and Louisa were held tight. So sudden was the onslaught, so complete, there was no time for flight. Vainly Louisa struggled, and then stood still. It was better to reserve what strength she had for use, if possible, later. She blinked as the lantern was relit, and flashed across her face. A yell of triumph followed. Vaguely Louisa recognised the holder of the lantern. She had seen him behind Santoo and Mangli at the well when Surabhi lay gasping in Maru's arms.

'It is the witch!' he shouted. 'I said that she would make for Faridpur. Did not her servant ask the way thither on that black day when first she came? It was of me that she asked it, and I remembered.'

He was binding Louisa's wrists behind her back with cord as he spoke, while another man bound Kadru. A third had hold of Chota's bridle, and was talking soothingly to Dukhi. Dukhi, thirsty and fretful, was in no docile mood. He, too, knew the holder of the lantern as one of his father's servants. It was Dukhi's custom to trample without stint on the whole of Santoo's household. Its members seldom dared to cross his will. He did not propose to obey them now.

'All is well, little lord,' he was told. 'Thy troubles are ended. Thou shalt come with us, and we will care for thee. All is well.'

'I do not wish to go with you,' Dukhi promptly retorted. 'I shall stay with the wise woman,' he announced. 'I came with her of my own accord. Where she goes, I go, too.'

'But ——' Louisa's captor began.

'It is my order,' said Dukhi, haughtily. Where Louisa went, there Bulbo would be, he knew. No one would venture to separate the witch from her cat; they were too afraid of both. But he, Dukhi, was afraid of neither. Had he not proved it amply by his conduct?

And he must cling to the witch now very closely if he were not to lose the cat. On no account must he let her out of his sight. To save herself, she would probably turn into a Miss Sahib at any moment. He must be at hand lest Bulbo, scared, should run away. He, Dukhi, would coax him to remain.

'Where she goes, I go,' Dukhi repeated, and clutched at Louisa's *sari*, and held to it fast.

(*Continued on page* 266.)

"'Oo—oh!' she cried again, and dropped the lantern."

"'Look! See how it spins!'"

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

Illustrated by Harold Wright.

(Continued from page 263.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LITTLE light was filtering into the small mud hut where Louisa, Kadru, and Dukhi had passed the night, through the tiny window and the badly-fitting door. Louisa guessed that the sun was just rising, and the chink of water-pots, the creak of a well-wheel came from outside.

It was morning, and what would the new day bring? While Kadru and Dukhi still slept, Louisa took stock of the position. She and Kadru had not been treated as roughly as she had expected the previous night. No doubt her captors had been afraid that she might revenge herself on Dukhi unless they were careful; Dukhi who had clung to her so firmly that he could not be detached.

Her hands had been untied, and Kadru's also, after they had been pushed into the hut. Water had been brought when Louisa had asked for it; they had been offered food. But they were prisoners, of that there was no doubt. The door was firmly barred, and a watch had been set outside it. The watchers had talked at intervals most of the night. Their voices had come drifting through the door-cracks.

'We will take the witch to Santoo to-morrow,' they had planned. 'We have done our part. We have found the child. We will not draw down her vengeance on ourselves. It is for Santoo to name her punishment.'

It was not a pleasant prospect. It was not likely that Santoo would prove merciful; he was probably both angry and afraid. Not only had Louisa kidnapped his son, but he knew from her letter that she guessed what he had done to Surabhi, and what he intended to do. The fate he would decree would certainly not be agreeable. And who could interfere with his intentions?

'If we could get hold of Kadru's aunt that might help,' thought Louisa. 'She may have some news that would be useful. It's four days since we left home.'

She leant across to wake Kadru, and Dukhi too sat up yawning. He looked at Louisa, and then a slow smile spread over his small fat face as he saw that Bulbo was curled close against him. Bulbo had sought for the warmest spot in the hut, and he had found it.

'She is still here, but already he turns to me,' Dukhi murmured contentedly. Then he yawned again and stretched while he listened idly to Louisa. She was talking to Kadru. She wanted some one fetched, Dukhi gathered, and was not greatly interested. The end must be near for the witch one way or another. If she did not vanish of her own accord, he had little doubt his father would arrange for the vanishing.

'Kadru,' Louisa was saying, 'we must get hold of your aunt. There's nothing more we can do alone. We shall have to get help somehow.'

'Yes, yes,' Kadru agreed, eagerly. Then slowly her face fell. 'But if we ask for my aunt, Santoo's people will suspect her also,' she faltered. 'They will think she shares in our guilt.'

She could have bitten out her tongue the moment she had spoken. Of what importance was the fate of half a score of aunts when her mistress was in danger? Kadru knew what would happen next. She began to take measures against it.

'I will ask those men outside to send for her,' she gabbled, scrambling to her feet. She would summon her aunt before she could be stopped, or Louisa realise what she had done. But quick as she was she was not quick enough. Louisa reached out a hand and caught her by the ankle.

'No, you don't,' she said, as Kadru abruptly subsided, 'she'd only be another person to save. And you know you've told me hundreds of times we've done enough saving. You're right for once.'

'But if thou art lost then all is lost,' Kadru whimpered. 'What will they do to thee, my Miss Sahib? Hast thou thought? They doomed Surabhi to death. Wilt thou fare any better? What will they do to thee?'

'Many things,' said Dukhi, unexpectedly. 'And all of them will hurt. What funny little tears thou weepest, Kadru! Not nice round tears like mine.' Then, while Kadru dabbed her eyes indignantly, Dukhi turned again to Bulbo.

Bulbo had woken too, and in a playful mood. He was chasing his tail as undisturbed as Dukhi by another's troubles. Dukhi watched entranced. He would help Bulbo to play. He would provide him with a safer plaything. Bulbo was so fierce; he would hurt himself when he bit. Dukhi pulled at the hem of his shirt that was knotted round something small and hard. He picked at the knot with overlong finger nails. It was Louisa's turn to watch him idly now. There was nothing more to discuss with Kadru for the moment. They must wait on the future. They must trust to their luck turning, as so often it had turned before, and make no more mistakes.

It had been a mistake, she thought, to bring Dukhi with them. A vaguely threatening letter with dark allusions to their hidden knowledge would possibly have served their purpose better. Dukhi had certainly not proved the trump card that Louisa had hoped. She had not grasped sufficiently with what vigour Santoo would pursue, nor the force of the storm that she had raised. But after all she had done Dukhi no harm; and Santoo had had a rest from ceaseless questioning. Louisa thought his anger overdone.

'Dukhi's only quiet when he's playing with Bulbo,' said Louisa to herself. 'He must be a frightful nuisance at home.'

Dukhi had ceased his picking, and had got the knot untied. He pulled out the little hard object, and sent it spinning on the floor. 'Look!' he murmured, coaxingly. 'Look! See how it spins.'

Bulbo looked, and Louisa looked too. Cat and cat's mistress pounced at the same moment, to Dukhi's indignant surprise.

'It is mine! It is for Bulbo!' he shrieked, but Louisa paid no attention. Instead, she held out her hand to Kadru, high above Dukhi's head. On its palm lay a ring, a signet ring. She turned the ring over, and deep cut into the stone was Santoo's name.

'Where did you find it?' Louisa questioned, as Kadru gaped and stared.

'I found it by the well the day my great-aunt fell in. I was playing there, very early. I found it in the dust. I was building a house. Give it to me! Give it to me!' Dukhi clamoured.

'Did you know it was your father's ring? Why didn't you give it back to him?'

'I did know,' Dukhi admitted, a trifle less insistent. 'But I wanted it to play with. I wanted to pretend I was head of the village.' He fidgeted uneasily. 'Do not tell him, wise woman,' he coaxed. 'He is not often angry with me, but he *might* be angry now.'

'I will not tell him you found it,' Louisa promised fervently. 'And I will keep it safe for you. Kadru, we'd better have some breakfast. Those men will want us to be marching soon.' And, as Kadru got out some food, Louisa looked at the ring again; from the ring to the closed door, and laughed.

'I *knew* the luck would turn if we didn't give in,' said Louisa, gleefully.

(*Continued on page* 278.)

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

X.—'MERELY PLAYERS.

AT this stage of the proceedings our theatre looks much like a house full of furniture without a soul living in it. We have our stage, and we also have our scenery, but the players, as yet, do not exist, save perhaps in our imagination. But it will not be long before they *do* make an appearance, because we are going to make them now.

In the old 'tuppenny coloured' days the 'characters,' as they were called, consisted of painted pictures stuck on to cardboard, and then cut out with a pair of sharp, fine-pointed scissors. That they were actually 'painted' is the literal truth, because the figures were really printed in outline, and when so sold were the famous 'penny plain' sheets; but to become 'tuppenny coloured' they were tinted in water-colour *by hand*, every sheet, by means of specially cut stencil plates. In exactly the same manner are the sheets of 'characters' and 'scraps' still produced by Mr. Pollock, so that when you buy a sheet of coloured figures from that little Hoxton shop, even to-day, you are getting hand-coloured pictures, just as your grandfathers did in the years gone by.

We can still make use of these flat card figures in our own show, and if we do not desire to use the 'tuppenny' variety, but prefer to make our own, we can do so either by drawing our own designs in outline with *waterproof* Indian ink and colouring them with water-colours; or, if we are not skilled enough to design for ourselves, we can trace the characters from other pictures, and outline and colour them in the same way as before.

If it is for the shadow show that the characters are being made they *must* all be quite flat (fig. 1, A and B) and coloured dead black, unless, of course, special coloured effects are desired. These flat black figures can be jointed and worked by means of wires (fig. 3), or they can be just plain, unmovable figures. If we are making them jointed characters, the joints should be made to work *very easily*, and the parts of the figure should be cut out of three-ply wood or very stiff card, in order that it may keep its 'flatness' against the screen when in action. One method of connecting the various parts of a figure is by glueing pieces of linen to serve as joints (fig. 1, C and D). Another method is a loop of either catgut or extra thick *waxed* thread, or waxed string, such as fine fish-line or Bridport twine.

In both these cases a perfectly free movement may be obtained. But there is also another important point to be considered, and that is *always* to allow a small 'working space' between the wooden limbs at each joint (fig. 1, D) so that there may be no 'fixing' or scraping together of the limbs in action, which has the effect of giving the audience a shadow show of a jerky dance.

Should the limbs be connected by means of loops, it will be necessary to fix a piece of soft black linen or cloth, or very thin leather, across the joints and part of the length of each segment as in fig. 1, D, in order to preserve the exact outline of the figure in its shadow. It should be remembered, too, that *every little detail* will be reproduced in the shadow. For instance, if that piece of linen be omitted from the joints, the reproduction of the figure will simply show all the *spaces* between the joints.

At the same time, this 'detailing' of shadows can be put to very good use, in that one can add a considerable amount of decoration and expression to the figures and be sure of the audience seeing it all; such as buttons on a tunic, which consist of nothing at all on the actual figure because they are simply a row of holes bored, button-like, up the front of the tunic. Every hole or cut in the figure will show *white* to the onlooker, so that facial expressions can be made to appear as white lines on the black ground by simply 'fretting' them carefully into the face with a fine saw (fig. 1, A). For a laughing figure the mouth is simply cut as an open grin; the white space between the lips will suggest the laugh.

From effects in black-and-white to those in colour is but an easy step, for all that is required is to stick a piece of either transparent silk or gelatine of the colour required *at the back* of the space we have cut out from the figure that would otherwise show as white. If greater patches of colour or figures completely coloured are required, the wood or cardboard figure must be cut out just the same as a flat black one, but with a *very thick* outline round the parts (see fig. 2, in which is shown a typical figure for full colour shadows). Notice how thick the outlines of the details are, and also how that all the 'blacks' are *connected* to ensure strength to the figure. All the white spaces are then cut out and their places taken by pieces of transparent coloured stuff. Another way of putting on the colours is to stick a piece of draughtsman's linen *all over* the back of the figure, and then colour in the parts with transparent inks. This is by far the easier way, and many wonderful effects can thus be obtained. But it is good to make use of *both* methods, as the silks and gelatines give some very rich colourings.

If the figures are 'fixed' and not jointed, they can either have blocks at the back to make them stand up and be pushed on by wires, or can have a little stand and be run on in a groove (fig. 4). In every case, however, the figure should slope slightly *towards* the screen in order that the whole of it shall be *close* against the screen and so give a perfect shadow (fig. 1, B). If the top does not touch the screen a faint film of light will get between, and so spoil the blackness of the effect. Jointed figures must be worked by means of long, fine

steel or zinc wires from the back, as though they were ordinary puppets, and one method is shown in fig. 3, which consists of a wooden frame, from which the wires are worked on the ring and staple system.

So much for the shadow-show actors. Each producer will desire to make his or her own particular fancies, and a lot of 'tips' and ideas will come along

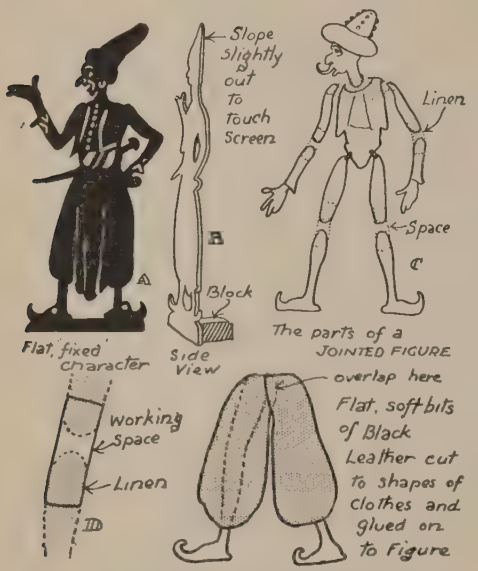


Fig. 1.—The construction of fixed and jointed Puppets.

naturally, to suggest improvements in method of manipulation or construction. for, as in all other parts of this theatre, different scenes will call for different treatment, so that more than a lot of the success of the show will depend on the skill and ingenuity of the producers themselves.

For the main theatre we must return for a moment first to the flat, outline figures—our modern 'tuppennies.' These will simply consist of flat card or wood figures, and should either be used by means of the old-fashioned tin 'slide,' which can still be purchased of Mr. Pollock, of Hoxton (fig. 4, A), or each figure can be put on a little wooden base and pushed on or off by means of a 'pusher,' which is simply a little block of wood on the end of a long wire (fig. 4, B). The slide method, however, has the advantage over the pusher. in that the characters, being simply cut out of flat card and *not* fixed to a wooden stand, can be slipped in or out of a slide as required, and by this means a few slides will do for many characters; and also because the figures when not in use can be packed nice and flat and so minimise the danger of breaking off at the legs, which is ever present with regard to the block-stand and pusher style. But whichever method be adopted, one thing is needful for both—and that is, to *paint* carefully both the slides and their rods and the pushers and

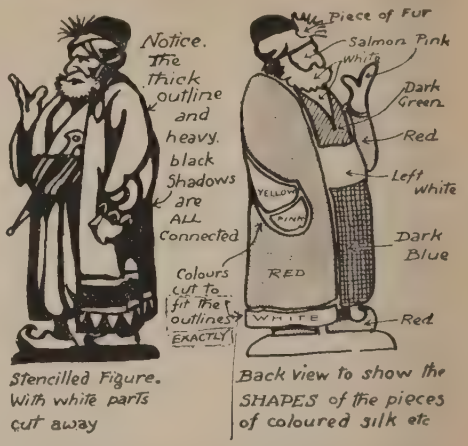


Fig. 2.—How to make a coloured Shadow Figure.

rods. Daub them all over with little patches of pale buff, stone colour, grey, pale green, pale blue, mauve, &c., until they look like a faint-coloured patchwork. This is 'camouflage,' or deceptive colouring, which helps to make them quite invisible to the audience. If

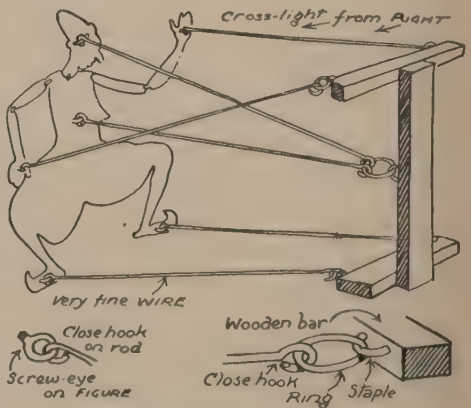


Fig. 3.—A jointed Puppet for a Shadow Show with Frame and wires for operating.

one can afford it, however, an alternative to this is to have a large collection of slides (they cost about ninepence to one shilling per dozen), and paint sets of them to match the different 'floorings' that have been made for the stage.

A more elaborate type of flat figure is one which has its parts cut out separately and glued on to the main figure. This gives a sort of modelled or semi-realistic appearance, but it takes a much longer time to do.

From stationary characters we proceed to mobile or

active figures—in other words, puppets. In passing, it is nice to notice the connection of this word with the French word *poupée*, which means 'doll,' and the German word *puppe*, meaning the same thing, both of which come from the original Latin word *pupa*, which also meant a doll.

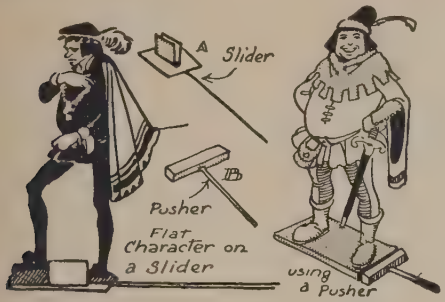


Fig. 4.—Characters on Sliders and with Push

Puppets are generally known as marionettes, and in years gone by were one of the most popular forms of 'dramatic' amusement in old English fairs and the like. For a time they died down, more or less, though the little flame has been kept alive by certain families who made the puppet their special care, chief among these being Mr. Clunn Lewis, some of whose dolls are over a century old, and one over two hundred years old. For a time Mr. Lewis was known as the 'last' of the puppet men, but of late there has been a considerable revival of interest in these delightful dolls, famous among the modern 'performers' being Mr. Simpson, whose wonderful figures are masterpieces of carving and

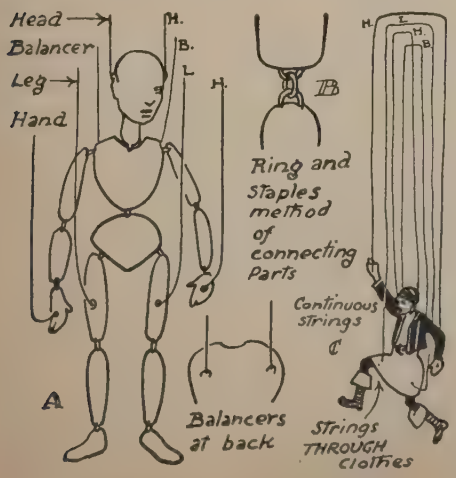


Fig. 5.—How a Puppet's Joints work.

puppet art. But of all the puppet men from times past until now, the men of Rome, Milan, and Sicily hold the world. From Rome to London have come the 'Teatro dei Piccoli' (described on page 196) to capture the hearts of us all, and make us hold our breath in sheer astonishment. Created just before the Great War by Dr. Podrecca and Mr. Fidora, this marvellous marionette theatre has been designed to lift thep uppet-show from simply a collection of jumping dolls, to one of the most artistic and extraordinary productions ever known. These Roman puppets are no mean things, some of them being quite four feet high. There are over two hundred of them, and they perform some thirty or more different plays and grand operas, always accompanied by a full orchestra and chorus, which simply goes to show what a wonderful organization this 'Teatro dei Piccoli' actually is. The scenes themselves are something like eighteen to twenty feet wide, and are designed by some of the greatest modern Italian artists. The music is by the best composers obtainable,

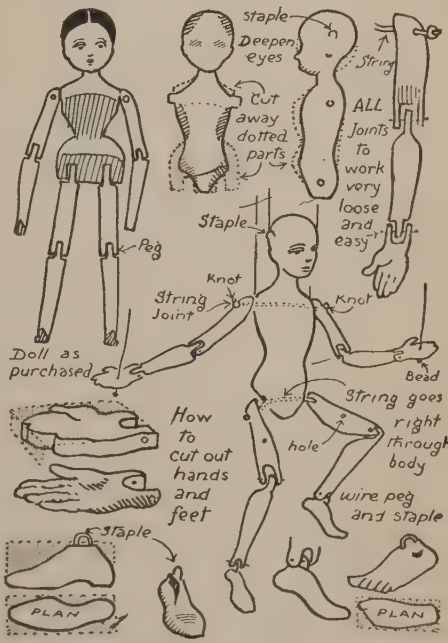


Fig. 6.—Turning a Dutch Doll into a Puppet.

and behind it all, at the back of the controlling genius of Mr. Podrecca, are the puppet men themselves, who from their childhood almost have put the one touch of nature to those dead wooden dolls.

Now, it will be more or less impossible for average persons, unless they be trained artists, to make such perfect puppets for their own use, but it *is* possible to make miniature copies in a very easy way that will most certainly give very realistic effects and a great deal

of pleasure. A puppet usually consists of some twelve to fifteen separate parts (fig. 5, A), which are jointed together in a somewhat similar way to the flat shadow-figures previously mentioned—usually by two staples and a ring (fig. 5, B) or a string loop. The positions of the strings are also shown, and, in the case of the hands and legs, they are put through small holes specially bored for the purpose and held by a knot or a bead at the end of the string. For the two head-strings a couple of very small metal staples are driven into each side of the head just above the ear and also two at the back of each shoulder-blade, for the balancing-strings. The ends of the strings may either be fastened to wooden bars or on rings, or even, as in the case of the Burmese doll, one long continuous string connecting the two hands, or two feet, or two head-loops (fig. 5, C).

The parts of the doll should be practically all wood, and it is a good plan to bore a hole at the base of the trunk and insert a bit of lead to act as additional balancer. The old-fashioned wooden 'Dutch' dolls make splendid puppets, and, as they cost but a few pence each, they are the cheapest bodies known. They should be disjointed and finished up with sand-paper, and then put together again in such a way that all the joints move with perfect freedom. The heads can be carved up a little with a sharp penknife or a wood-carver's chisel, and hands and feet should also be roughly carved out of blocks of wood and jointed on, or pairs of tiny dolls'-shoes filled with wood can be fitted for the feet (see fig. 6, which shows how to cut hands and feet and fit them). When the doll is rejointed, the string-holes and loops can be put in, and the dresses fitted on. In dressing the doll, remember that the strings come *through* the clothes, and also be careful to use thin soft silk, or material that will allow of easy movements of the limbs. The clothes should always be on the easy-fitting side, and seldom tight, as tightness helps to spoil the actions.

The puppets are worked from above, and it is well to put in a considerable amount of practice before one actually attempts any sort of a public show; and another important point is that any effort to work a lot of puppets on the stage at the same time will cause a greater mix-up than a bull in a bicycle-shop.

H. W. Whanslaw.

ROYAL KINDNESS.

THE following story is told of Queen Marie Antoinette of France.

When she was still only the Dauphin's wife, the King was hunting in the forest of Fontainebleau. A furious stag, which had been several times wounded, leaped over the low wall of a little garden at Achère, and, springing on a peasant who was digging at the spot, gored him badly.

Some of the neighbours who witnessed the accident, thinking that the man was dying, ran to tell his wife who was working in a field about a mile and a half away. The unhappy woman fell into such a violent fit of weeping that every one in the neighbourhood could hear her. Marie Antoinette, who was passing on her way to the hunt, hearing the loud cries, stopped her carriage, and hastily descending from it, ran across the vineyard to the assistance of the sufferer, whom she found in hysterics, and, with the aid of hartshorn, restored her sufficiently to relate the cause of her distress.

The poor woman, when she revived, found herself in the arms of the Princess, who was offering her every possible consolation, including all the money contained in her purse. The unfortunate woman with her child and two other villagers were put in the royal carriage, and strict orders were given to the attendants to take the wife with all speed to her husband, and to come back as quickly as possible to report on his condition.

Whilst the Princess was anxiously awaiting the footman's return, the King himself came up, and hearing what had happened, exclaimed, 'What a shocking thing it would be were this man to die! How shall we ever console his wife and child?'

'How otherwise, Sire,' replied Antoinette, 'than by striving to provide for their wants? Shall we not, by this means, in some degree lessen the bitterness of their life?'

The King immediately promised to give them a pension and ordered his surgeon to attend the wounded man daily.

Beatrice Wortley.

HOW NEEDLES ARE MADE.

HAVE you ever thought of the importance of needles? Just try to imagine our world without them! A needle is one of those small, almost insignificant instruments which is simply taken for granted in everyday life, yet plays a tremendous part in it.

Needles date back to prehistoric times, but they were then ever so different from those in common use to-day. They were made of sharp thorns or splinters of wood and bone. In the first instance they were simply used to pierce holes in the edges of the material, through which the thread that was to fasten it was laced by hand. Later on it was found that by boring a hole or an 'eye' at the top of the needle through which to draw the thread, one operation could be made of the punching of the holes and the lacing of the thread in the material, and so a great deal of time was saved.

Many bronze needles have been found in prehistoric dwellings. In Egypt some of them measured eight inches in length. But there must have been much finer ones with which the exquisite Egyptian work was made. Most delicate embroidery was done in the Middle Ages, so needles must have been used then. They were introduced into England during Queen Elizabeth's time.

A great deal of time and thought is spent on the production of a single one of these shiny, smooth little rods, and many different machines and hands are employed in its manufacture.

The wire from which needles are made is bought by the manufacturer in large bundles of several coils each. A shearing machine which clips the wires very quickly and cleanly cuts the coils into 'two-needle lengths.' These are now called blanks, and having been taken from the 'guillotine' slightly bent must undergo the process of straightening. They are enclosed in two strong iron rings, which are heated red-hot in a furnace and then allowed to cool gradually. Now they are placed on an iron plate, rubbed backwards and forwards by a 'smooth' file, which consists of a strong curved iron bar introduced between the two rings. The blanks are now ready to be pointed at both ends, and are fixed in an indiarubber band which is fitted to the axis of a fast-running grindstone revolving at right angles to

the fixed blanks. When the points are sharpened the blanks are fed automatically into another machine which punches the eyes. The partly finished needles are now strung upon fine wires, and the rough parts are filed off. The heads are then filed into shape and the hole is polished.

Perhaps you think the needle is ready for use now? Oh, no! The lengthy process does not stop here, for the needles are merely in shape now, and being steel have still to undergo their most important operation of being 'tempered.'

The needles are again heated red-hot and cooled suddenly in cod oil, which makes them extremly brittle. Then they are placed in a slow heat and stirred about with a shovel until a 'blue oxide' is formed upon them. Now they are removed and allowed to cool gradually. Each needle is examined thoroughly by being rolled by the finger on a smooth steel slab, and any that do not roll smoothly or 'truly' are thrown aside. They are now ready for the bath. In bundles of about fifty thousand they are washed and scoured with soap, so as to remove any oil that may have clung to them. The eyes are then 'blued' and polished to enable the seamstress to see them plainly. The polishing is done by threading the needles loosely on wires tied to standards that are fixed to a tray which moves quickly to and fro.

After about an hour of this fevered motion, with the use of a little oil and emery, the swinging of the needles on the wire smooths their eyes, and so prevents the edges from cutting the thread. In the case of the best needles, however, the eyes are polished by hand with fine emery. The last process is the polishing of the rest of the needle. They are laid in rows between rollers of leather, which are made to revolve rapidly in several different directions, so giving the needles a high polish.

E. M. Lamsley.

A NURSERY QUEEN.

TUCKED up in bed lies Baby Moll,
And all her toys are put away
But one—a torn and battered doll
That Baby cuddles night and day.

The light is burning low, and yet
Upon her pillow, white and fair,
There gleams a golden coronet—
Queen Molly's crown of curly hair.

For Baby reigns a Queen by right,
And we are slaves beneath her sway;
She sleeps, just Baby Moll at night,
To wake Queen Moll at dawn of day.—L. H.

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,
Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 258.)

SYDNEY jumped to his feet at once. 'Look out! Look out, Father! Mind those men! Come to the island!' And then, still standing in their excitement, he and Norma both shouted at the top of their voices. Sydney ran to the edge of the Dell, and suddenly the man, imagining he was being attacked in the rear, turned to face him. Realising, apparently, that he must get to the shore at once if he wanted to escape, he dropped everything that he was carrying except the short pickaxe, and started to run at full speed across the island.

'Stop him! Oh, stop him!' cried Sydney. 'Don't let him get to the Ridge!' And he placed himself directly in the man's path. 'Run, Norma! Run! Look out! I'll settle him!' he cried.

In another minute the man would have reached him. But suddenly out of the darkness at Sydney's back, came a shout: 'Stand there! Stand where you are!'

Half turning to look over his shoulder, Sydney saw Mr. Ross, with trousers wet to the knees, tearing across the Nab, brandishing a stick over his head as he came. A foot behind him came Leonard, equally wet and now yelling at the top of his voice.

An answering shout came immediately from the landing-place, and Captain Burnaby and the hotel boatman ran across the Dell.

Caught between the two attacks, the man who they were all pursuing dropped his weapon, hesitated a minute, looking from side to side as if still hoping to find a way of escape, and then turned sharply, as Leonard had done earlier in the night, and dived into the lake.

'Stop him!' cried Sydney and Leonard together, and the boatman from the hotel turned to run back to start the pursuit by boat.

'No, no!' cried Mr. Ross. 'Better let him go. He's no good. Much better out of the way. Shouldn't trust my car to him any more, any way.'

'Who is he?' demanded Sydney, while Captain Burnaby went anxiously to Norma to make sure that she was safe.

'My chauffeur,' answered Mr. Ross. 'His name is William Hawkins.'

'And,' asked Norma, 'who is "Jim"?'

'Yes,' said Sydney, 'where is othe ther fellow? He was in the water, you know, looking for the boat that Leonard cut adrift.'

'There was a man swimming in the lake as I came up,' Captain Burnaby declared. 'He swam away towards the shore as soon as he saw our boat.'

'A good job he's gone,' said Mr. Ross. 'Sounds like the young fellow who cuts my lawn. Probably a pair of bad lots. Much better away. Don't want either of them.'

'And now,' said Captain Burnaby, 'suppose you explain what has happened!'

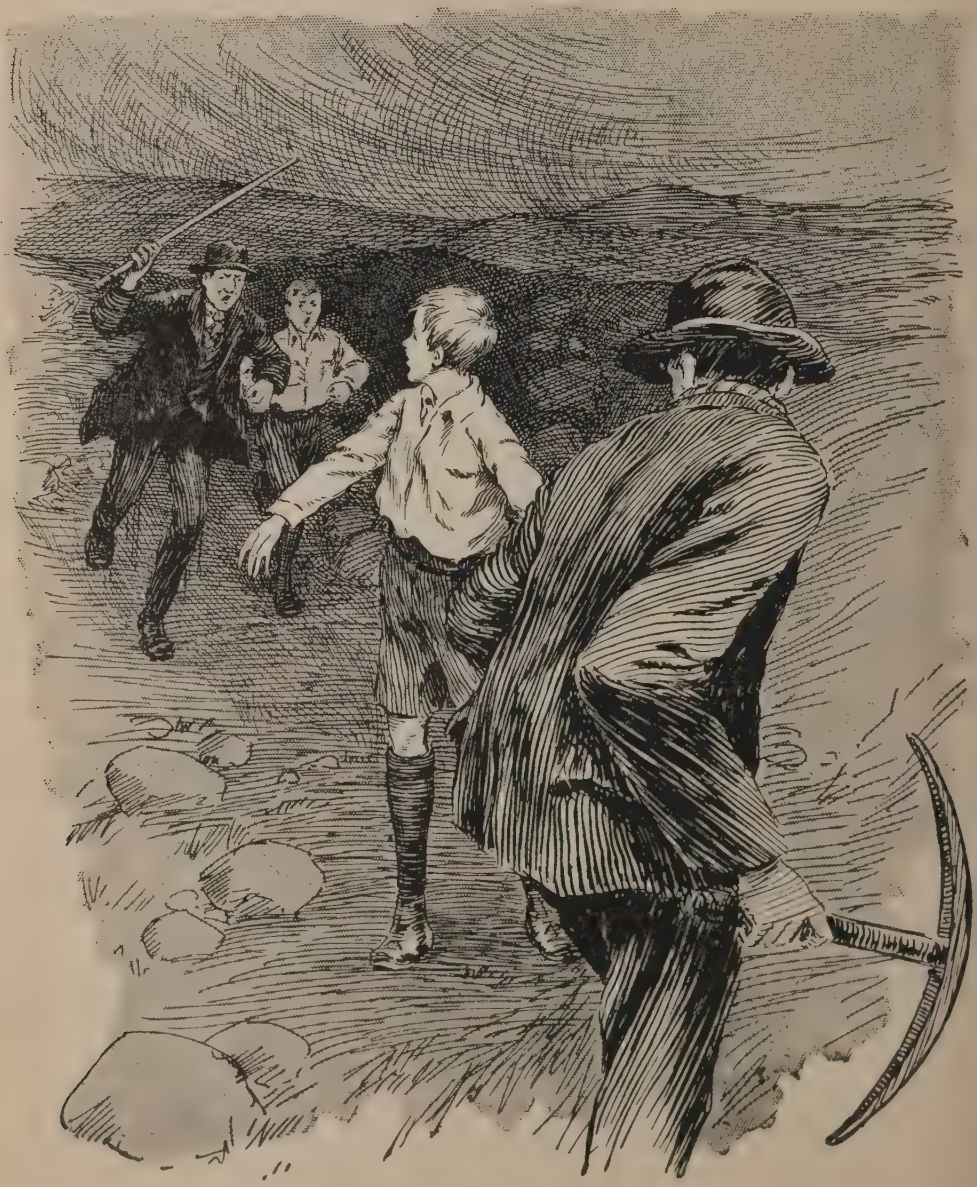
Leonard began to tell the story, but Mr. Ross interrupted. 'Are you all all-right?' he asked. 'That's the main thing. Any need to call the roll, or are you all here? Obstinate young beggars,' he added, turning to their father. 'Wouldn't pay any attention to me, and now here they are!'

'Those men have found the treasure,' cried Norma.

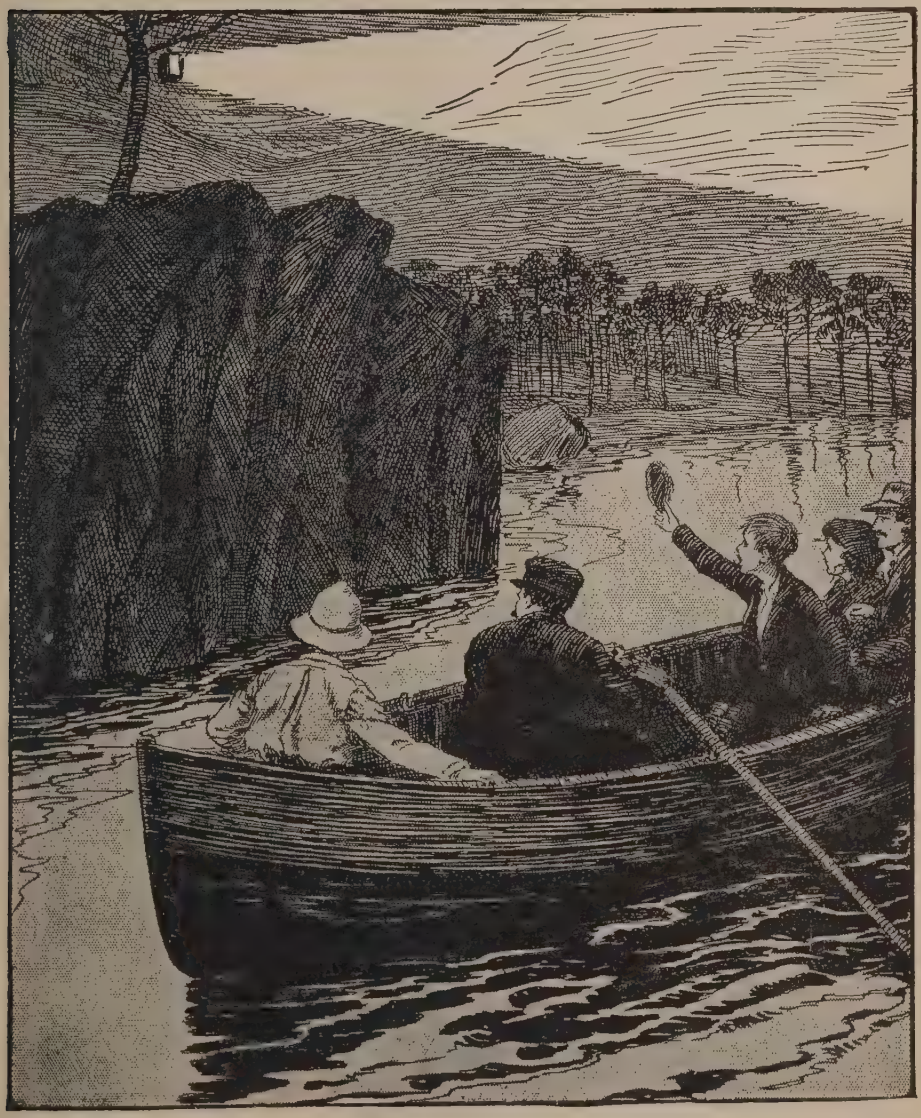
'They were working in the tunnel, you know,' said Sydney, while Leonard added his share to the information by saying, excitedly, that they lived in the cottage and used the boat at night.

'Look here, Ross, old man,' said Captain Burnaby, 'do you know what they are all talking about? I'm sure I don't! Anyhow, their mother will be getting pretty worried by this time, and for that matter, I promised to light the green signal lamp again, if they were all still alive. Suppose,' he added to Sydney, 'that you go to light it at once.'

(*Concluded on page 274.*)



"Suddenly out of the darkness at Sydney's back came a shout."



"They took their last look at the Hermit's Nab."

ISLAND ADVENTURERS.

By G. Belton Cobb,

Author of 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Concluded from page 271.)

SYDNEY ran off, and when he returned a few minutes later, after finding the overturned lamp on the edge of the cliff and relighting it with its green shutter raised, he found them still standing on the mound, Leonard and Norma both talking at once, Mr. Ross putting in as much as he knew to help to explain the matter, and Captain Burnaby, rather bewildered, trying to understand. But in another quarter of an hour they managed to piece together, between them, a fairly intelligible story of their adventures. Sydney explained about the tunnel, Leonard told how they had traced the men to the cottage, and then, while even the boys listened in surprise, Norma related her adventures alone in the cave, describing the book which the men had brought with them, and telling how they had talked of the Hermit's treasure.

Mr. Ross declared that a book on the legends of the Lakes had disappeared from his library a few months before.

'Legends,' he said. 'I didn't believe them. Few people did. That book talked about the third room of the cave and had a plan of the whole place. All imagination, of course. But it may have been more or less right, all the same. You say these fellows cut away the rock that had fallen in and found something? Clever—enterprising! I'd have helped them, but I suppose they wanted it all for themselves.'

'They seemed jolly anxious to keep the work a secret,' said Sydney.

'They said,' cried Norma, 'that you owned the island and would call everything found on it yours.'

'I should have a claim on it,' said Mr. Ross. 'Shouldn't have used it, though. Shouldn't have wanted the stuff without working for it. Their work, so they could have had it. Different now, though. They'd no right to go for you three, of course. And now they've gone, we might get out what's left. Anyway, we shan't see the fellows again.'

'No,' Captain Burnaby agreed. 'I think we've won this fight. We'll hear no more of them. But now,' he added, 'it's time we got back to the hotel.'

But the boys declared that they wanted to start at once to look for the rest of the Hermit's treasure. 'There must be plenty more,' cried Norma, 'because the men didn't want to leave without cutting through the wall of our cave.'

'But I don't see,' said Leonard, 'why they ever came to our cave at all.'

'Because the tunnel was flooded, of course,' said Sydney. 'Like trying to get into a house, you know. If you can't get in at the front, you go round to the back. These fellows couldn't go on working in the tunnel, so they wanted to cut into the third room, where the treasure is, from the other side—from our cave. And,' he added, 'we can do just what they would have done. The chauffeur fellow dropped the drill, so we can easily set to work.'

But Captain Burnaby refused to allow them to stay, and he insisted that for that matter it wasn't likely that anything more could be got out from the rock in the few days that remained of the holidays.

Mr. Ross agreed. 'A fortnight's work,' he declared, 'at the least. Can't possibly start now. I'll set some men on it to-morrow. We'll see how much is left. Then divide it. You three have earned your shares. I'll see you get them.'

The boys and Norma had to be satisfied with that. Disappointing, of course, not to lend a hand in the work, but still, if there really was a treasure, it would be splendid to have shares in it.

They would have liked to have gone once more to the cave, and even to have spent one more night in it, but their father insisted on their going back to the hotel at once, and a few minutes later they all climbed down the landing-place and got into Captain Burnaby's boat. They went first to set Mr. Ross ashore beyond the Wirdstone, and as the bow grounded on the sand he turned to Captain Burnaby.

'Might have been worse,' he said. 'Sorry I couldn't do more for them. Wouldn't let me. Obstinate, very obstinate. Thought I was the villain of the piece.' He laughed and laid a hand on Leonard's shoulder. 'Young Sherlock,' he said, 'worked it all out, didn't you? Guessed your father's conspiracy that I should keep a watch on you. Pretty smart! Well, so long. I'll send shares out of the treasure.'

And as they all called 'Good-bye,' he jumped ashore and strode towards his house beyond the trees.

'I always *said* Mr. Ross was a brick,' cried Norma, and now even Sydney agreed. Then Captain Burnaby turned the boat in the direction of the hotel, and a minute later, close beneath the Signal Tree which now showed the green light of safety, they took their last look at the Hermit's Nab.

THE END.

AGES OF ANIMALS.

THE animal with the longest life is the whale, which is said to live about one thousand years. The elephant, under good conditions, will live four hundred years. A story is told that when Alexander the Great conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought for the vanquished monarch, named him 'Ajax,' and placed upon him a metal band bearing these words, 'Alexander named Ajax.' Three hundred and fifty years later the elephant was still alive.

A tortoise has been known to live one hundred and seven years. Camels sometimes live over a century. Stags are very long-lived. Some lions have lived so long as seventy years. Some pigs have lived to the age of twenty years, some horses to sixty—although the usual age-limit of the horse is from twenty-five to thirty.

A bear's age and a wolf's are seldom over twenty years; a fox, if allowed to die a natural death, lives from fourteen to sixteen years. The average age of cats is fifteen years; that of squirrels seven or eight; that of rabbits, seven.

Coming to the ages of birds, swans have the longest lives; they have been known to live three hundred years. Eagles occasionally, ravens frequently, live a century. I knew a canary, an aged woman's pet, which lived to be eighteen years old—a great age for a small bird.

AMATEUR DETECTIVES.

WE had not expected anything particularly exciting to happen during our holiday—at least, nothing so exciting as that which really happened.

Of course, there was a certain amount of excitement in Jock Lindsay, Alastair Galbraith, and myself spending a holiday by ourselves, independent of grown-up control.

It was Lindsay who originated the holiday plan. 'I wonder if you two fellows would like to come and share with me a little cottage my people have by the sea for the first three weeks in August? We should be alone, except for an old woman who would come and cook and tidy up for us. You see, Father and Mother are going over to France to spend the first three weeks of the holidays with my sisters, who are at school over there.'

Our parents consented to the arrangement gladly. The cottage was on a lonely part of the East Coast. It was a six-roomed little house, facing the sea, and the nearest village was some three miles away. Indeed, the only dwelling was a double-fronted fisherman's cottage, standing on a neck of land, which stretched some quarter of a mile into the sea, and which had a rough road leading along it.

Owing to its exposed position, it had been deserted for some years, Lindsay told us. But the evening after our arrival he was surprised to see lights burning in the cottage windows.

He called Mrs. Brown, the charwoman. 'Who is our neighbour?' he asked.

'I don't know.'

'Don't know? Well, who does? I should like to find out,' Lindsay continued.

'Well, nobody knows; all they do know is that it's three men—gentlemen, I suppose I ought to call them, seeing as they wear grand fur coats and go about in a motor-car. But not a penny of their money do we see hereabout. Everything is got from London; just as if the tradesmen who serve half the county are not good enough for them. They even brought a woman of their own down to get the place ready for them; but she was as close as they are, and when Will Smith (him who brings the papers) went up later than usual to the house one night, they were for putting a big dog on him. But the queerest thing of all about them is that they never go to bed.'

'Never go to bed!' Lindsay exclaimed.

'Leastways, not at an hour when decent folk should. Many a time the fishermen have seen smoke coming out of the chimney and a light burning in the windows of that house when they all ought to have been in bed.'

'I do wonder who and what they can be?' Lindsay mused. And we speculated far into the evening as to the characters of our nearest neighbours.

But on the next day and the next we forgot their existence in the glory of the world round us. We enjoyed our freedom to the full, and the weather, which earlier in the summer had been disappointing, suddenly became lovely. We bathed, fished, climbed; and on the third day after our arrival took a long walk inland.

It was when returning from this expedition that we were reminded of the fisherman's cottage. A powerfully-built car flashed by us, just as we were turning into our own humble gate, and we caught a glimpse of two heavily-coated, begoggled occupants.

'They must have gone a long way to need so much covering on such a grilling day,' Lindsay said.

A few days later we were to get more intimate knowledge of our neighbours; for, finding ourselves without bread one evening, we determined that, rather than walk the two miles to the village, we would go and borrow some from the cottage.

I volunteered to go. I think curiosity whetted my eagerness. I walked down to the beach and along the rough track to the cottage. When I was about a hundred yards away from it, I was greeted by violent barking, and a few minutes later a great dog bounded out at me. Had he not been chained, I believe he would have bitten me; but a stern voice bade it be quiet, and a moment later a man approached me. It was not yet quite dark, and I saw his heavy features and curiously black eyes distinctly.

'What do you want?' he said crossly.

'Bread,' I said.

'We allow no beggars here.

'But I'm not a beggar,' I protested.

'Well, then, why do you come after bread? I tell you, be off.'

'But I only wanted to borrow or buy some, for we——' I began.

But he would not listen; and, with the threat that 'If you stay a moment later, I'll let the dog loose on you,' he turned on his heel.

Reluctantly I turned my face homewards.

'The rude creature; we'll pay him out,' Lindsay exclaimed, when I repeated the incident to him; and, as you will see, Lindsay was to have his wish fulfilled.

About a week later I had a letter from my mother, telling me that she wanted me to come up to town for the day, to say 'good-bye' to my brother, who, having passed out of Sandhurst, was going to join his regiment in India. I went up, as instructed, by an early train, and got home shortly before luncheon. After luncheon my brother suggested that I should go with him to do some last shopping. I gladly consented, and we started off to M. & S. Stores, where, as every one knows, you can get everything from a cricket-bat to a pound of sugar.

Before leaving home, I got a list of things to order at the Grocery Department, and, while my brother was executing the commissions, I was startled to see in a mirror a face I knew. Where had I seen it before? Then I knew: it belonged to one of the tenants of the cottage.

I withdrew into the shadow of some packing-cases. I did not wish to be recognised; our first meeting had not been sufficiently pleasant.

But I listened while the strange man gave his orders, which consisted of a long list of eatables; and he ended by paying for them with several notes.

I said nothing of the encounter to my brother; perhaps I was afraid he would laugh at my interest in such an apparently harmless stranger.

On the way out of the Stores we remembered some further needs, and returned to the Provision Department to get them. The assistant who had served my brother recognised us, and hurried up. 'Please excuse me, sir, but did you pay for your order in notes?'

'No, I had it put down to our account, as you will see, if you will look,' my brother answered sharply. 'But why ever do you ask?'

"'If you stay a moment later, I'll let the dog loose on you.'"

'Well, as it has nothing to do with you, I may tell you. About ten minutes ago they found in the counting-house that two or three false bank-notes had been sent up from this department.'

It was on the tip of my tongue to say that the customer immediately behind my brother had paid for his order in notes, but something restrained me.

(*Concluded on page* 298.)

"He sent one of the huge boulders crashing down."

HIS FIRST CROCODILE.

HENRY FORTMAN came down to breakfast in his shorts and football boots, and stood on the verandah, surveying the landscape in front of him. He had only lately left school, and was visiting his uncle and aunt in Southern India, to see something of the world before starting a career. He was young, strong, and athletic, and had been captain of his school football team.

'I think,' he said at breakfast, 'I will do a little exploring to-day. May I take some sandwiches and seek a little adventure on my own account?'

'Very well,' said his aunt; 'but don't forget that the mid-day sun in India is too hot for human heads, and don't forget that there may be crocodiles in the river. Wouldn't you like to take your bearer with you for companionship? You know he speaks a little English.'

But Henry decided that to-day, at any rate, he would rather explore alone.

His uncle saw him off. 'I shouldn't worry about too much adventure, Henry,' was his parting injunction. 'It isn't always as welcome in fact as it is in theory.'

At mid-day, having walked several miles, Henry began to feel a little footsore and slightly overpowered by the heat of the sun. He found himself near a widish stream, and sat down in the shade of some trees on the rocky bank above it to eat his lunch. He took off his *topi*, and soon became deliciously cool and comfortable—so comfortable that, when the sandwiches had disappeared, instead of continuing his walk, he was very soon fast asleep. How long he had slept he did not know, when suddenly he was aroused by the sound of piercing screams close at hand. They seemed to come from below him.

He looked down, and there in the shallow part of the stream was a young native girl being hotly pursued by a large crocodile. In her fright she had dropped a pitcher of water, which she was evidently in the act of filling when perceived by the hungry monster. The swish of the water as she waded in, to avoid the mud nearer the edge, may have disturbed his slumbers as he lay hidden behind a rock. But, whatever the reason, Henry had no time to cogitate on the possible circumstances which had led up to her present situation. All he knew was that the poor girl was in deadly and imminent peril, and her life seemed to depend on whether she could manage to scramble up the rocky bank before the crocodile reached her.

She was at the foot of it now, and he only a few yards off, the noise of his plunging making him seem even nearer than he was, his hot breath already on her bare legs, his mouth wide open to receive her.

Then, to Henry's horror, she stumbled on the bank and slipped a step or two backwards. He fully expected to see her disappear down the monster's throat. He himself of course was quite unarmed, and his sense of impotence in her tremendous danger rendered his frenzy almost equal to hers. Her panting shrieks were dreadful to hear.

Then, quite suddenly, he realised what was his only chance of saving her. Football is a game in which victory often depends upon quick decisions, and his prowess in it stood him in good stead; so did the fact that he was wearing football boots and that his legs were unusually strong. The next moment he struck out with all his might and sent one of the huge boulders at his feet crashing down on to the crocodile's head.

There was a roar of pain, and the enormous monster rolled over on its side, with its skull crushed in—only just in time; three seconds later, and his jaws would have closed on the girl's foot.

She, hearing the roar, and not realising the cause of it, but thinking her last minute had truly come, fell back in a swoon on to the dead body of her pursuer.

Henry quickly scrambled down to her aid, almost fearing that the experience had been too much for her, and that she, too, was dead. But after he had sprinkled water on her face for a few minutes, she opened her eyes and gave a little sigh; then closed them again. Henry managed to lift her up in his arms and to half carry, half push her up the steep bank. Then he laid her gently down on the grass and waited for her to recover.

Half an hour later, in very broken and halting English, her eyes large with gratitude, she was able to explain to him where she lived—in a native village, called 'The Village of the Sacred Monkeys,' about two miles away, through which he had passed in the morning. And thither he escorted her as soon as she was able to walk.

'English sahib too good, too kind,' she kept murmuring; 'he save poor Indian girl from *burra* (big) fish; *burra* fish want to eat her. English sahib too quick, too good, too brave.'

Arrived at the village, Henry delivered her up to her own people and hurried away before being overwhelmed by too many protestations of gratitude and thanks.

It was necessary to hasten, for it was getting late, and darkness comes suddenly and early in India.

'By Jove!' he thought, as he almost ran, 'that was Adventure all right, with a capital A. What a good thing I've played so much football! But it's a pity I couldn't bring the dead crocodile back with me, as they'll never believe it *really* happened without something to show for it.'

If he had had a pocket-mirror, and could have seen his white face, he would have known that there was a little to show for it.

Next day, he and his uncle, who knew something about the value of crocodile-skin, chartered a bullock-wagon and some natives and fetched home the 'kill,' which was still lying where Henry had left it.

'I congratulate you, my boy,' said his uncle, and shook hands. It was Henry's first crocodile.

R. W.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

Illustrated by Harold Wright.

(Continued from page 267.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

IT was not for long the three were left in peace. As Louisa slipped the ring into the bag around her neck, the door was flung open. Outside, they could see their escort clustered. Behind were the people of the village, staring at the prisoners, of whom, as yet, they had scarcely had a glimpse. They did not dare come close. They kept their distance, but were immensely curious.

'See, the child is unharmed,' Louisa heard a woman say. Dukhi heard too. He strutted towards Chota with a bold and confident air, and ordered one of his attendants to lift him into the saddle.

Kadru, meanwhile, scanned the crowd closely. Louisa's commands she dared not openly disobey. But,

though she might not summon her aunt, if that aunt were present she should know of her niece's plight, and make of it what she could. So Kadru determined, and let her *sari* slip to her shoulders, and stood for a long moment with head and face exposed. Then she turned to pick up her bundle at a sharp order. With what success her effort had met she could not tell. The crowd was too distant, too dense, for the recognition of a single face. But, at least, her mind was more at ease. As she followed with Louisa behind Dukhi and Chota, she had time to wonder what her mistress meant to do with the signet-ring. Kadru had been as pleased as Louisa at its discovery. But, on further reflection, it seemed to her it was almost too late to put it to practical use as far as they themselves were concerned.

'The Miss Sahib will try and get in touch with Maru?' Kadru asked. 'It will be difficult, I think. They will surely imprison us closely; they know she is our friend. But if at last we succeed, then the ring must go to the police; that means a further delay. They may come in time to help Surabhi; but we, who need aid equally, have perchance a few hours only. If Santoo acts quickly, by to-night our doom will very possibly be sealed.'

Louisa nodded. She, too, had realised by this time that, with the finding of the ring, her difficulties were by no means at an end. On the whole, she was inclined to think she had better keep it, and produce it at a critical moment.

Santoo would summon the elders of the village, very likely, to judge herself and Kadru, so she reasoned. Louisa knew that he was cautious—he would want to share with others any blame that might accrue. And, to the elders Louisa would show the ring—accuse her accuser. He should be condemned in her place. Thus she planned, but it was not long before she began to doubt if the plan were feasible.

On the outskirts of Surabhi's village a crowd awaited them—a wrathful, sullen crowd. As up the street went the little procession, it was greeted with scowls and jeers. Neither Santoo nor Mangli was visible, but they had done their work well. Gone was the admiration that had been Louisa's so lately; in its place was hostility only. A stone came flying; it was followed by a clod of earth. It missed the two for whom it was intended, and hit Chota instead. But that was an accident only—an accident, however, that gave Dukhi his chance.

He, too, had been pondering as he jogged ahead. He had Bulbo in the basket, safe for the moment; but what of the future? Soon he would be parted from the witch, unless he were very careful. He had learnt his father was still absent, scouring the country-side. Something might be done while he was yet away. As Chota jumped and reared slightly, Dukhi, clinging to the saddle-peak, shrieked with rage, and turned indignantly on his escort.

'I shall be killed!' screamed Dukhi. 'Quick! quick!' He pointed a fat finger at Mangli's gateway, just ahead. 'Quick! take me inside!' cried Dukhi. 'And bring the witch, too. My father will be *very* angry if she is dead before he sees her. There is an empty store-room. I have heard him say the lock is very strong. Put her there; she will be safe till he comes.'

He still was shrieking, and through the deafening din, Louisa and Kadru, with the cat, were pushed across a courtyard; and then a door clanged behind them. They were in a room scarcely bigger than the shrine, with one tiny window, the merest slit. It was so dark they could scarcely see each other. But Louisa could hear Kadru panting; her own breath came hurriedly. The crowd had been horribly alarming; it had seemed so pitiless, so cruel.

'If I showed the ring to those people,' thought Louisa, 'they'd only think I'd magicked it from Santoo; that I'd charmed it off his finger, very likely. They do believe I'm a witch, and it's just what a witch would do.'

Her breath was coming more easily now; her mind was working more clearly. Dukhi had ceased to scream; the mutter of the crowd had died away. Through the slit of a window she could see that the courtyard outside was empty. Apparently no guard was to be set, since escape was impossible. That was Louisa's first thought; then, quick on the heels of it, came a second: one ally, and one only, was left, and that was Mangli's wife.

She had not considered her seriously as yet; so weak she was, so undependable. But, all and more than Maru could do, Mangli's wife might accomplish. She knew the meaning of the ring; she would need no lengthy explanation. She was probably within call; so that no time would be wasted. Louisa had not paid much attention at the moment to Kadru's arguments, but now she saw their full force, the urgent need there was to summon the police. She had begun to think of them, she found, as friends, not as enemies, to long for their arrival.

'I'd rather be imprisoned anyway than be killed by Santoo,' said Louisa to herself. 'He's sure to do it hastily. He'd make the crowd tear us in pieces.'

Involuntarily she shivered; then, again she looked through the window, and, as she did so, Dukhi appeared. His face was buried in an enormous slice of melon. He had but retired to refresh himself, and now had returned to resume his watch.

Louisa beckoned to him eagerly; he responded with an alacrity that surprised her. 'Where is your uncle's wife?' Louisa questioned urgently. 'Go and find her: bring her here.'

Dukhi stared at her stolidly, but beneath the stolidity he was seething with excitement. His moment had come, he told himself gleefully. Now the witch wanted something from him; now he could drive a bargain. He would bargain cleverly, as cleverly as did the women at the village shops. He had watched them often with admiration.

'I will fetch her—perhaps,' said Dukhi. He paused. To bargain was not as simple as he had thought. He must trust in the word of a witch, yet something told him this witch was trustworthy. 'I will fetch her,' said Dukhi, again, 'if you will give me Bulbo when my father gives orders for your killing.'

'You shall have him,' said Louisa, briefly. She was not going to be killed, she would *not* be killed; but, if killed she were, then Bulbo would be safe with Dukhi. He would not miss her, perhaps, too much. To Dukhi's surprise, suddenly the witch smiled at him. Almost, she admitted, she liked him at that moment.

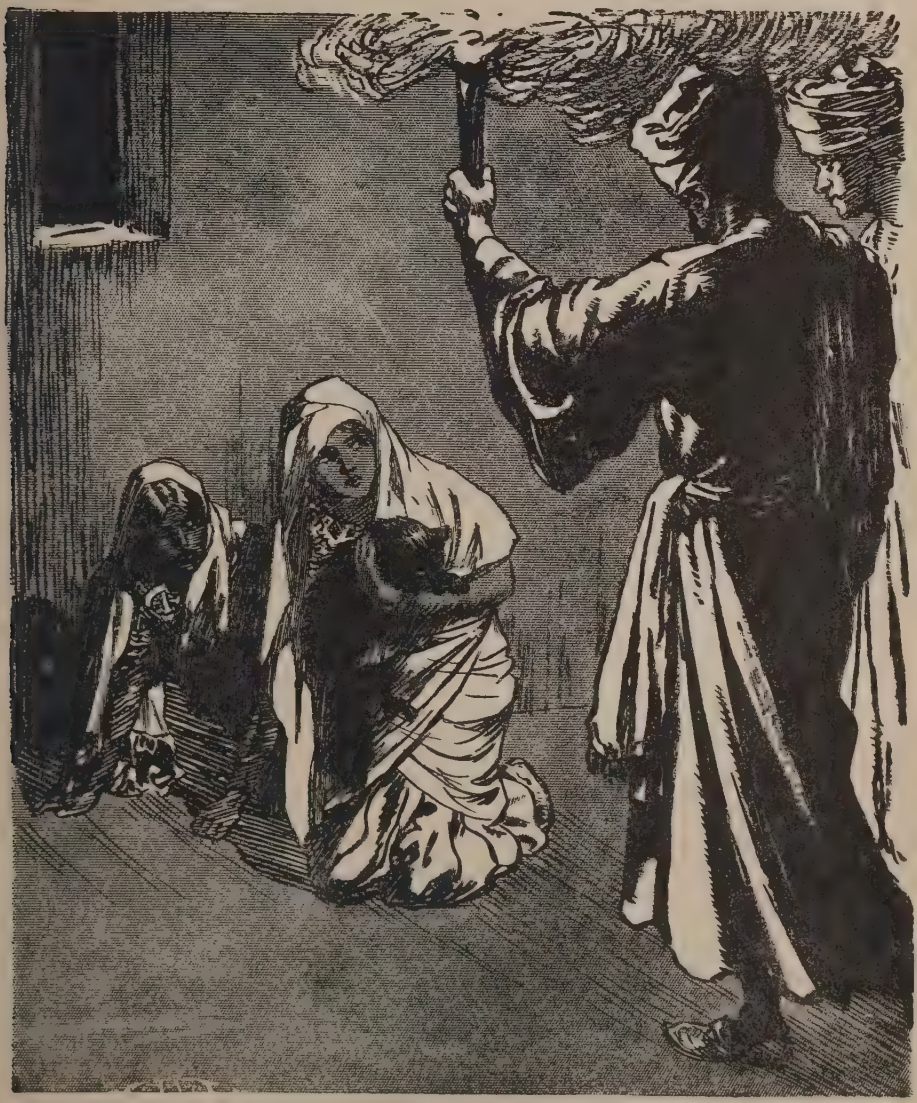
'Go and fetch your aunt. You shall have Bulbo *if* I'm killed,' Louisa promised.

'And if you vanish?' said Dukhi.

'And if I vanish,' said Louisa, slightly puzzled.

(*Continued on page* 282).

"Dukhi's face was buried in an enormous slice of melon."



"There were torch-bearers among them."

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.
Illustrated by Harold Wright.

(Continued from page 279.)

CHAPTER XXX.

MANGLI'S wife had come and Mangli's wife had gone. Trembling, she had crept to the window while Dukhi kept a wary eye on the world outside. Louisa had impressed on him that she and Kadru must be alone with his aunt. But no one had come spying. The witch was Santoo's business now, and with Santoo's property none dared to interfere.

Louisa had argued, persuaded, and implored, at first with little success. It was the ring itself that won her case for her. As she drew it from the little bag, the eyes of Mangli's wife glittered. Louisa slipped it into her hand, and closed her fingers over it as she had closed Surabhi's fingers on the bucket edge. She had noticed that brightening of the eyes. As she had succeeded with Surabhi, she would succeed now.

'Send the ring to the police headquarters,' she urged. 'Send it directly. Let your father take it before Santoo can stop him. Tell him to say that murder has been planned; that help is needed; that the police must come quickly in a motor. Do as I bid you, and all shall yet be well.'

Mangli's wife opened her hand and looked at the ring for a long moment as Louisa had looked that morning, but with a different expression. There was fear in it, and hate, not triumph only. Suddenly she pushed back her hair and showed a red scar on her forehead.

'He hit me here a month ago,' she said. 'The ring cut deep into the flesh. I was unconscious for a while; there was much blood. Often my husband beats me, and he had beaten me that day. Then Santoo said, "It is not enough. I will teach her a lesson." He had no right as had the other. Now *he* shall learn *his* lesson if I can teach it him.' She closed her hand again, and in a moment she was gone, while Kadru, who had been listening closely, turned to Louisa.

'Miss Sahib,' Kadru implored, 'what dost thou think? Can we trust to her to save us? How long will her anger last before her fear returns? They have crushed the spirit out of her, those two cruel men; 'twas but a flicker we saw just now. And, if she gives the ring to her father, and he agrees to take it, how long will it be ere help can reach us?'

Louisa had retreated from the window and had sat down on a bundle to rest, much happier already, though she had not much to build on.

'I think she'll do her best,' Louisa reckoned. 'It's lucky for us that Santoo hit her with that ring; it was just what we needed. And I think her father could get to the city by to-morrow morning, and a motor won't take longer than an hour getting here.'

'But where shall we be by then?' Kadru questioned. 'What if Santoo returns first?'

The question was unanswerable, and Kadru sighed. She had almost forgotten what she herself had done; and, so little had she probably accomplished, it did not seem worth mentioning. Besides, Louisa would at once be certain her aunt had seen her, and so, inevitably, would attract ill-luck. Moreover, in a sense, it consoled Kadru to sink deeper into gloom, to sigh gustily from time to time. Louisa, meanwhile, amused herself picturing the progress of the ring; then set herself to explore such loopholes as remained.

There was Surabhi, and there was Maru—could they help in any way? They must know of her plight, yet they made no sign. It was possible, though Louisa did not want to think it, that they, too, believed the worst of her. Her disappearance must have seemed to them mysterious. They could not know why she had taken Dukhi. 'They mayn't have guessed I took him just to protect Surabhi,' Louisa was forced to acknowledge. 'Only Santoo knows that. And they're fond of him. They've probably been fussing. It can't be helped, but I'm rather sorry.'

What else remained? Her own disguise, which she had almost forgotten. If she could remove the dye, or, at least, make herself as white as possible, would Santoo and his followers be afraid to touch her or her servant? Would they believe she was a European, and let them both go? It was worth the attempt if she could get some water wherewith to wash; she had but a little to drink in her possession at the moment. But none could be passed through the window, it was too narrow. The door-key was in the possession of Santoo's men. No, water was not obtainable in the quantity needed.

'I wish I could lick myself like Bulbo does,' thought Louisa. 'Perhaps I can.' She licked the back of her hand vigorously, but when held against the window there was no visible result. She could not lick her face in any case. Brown she was, and brown, it seemed, she must remain. At the end of her resources, she lifted Bulbo from his basket and cuddled him. He was cowed by his long captivity, and unusually meek.

'Will you mind being a village cat?' Louisa asked him. 'If you have to go to Dukhi, I think he'll be nice to you.' Almost she sighed. She would have sighed if Kadru's sighs had not been so noisy. Above them, she thought she heard a whispering; and there, beneath the window again, was Mangli's wife.

'I have sent the ring,' she murmured. 'But my father was delayed. He was at work on an order he would not leave unfinished. He too believes thou art a witch; 'twas but for my sake that he went. I showed him the scar, and I told him my tale. I had been ashamed to tell him before. And listen, wise woman, Santoo is returning, and my husband also. They have a messenger ahead to warn me of their coming. Hark! hark! What is that noise?'

She paused, and from the village street there came a swelling murmur. Men were calling to each other, a horse was neighing, there was a trampling of feet—feet that rapidly drew nearer, that turned towards Mangli's threshold.

'They have come,' breathed Mangli's wife. 'They have returned. The end is near, wise woman; the end is near. I fear me nought can save thee now.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

'Miss Sahib,' said Kadru, very softly. She had crept close to Louisa and slipped a hand into hers; a hand that trembled, but yet was determined. 'Miss Sahib,' said Kadru, 'I will say it was my fault. Let me bear the blame. I will tell Santoo I lied to you about him, that 'twas I who took Dukhi. I will make him believe.'

'Idiot,' said Louisa, impolitely, and squeezed the hand. 'You couldn't if you tried. It's *not* the end, whatever

Mangli's wife may say. Here they come; now, don't be silly.'

Santoo and Mangli and a dozen more were advancing towards the store-room. There were torch-bearers among them, and the torches flared high. As the store-room door was flung open, Louisa and Kadru blinked in the crimson, flickering light. Bulbo was still curled on Louisa's lap, and, at the sight, a shout went up.

'Bring the witch to her trial; we will deal with her.'

'Come,' Santoo ordered briefly. And across the court-yard and down the street went Louisa and Kadru, the cat with them still. Louisa dared not leave him behind, since she could not see Dukhi, who, no doubt, was awaiting his chance. By the well-curb they were halted where the broken place showed plain. Around them, everywhere, were people crowding, pressing near. The foremost ranks Santoo waved back; then he began to speak in that thick voice of his Louisa hated.

'I have brought you the witch for judgment,' said Santoo. 'What shall be done to her? She came among us and we made her welcome, not knowing what she was. She pretended to do good that she might work the more harm. Ye know that she stole my child. She did not drown before when she leapt into the well, but 'tis true there was the bucket to help her. Shall we try again without the bucket? Then we shall surely know. If she sinks she is not a witch; but if she does not sink?'

'Throw her in,' came back the growling answer. 'Throw her in, and we will see.'

(*Continued on page* 295.)

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

XI.—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

SO far, this theatre has been built and talked about, tried out, and experimented on, with never a word about the all-important subject of *Lighting;* and, although a great deal of pleasure and some wonderful effects can be obtained by means of ordinary daylight, an indoor theatre without a series of artificial lights is only half finished, and an all-round disappointing affair, because, by means of carefully arranged and regulated lights, all the proper effects of tone and fancy colouring can be obtained. For instance, an ordinary daylight scene can be slowly changed in tone from sunlight to sunset, and then to dark or moonlight night, simply by filtering the light through various tinted screens. Again, a room or courtyard scene can have most wonderful effects of strong lights and deep shadows by means of careful arrangement of the lighting scheme; and all these touches of realism and beauty are just the very things that will grip the attention of the audience and hold them spellbound—and *that* means 'success.'

With the use of artificial lighting there are also great possibilities for 'trick' or magic work, as, for example, the setting of a figure dressed entirely in brilliant red and with a red face—such as Mephistopheles—against a dead-black background. A truly wonderful picture—but when a green light is thrown on to him he *entirely disappears*—from the point of view of the audience. The reason for this lies in the fact that the combination of red and green is the same as that of red, blue, and yellow, and when these hues join the colour complement is established and the result of the mixture is *black*. The same result might possibly be obtained by casting a purple light on a yellow figure, for the very same reasons. This is but one of many other experiments that can be tried by means of coloured screens and artificial light.

Daylight lighting, however, is still an important consideration, especially in regard to the shadow show. On a bright day the show can be placed close to a window and the shadows will be nicely black and sharp, and the colour screens will give all their purest and best effects of colour—especially if some sort of a screen is placed on either side of the show to prevent the surplus light from the window filling the room and so reflecting *back* on to the front of the theatre (see fig. 1). Another method of shutting out superfluous daylight is to get a length of black cloth, or an old blind painted with flat black. See that it is the same size as the window, or a little larger if possible, and make it so that it will hang over the whole window like an ordinary blind (fig. 1). Then, exactly where the screen part of the theatre will be, cut out from this blind a circular or square hole, just large enough to let a full flood of daylight in over the show screen. It will be as well to cut the hole a bit on the small side at first, and then, after experimenting, gradually increase its size until the right amount of daylight is provided. This means that the room will be in darkness, and all the light concentrated upon the screen of the shadow show. It also means that the movements of the operator will not be so easily seen—a very important point indeed.

For night work on the shadows, of course the light should be either immediately behind, or a little way to the right of centre (fig. 2), the latter position being the better one, provided the light is not *too far* to the right, which causes the shadows to elongate, or broaden out, and so lose their true shapes. The reason for this one-sided position of the light is that it gives the operator better opportunities of working about with his hands at the back of the show without their shadows being thrown on to the screen.

This applies more particularly to occasions when movable or puppet shadows are being manipulated. While the scenery and slides of the ordinary show are in action the light can be quite central, and it should always be placed so that its rays take in the whole screen *evenly*, and *not* with a bright patch in one spot, fading off at all the corners.

The light itself must be as bright and clear and white as possible, *not yellow*. In order to avoid the yellowness, candles or paraffin lamps should, if possible, never be used, because they both give very poor quality in lights, and, more important still, they are both sources of *danger by fire*, and every risk of accident should be kept well away from. Electric light is by far the best and certainly the safest. For short-time performances an ordinary pocket-lamp or torch will give sufficient light, especially if it has a good reflector. For more important productions, a small accumulator should be used in connection with the lamp, or a dry battery, and both of these will give a much longer period of light. If either of these methods fail, and one *has* to fall back on flame-light, such as candles or lamps, *be most careful* to see that all risk of knocking over or exposure of the flame is well avoided; and, as far as the lamp goes, it is well to filter the light through a sheet of very pale violet-blue glass (fig. 2), as this makes the light almost white before it reaches the shadow screen. This method

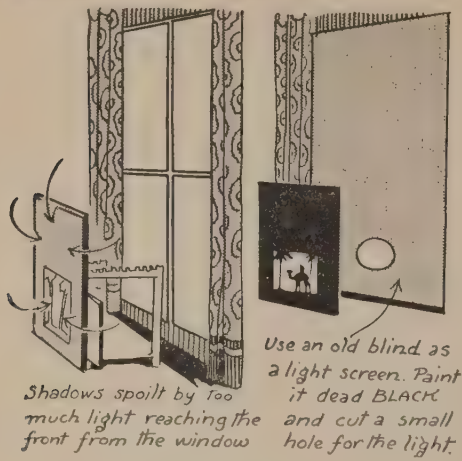

Shadows spoilt by too much light reaching the front from the window
Use an old blind as a light screen. Paint it dead BLACK and cut a small hole for the light.

Fig. 1.—How to use Daylight for Shadow Show.

of filtering the light through a pale-blue screen is used largely by scientists when working with a microscope, and they purchase a small strip of glass, at a scientific instrument dealer's, which is three inches long and one inch wide. This they slip into grooves in the front of their lamp-shade, and so all the yellowish light has to

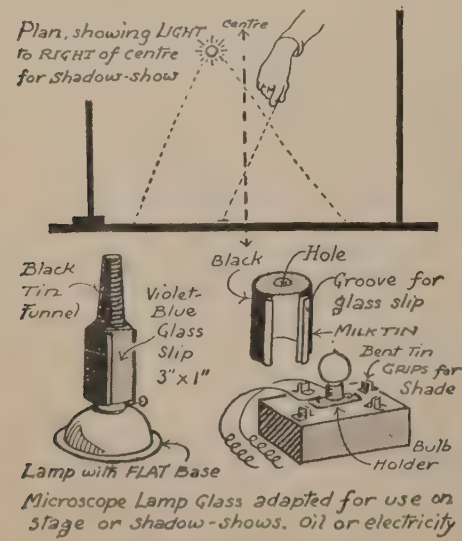

Plan, showing LIGHT to RIGHT of centre for Shadow-show
Centre
Black Tin Funnel
Violet-Blue Glass Slip 3"x1"
Black
Hole
Groove for glass slip
MILK TIN
Bent Tin GRIPS for Shade
Bulb Holder
Lamp with FLAT Base
Microscope Lamp Glass adapted for use on Stage or Shadow-shows. Oil or electricity

Fig. 2.—Lamps and how to use them.

pass through the pale purple glass before it reaches the microscope, and is thus transformed into a very near approach to a pure white light. The lamp-shade in this case, however, is a *tin* one blackened on the outside, and with the grooves for the glass slip made into the opening for the light. With a little ingenuity this tin shade and glass slip idea can easily be adapted to an electric-light bulb (fig. 2).

Now let us consider in detail this all-important subject of electrical lighting, and find the simplest method by which we can fit up a system of lights, that, in a small way, will serve for almost every purpose we shall need.

It is not our purpose now to give any sort of introductory treatise on electricity. Quite a large number of people have a fair working knowledge of this fascinating science, but to very many more the word 'elec-

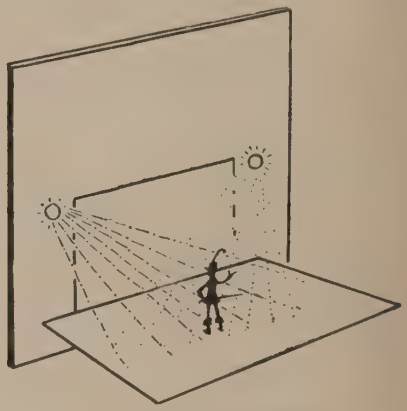


Fig. 3.—Shadowless Lighting.

tricity' simply conjures up visions of 'shocks' and 'switches,' and the very best piece of information that can be presented to all theatre-builders who are in this latter class is that they obtain a copy of one of the many introductory guide-books that are published on the

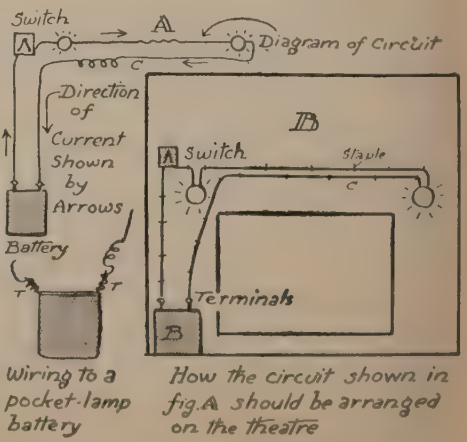


Fig. 4.—A Simple Electric Lighting Installation.

STUCK IN THE MUD AND NOTHING TO EAT

subject of simple electric installation, and read up for themselves the valuable information on the matter of batteries, bulbs, volts, and ampères. (There is a very good book in Messrs. Cassell's series of *Work* handbooks, entitled *Miniature Electric Light*, which contains practically the whole of the technical matter in a nutshell.) But for the purposes of this theatre the thing can still be done in a very simple way by any one who has but a slight knowledge of electricity; and the first thing to do is to fix on the points from which the lights are to act. As the theatre is only a small one, the lighting can be limited to three or four bulbs. Two must be fixtures,

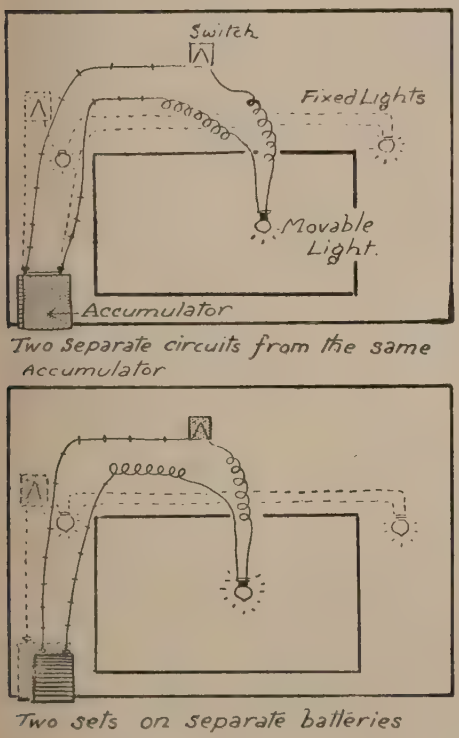


Fig. 5.—Double Lighting Apparatus.

one on either side of the proscenium opening, and just about level with the top of the opening (see fig. 4, B). It will be readily seen that these lights being almost level with the actors will each cut off the other's shadows because of the cross-lighting and intermingling of their rays (fig. 3). But, to make doubly sure of no unnecessary shadows reaching the scenery or fittings, a third light can be arranged upon a loose or movable wire that can be placed at will where required, to complete the blaze of light (fig. 5). Then, again, this movable light can be used separately to give deliberate cast shadow effect where needed.

Now, as regards the batteries and lamps there is on the market an enormous variety from which to pick out

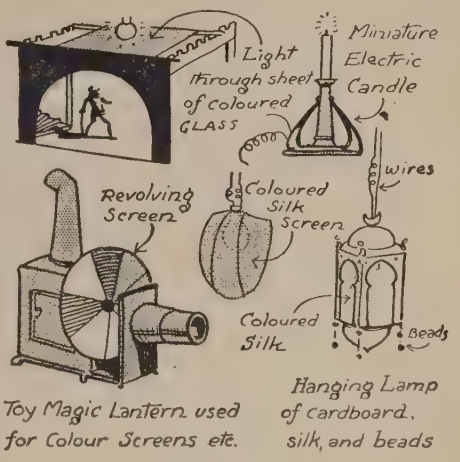


Fig. 6.—Colour Lighting Devices.

suitable fittings. If an ordinary pocket-lamp or torch is to be used it will, of course, contain its own dry battery, which can be renewed from time to time as required. But one of these small lamp batteries can also be used for a short period to light up *two* small lamps. In this case, however, the battery must be at least a four-volt one, so that the two lamps are *each* to be a two-volt bulb. To effect a lighting installation with these bulbs they must be fixed or wired into their position on the theatre by means of electric *bell-wire*—usually covered with green or coloured insulating binding. In fig. 4 is shown what to do when connecting up the system of wires, always bearing in mind that unless there is a complete circuit from battery to switch, switch to bulbs, and from bulbs back again to the battery, there will be no electric light. Fig. 4 (A) shows this connection in the form of a simple diagram, and in (B) it is shown as 'wired' to the theatre.

The *ends* of the wire that are to join on to the two terminals (T) of the battery must be 'stripped'—that is, have the insulating covering removed; and then they must be either soldered to the terminals or bound very closely and tightly to them. The wires can be then carried up through the various points, and should be carefully fixed to the woodwork of the theatre by means of small staples. Switches quite small enough for use can be purchased for a few pence, and at the same time it will be necessary to purchase at least three, if not four, lamp-holders, each of which has two small terminals to take the ends of the wire, and when the lamp is screwed into the top of the holder it completes the circuit immediately it touches the wires. These lamp-holders are absolutely necessary, for without them it will be impossible to fix the lamps properly.

Screw the holders into their positions—where you decide on fixing the lights—connect up the wire and

bring the last end of wire (c) from the last lamp back to the terminal of the battery (T). A better type of battery to use is a small 'dry' battery which is provided with two proper terminals with screw-milled heads. This is much the easier method, as well as being the regulation way of connecting the wire, as it is simply the work of a moment to fit the wire into the terminal and tighten on the head with the screw-top. A further source of power is found in the accumulator, or secondary battery, which will give quite a long period of light without requiring re-charging. In each case, however, the connections are made in exactly the same manner as described just above.

If more powerful lights are needed—for example, on a stage twice the size of the standard dimensions given in this book—four-volt lamps can be used instead of two-volt ones; and it is important to remember that the total voltages of the lamps must *equal* the voltage of the accumulator or battery, so that if the battery is four volts, either a four-volt lamp must be used, or two two-volts, or, with an eight-volt accumulator, two four-volt lamps, and so on. If the lights are intended to be worked separately, a separate connection, including switch, will be necessary, though the same source of power can be used (fig. 5).

We spoke of a three-lamp system of lighting as being the best method to adopt for the small theatre; and this can be set up in two ways—either by the two-lamp circuit just detailed (fig. 4), and with a pocket-torch, or lamp, fitted into some sort of holder above the centre of the stage, or by a three-lamp connection as shown in fig. 5, in which the third lamp instead of being a fixture hangs on loose wires, and can be made to hang just where it is required; but it receives its supply from the main accumulator, and should have a complete circuit with switch entirely to itself, otherwise it will not light up alone when needed.

This matter of electrical installation is a somewhat complicated affair at first sight, and probably to amateurs, or persons entirely without knowledge of the subject, will seem an appalling task to undertake. So, as it is a very necessary detail of the theatre to be considered, and practically one of the most important parts of the whole show, it will be by far the best thing for those amateurs to enlist the aid of some friend who is possessed of a sound knowledge of these things, and with *his* help and advice tackle the job. The whole thing is perfectly simple, but of that kind of simplicity that a specialist in the subject knows best how to use; and, as has been said, it will help the theatre-builder considerably if he or she 'reads up' the subject of lighting just a little bit, especially in books dealing with the microscope, the magic lantern, and electricity, most of which can be obtained from any public lending library. The whole subject is far too vast to be boiled down into a single short chapter, and besides the men who write those scientific books have every detail of this subject at their fingers' ends.

For coloured lights—blue, red, or green—bulbs of coloured glass can be obtained, or, failing this, the light can be filtered through some transparent silk, gelatine, or a sheet of coloured glass (fig. 6). Blue-green for moonlight, purple-blue for early morn or twilight, orange for sunset, yellow for full sunlight, and plain lights for daylight are the most useful colours.

Circular discs of light are made by passing the light through a hole in a screen, or through a tube; and never forget the wonderful effects that can be obtained by the use of shadows cast from screens and blocks. Miniature fancy lamps (fig. 6) for rooms can be purchased at most electrical shops, and a good many other additional features obtained by keeping one's idea and originality department always ready to go into action.

H. W. WHANSLAW.

HARRY GIBSON'S CHOICE.

MY story opens in the early months of 1858, some two or rather three years before the actual outbreak of the American Civil War, which was to bring four years of terror and misery to the New World, but out of which chaos of bloodshed and horror an America—united and strengthened as never before—was to rise.

It is not my intention here to give the details of the conflict. The story of the war of the North and South can be found in any history book of the United States. It is merely my wish to relate some of the adventures and trials experienced by a young soldier of the North.

As every one knows, the primary cause of the war was that of slavery. The slave-owners of the South not alone wished to retain their slaves, but desired that the North should agree with them. This the North refused to do.

Our hero Harry Gibson's father belonged to New York, a State which had abolished slavery some twenty years earlier, but like many another Republican he would say with a shrug that it was better to let the South look after its own affairs. Harry's aunt, however, was an ardent abolitionist—it was terrible to her to think that within her own country men and women were being bought and sold, and belonged like any cattle to their masters. She attended and spoke at meetings, urging the abolition of all slavery, and at home could talk of little else.

When Harry returned in the evening from school he would see her set out in her crinoline and large bonnet—the fashion of the day—to attend these gatherings of her fellow-sympathisers. When he was strong and well her enthusiasm used to amuse him, and while he was busy at school her long absence did not affect him. But when he grew weak and ill, as he did in the months when my story opens, he wished that she could be induced to think more of him and devote fewer hours to the emancipation of the negroes, in order to spend them on him. For during his convalescence, which followed a sharp attack of pneumonia he had about the New Year, he was often lonely and miserable. Nevertheless, it was as a result of this wearisome illness that the events related in my story occurred.

One day, when in New York the air felt as if it still was blowing straight off the North Pole, and snow was piled high in the streets, a letter came for Mr. Gibson from a school friend of his dead wife's (Harry's mother), asking the boy, who she had chanced to hear was ill, to come and stay with her and her family in Virginia, where the climate was mild and health-giving.

Harry's aunt begged his father to refuse the invitation at once. 'We cannot let the boy go to a slave-driven state and associate with slave-owners,' she protested; but Mr. Gibson laughed.

'The boy's health is more important to me than

whether Mr. Lindsay owns slaves or not. Besides, you know, all slave-owners are not the fiends that you would make them out, Mary,' he added, laughing.

And so it was decided that Harry should go to Virginia, and within a fortnight he was on his way south, where he was destined to spend some of the happiest weeks that he had ever known.

It was not alone the geniality of the climate and the novelty of his surroundings that was to make Harry so happy in his temporary home; it was the happy, affectionate life of the Lindsay family that was to come as a revelation to the lonely motherless boy.

Mrs. Lindsay, in spite of her own large family, found room in her heart for her dead friend's child, while Ned and Philip, one two years Harry's senior and the other one year his junior, proved such friends as Harry had never known before.

They showed him their home with its wonderful orchards and gardens, and took him out into the tabacco plantation, and let him see the tall stately plants with their long green leaves.

Even the negroes, who worked on the plantation and served in the house, were altogether surprising to Harry. Instead of being cowed and miserable, they seemed happy, cheerful souls, looking up to their master almost as to a father. For, as Mr. Gibson had said, there are exceptions in everything—even in slave-owners.

One day the boys were engaged on an exciting game of 'scouts.' Harry was to try and find his two friends, who had declared they would conceal themselves in such a way as to be undiscoverable, while Harry maintained he would have them both prisoners within half an hour.

In Ned's case he was right. After some two minutes' search he found his friend cleverly concealed among the branches of a thick apple-tree. But Philip was nowhere to the found, though Ned after the alloted half-hour aided Harry in the search. This way and that they looked, examining quite impossible hiding-places, but there was no trace of him.

'I believe he's got right back to the house by the secret passage,' Ned said suddenly.

'The secret passage,' Harry gasped.

'Yes; haven't we showed it to you? It's about fifty years old or more. Grandfather had it made so that he might reach the fields without the negroes seeing him, and if they weren't working hard enough, there was a row. He was a rare old tyrant.'

So saying Ned led Harry among some boulders by the side of a stream, till behind a stone, larger than the rest, they found what at first sight looked like a shallow natural cave, but on being explored proved to be a passage coming straight out of the earth. Ned had a tinder-box with him, and by its aid they lit a faggot which, held in front of them, gave them enough light to get along. 'I would rather let my negroes slack than come along this often,' Philip declared.

At last they saw a glimmering light in front of them, and a moment later, with a cry of triumph, Harry had laid hold of Philip, who was just in the act of pushing open the trap-door that linked the passage with the outer world—a cellar in an outhouse.

As the boys came out into the courtyard behind the house, Mr. Lindsay, coming in from a walk, met them. Perceiving the direction from which they had come, he laughed.

'Ah, well, I don't mind you giving away our secrets to a fellow-countryman; it would be different if you told them to a foreigner, who might possibly fight or betray us.' He laughed.

How little the easygoing Southerner guessed what lay before him and his country within a few short years. Yet other and acuter people were conscious how affairs were drifting. Away in the North, Seward, the future Secretary of State, was telling his fellow-countrymen that 'between slavery and freedom there was an irrepressible conflict; the United States must, or will sooner or later, become entirely a slave-holding nation or entirely a free-labour nation,' and within a few months John Brown was to die on the scaffold at Charlestown, as a result of his premature and ill-planned attempt to emancipate the slaves of the South, and by his death lighting the fire of strife that was to last for months—nay, years.

Our hero and his friend, like the latter's father, could not look into the future, and Harry returned to New York at midsummer vowing eternal friendship with the Lindsay boys.

Two years, three years went by; then came the year 1860, which before its close was to be marked by two such momentous events: the election of the great Northerner, Abraham Lincoln, as President, and as a consequence the secession of South Carolina from the Union—an example that was to be followed within a few months by six other Southern States. Indeed, before the year 1861 was three months old the first conflict of the Civil War had taken place, and the first blood shed by Americans one against the other had been shed.

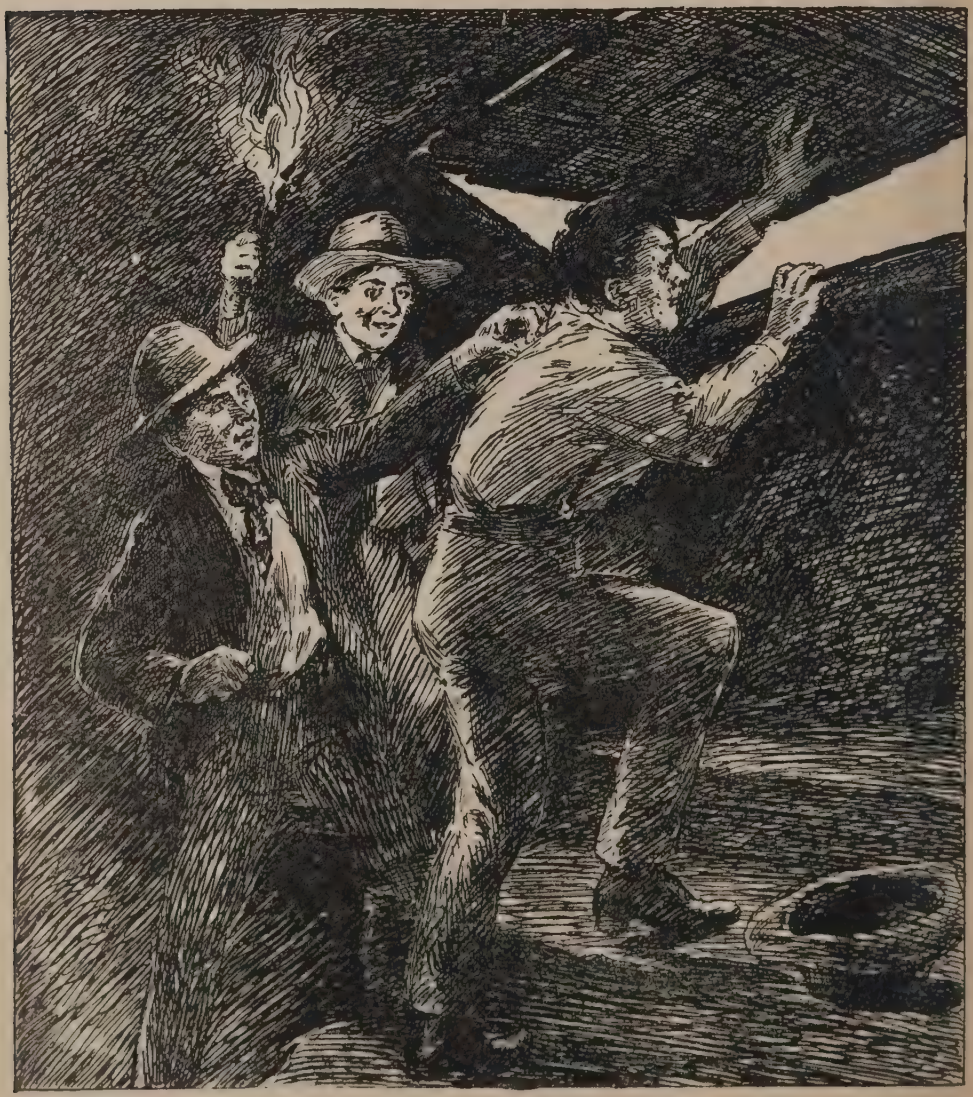
Harry Gibson was too young to fight; but, like the rest of the youths of New York, he threw himself enthusiastically into the war preparations that were going ahead. He marched beside the soldiers down the streets, and counted the months till he would be old enough to be a real soldier. His aunt's enthusiasm ran as high as did his. It seemed to her as if her dreams were to be fulfilled. 'Soon we shall have a free America,' she cried.

Mr. Gibson shook his head. 'The President is right. We had no choice but to defend the Union; but God knows we shall suffer: men will kill their own friends and ruin their blood relations before it is over.'

Doubtless many miles further south Harry's erstwhile friends were greeting their defenders as enthusiastically as he did his; Ned, perhaps, was already carrying a musket, or, through his father's influence, had got a commission. But Harry was too excited and too busy to let his thoughts dwell on them.

The war was a much longer business than any one expected, as, alas! most wars are. For the North, in spite of the fact that it could put in the field two or three men to every Southerner, yet lacked the discipline and capacity for handling men possessed by their brethren further south. Indeed, at first it seemed as if the South must win; then the tide began to turn slowly and surely in favour of the North, with its overpowering numbers. In 1862 Admiral Farragut captured New Orleans, and a year later General Grant took Vicksburg, and by so doing cut the South, or Confederate, army in two.

(*Concluded on page* 290.)



"Philip was just in the act of pulling open the trap-door."

"Suddenly he felt his hands loosened from behind."

HARRY GIBSON'S CHOICE.

(*Concluded from page* 287.)

THE next year—the year of Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor—Harry's desire was fulfilled: he had grown to an age to join the army. And in the following spring he was sent southward with a batch of recruits under a captain and lieutenant to help to swell Grant's rapidly increasing army, which was surrounding that of the Confederates at Petersburg.

As Harry and his companions neared the headquarters of the army, they passed through ground familiar to our hero. He saw the Lindsays' house, Mountview, standing amid its now bare and deserted orchards—for some of the land round it was still in the hands of the Confederates, but so insufficiently guarded as to make it open to easy capture.

The Lindsays' home must also have been known to Harry's captain, for when after a long march the men under him were about to rest, he pointed it out to his lieutenant. 'I have a notion to capture that house after we've had an hour or so's sleep. It will make only an hour or two's delay in our arrival at headquarters, and if we succeed, well, nobody will mind. If we don't, the delay will be too trifling to interfere with anybody.' Harry overheard him say then: 'You see, I have a grudge to pay off the family there.'

'A grudge to pay off?'

'Yes, I have certain knowledge that Ned Lindsay killed my brother during Jubal Early's mad raid on Washington last summer.'

The lieutenant laughed. 'But that is just war—you have killed many a man.'

'Yes, but still I want to avenge my brother, and I know Ned will be easily caught. He was badly wounded in the legs and went straight home. If I don't do for him myself, I can get up enough proof to have him hung as a guerilla.'

Ned Lindsay shot when he was, worse still, a cripple, or hung like a common criminal—the boy who had once been his bosom friend! The idea was terrible to Harry. Yet how could he prevent his captain carrying out his plan? How could a raw recruit dictate to an officer?

He lay down with the other men on the rough ground, and, worn out, was soon asleep. But his dreams disturbed him; for he dreamt that Mrs. Lindsay was standing in front of him, begging him to save her son. 'After all we did for you, you can't let him be caught like a rat in a trap,' she seemed to plead.

Harry awoke shaking, yet determined that he must do something—warn Ned somehow. But how? Then he remembered the secret tunnel. By it he could reach the house unobserved.

Yet if he was caught, how could he explain his conduct? But he must not think of himself. He crept along the ground. The sentries, like the rest of the company, must have been heavy-eyed, for they failed to see him.

Forward, inch by inch, he went. Would he find the boulder? He raised himself for an instant, his blue uniform mercifully hidden by a dark tree. Then he felt the opening: down on hands and knees he went to it—down, down. But oh, how weary was the long, dark passage! Three years ago, when he first traversed it, he had been fresh and light-hearted; now he was exhausted, his limbs heavy with want of sleep, and his heart like lead.

At last he reached the end—the trap-door. He had expected difficulty here, but to his surprise it was unguarded, and he was soon creeping across the court-yard and hall towards the drawing-room. He raised himself to look through the half-open door into the once familiar room, but alas! it was familiar no longer. For, once luxuriously furnished, it was now bare of pictures, hangings, and all but the barest necessities—the people of the South had had to sacrifice everything to sustain their costly struggle. In the middle of the room was Mrs. Lindsay—an old shrunken Mrs. Lindsay, bending over somebody on a couch.

In his absorption, Harry never realised that exactly opposite him was a mirror, a cracked old mirror, yet capable of reflecting his person. And his thoughts were brought to a sudden termination by the sharp report of a pistol and the whirr of a bullet the fraction of an inch from his ear.

'Tom—Sam—quick, an enemy, seize him!' a voice that was an echo of Ned's once strong and lusty organ rang out. And Harry felt his hands pinioned to his side and his mouth and eyes covered almost to suffocation.

But if the mirror had originally betrayed his presence, it now revealed his identity to Mrs. Lindsay, standing with her back turned in order to avoid any sight of bloodshed.

'Take care,' she called. 'It's our friend, Harry Gibson.'

'Friend once, enemy now,' Ned thundered. 'Hold his hands tight, Sam.'

But Tom's grasp on the prisoner's mouth had loosened at his mistress's words, and Harry was able to speak—to tell them he had come as an old friend to warn Ned to fly, or, seeing his helpless condition, to hide. 'They're coming to take you, and you're certain to be killed.'

Killed—Ned killed—her boy! Harry's words revived Mrs. Lindsay's composure and courage as if by magic.

'We must hide him—quick—they'll never think of the hidden passage, Sam can roll some empty barrels over the trap-door.' And before many minutes the invalid was being supported by tender hands towards his temporary shelter, and leaning the weight of his body against the man who a few moments ago he had declared was his enemy.

Ned was soon tucked away in a dark but secure hiding-place.

'You'll hide too, Mrs. Lindsay,' Harry said, but Ned's mother shook her head.

'No; if I left them, the negroes, devoted as they are, would somehow or other give the secret away. I'll mislead the pursuers all right.' And seeing her son's disturbed face she added, 'There's no danger for me, even Harry's captain would not hurt a woman, and now, Harry, you must think of yourself, get back quick the way you came, and God bless you, and grant that they have not discovered your absence.'

'No, I don't want to be put down as a deserter or a coward,' Harry answered, as he turned to retrace his way down the long black tunnel.

Yet that was very nearly what did happen to him. As he scrambled out from the boulder that had [illegible] of the passage, he nearly ran [illegible] the

temporary camp saw him and gave the alarm, and almost instantly Harry found himself being marched between two of his fellow-soldiers, towards the captain's resting-place.

'So you have brought the deserter back again,' Captain Black growled. 'Well, I'm glad to have him safe before we go in search of our other prey.'

Harry's brain was working quickly. He knew that the captain had only a limited time to give to the capture of Mountview and its young master, for early the next morning he must be on his way to headquarters. If he (Harry) told him that Ned had fled, perhaps he would not think it worth while undertaking the expedition.

'You won't get him—Ned Lindsay is safe. I went to warn him.'

'Warn him—then you're not only a deserter but a traitor. You know the penalty, Sergeant,' he added, turning to the non-commissioned officer beside him. 'Take the prisoner and tie him to a tree—it will save sentries, and we shall shoot him at dawn before we start for headquarters.

Shot as a traitor! He saw his father's face when he was told that his son, who had pretended such courage, such eagerness to fight for his country, had met with such an end—and he would never know the truth!

But he would not show his dismay. He walked out of the hut, head erect, and suffered the indignity of being bound to a tree without complaint. But oh! how the rope hurt and cut. The sergeant had done his work thoroughly, and yet the pain was as nothing to the wound to his pride — a traitor's death!

The dark night went by on leaden feet. Away in the distance he could hear the guns booming. Slowly the sky paled to dawn, then slowly from red to blue, everything was distinctly visible, for day had come! Yet the men who were to shoot him still tarried. What could have happened?

Suddenly he felt his hands loosened from behind, and he was conscious that some one was speaking to him, telling him almost unbelievable things.

'The captain and all of them have forgotten about you in their excitement, so you may as well be free to enjoy yourself like the rest—the War's over! Lee surrendered to Grant this very morning at the Appomattox House, not ten miles away—a rider came over to tell the captain.'

And then Harry realised that the guns had also stopped—had stopped for ever—brother had ceased to kill brother, his country was at peace again!

Just one more fact. That evening Harry sat at the Lindsays' hospitable board again after six years, and ate supper with Mrs. Lindsay and Ned.

'If it hadn't been for you, Ned would have been caught and killed before the killing was stopped,' Mrs. Lindsay said.

'And if it hadn't been for his fellow-Unionists' generosity, I should be suffering the indignity of being a prisoner without sword or home. Your fellows know how to win gallantly,' he added, 'which perhaps is the greatest test of soldiers.'

And Ned Lindsay spoke truthfully, for never before in the history of wars had such terms been granted to a vanquished army as were granted to the Confederates by their brethren from the North. Their soldiers were simply required to lay down their arms and cease hostilities—that was all. From General Lee downwards the officers were allowed to keep their swords—the cavalrymen their horses.

A COOKERY CLASS IN FAIRYLAND.

PROCURE a nice preserving-pan—
Sheath of a chestnut if you can,
If not, a thing that does as well
Is half a crinkled walnut-shell;
See that it's clean, be most precise,
Well wash it once, then rinse it twice
And place where sunbeams, warm and strong,
Will slant across it all day long.
Pinches of petals take—a few—
An acorn cup of honey-dew;
When bubbles boiling-point disclose,
Add pollen from a half-blown rose;
A bramble's glossy pyramid
Rob of one pip, then close the lid
And set aside that all may steep
For half a fairy's noon-day sleep.
Next simmer slowly, seven hours;
Flavour with scent of mingled flowers,
Fill carefully each acorn cup
And label it and seal it up.
(Wax for this purpose you'll contrive
To borrow from a friendly hive.)
When, with a dandelion mop,
You've swept up spillings—every drop—
In airy cupboard place your store,
And leave it there and lock the door!

LILIAN HOLMES.

A FIGHT WITH A LEOPARD.

FOR many weeks a leopard had terrorised a native village in the Killossa district in Central Africa, stealing the cattle even in daylight, and keeping the natives in a state of terror, so that they were afraid to stir from their huts after dark.

At last the head man of the village ask the help of two Englishmen who were in the neighbourhood, and a gun-trap was laid.

After waiting for some time a native who was on the lookout brought news that the leopard had been killed. The Englishmen went to investigate, being compelled to go in single file owing to the narrowness of the path. As they neared the trap, Major B——, who was in the rear, was horrified to see an enormous leopard spring out on his companion, and next moment both man and beast disappeared together into a pit some six feet deep.

Major B—— hurried to the edge, to find his friend struggling for his life with the leopard. Owing to the confusion it was impossible at first for him to give any assistance, until, in answer to shouted instructions, the victim of the attack with a great effort forced the animal to arm's length away from him, so that Major B—— could get a shot, which fortunately reached a vital spot.

Fearfully mauled the unfortunate man was helped out, but it was only after a terrible journey and many months of careful nursing that he at last recovered.

"Struggling for his life with the leopard."

Assyrian swimming on an inflated skin
The Side-stroke nearly three thousand years ago
Primitive Swimming
A position for floating (From a XVI Century Print)
Taking a running Header. (From a XVI Century Print)
'Burst Ball!' — When Water-Polo first started it was very much of a scramble

SWIMMING IN ALL AGES.

THE HISTORY OF OUR SPORTS.

XII.—SWIMMING.

MANY present-day swimmers are inclined to think that swimming is purely a modern sport, but there is ample proof that the art of swimming was appreciated several thousand years ago. Very likely the first man to discover that he could swim, after a fashion, was the man who was upset in his little dug-out canoe, and managed, somehow, to splash his way back to land, or one, fleeing from enemies, taking to the water in order to save himself. Old sculptures that have been discovered show men in the act of swimming, in some cases crouching on inflated skins, which is a method used to this day in some parts of the East, where a man will ferry himself across a river by lying on an inflated goat or bullock skin and propel himself along with his arms or legs. One of these bas-relief sculptures very clearly shows this, the swimmers lying on the skins, and instead of having the aperture through which the air is forced tied, they are holding it in their mouths in order to prevent the air escaping.

Another interesting point is that these sculptures of long ago show that the side stroke, which became popular in England during the last century, was already known and practised in those far-off days.

In Egypt, the people made use of their broad and beautiful river, the Nile, and were in the habit of bathing frequently, whilst the priests purified themselves by bathing daily in the waters of the sacred river.

A swim that became famous in modern times was that of Lord Byron across the Hellespont, and it was considered to be a fine achievement; yet, many, many years before, a poem tells of a young lover, Leander, who every night swam across the Hellespont in order to visit his lady-love on the opposite shore. Unfortunately he did it once too often, for one night he failed to get across, and was drowned.

In all history, whether of sports or anything else, it is almost impossible to get away from the subject of fighting, and we find that amongst the ancients the importance of swimming, from a military point of view, was fully recognised. As an example of the use of swimmers in war we may recall the Byzantines, who were besieged by the Greeks for three long years. Short of food, and at the end of their resources, they at last sent out their best swimmers, who successfully cut the cables of the enemy's ships, and, when their own vessels came out, made fast fresh cables and towed the empty vessels away, leaving the enemy ashore.

The Spartan law-giver, Lycurgus, took care not to omit swimming from the list of important and necessary accomplishments, and it is easy to understand that a nation of warriors such as the Spartans would appreciate the importance of a knowledge of swimming to a soldier, as troops trained in the art could thus effect their escape when pursued by a larger enemy force, or continue the pursuit of a beaten foe.

The Romans, who adopted many ideas from the Greeks, probably also owe their bathing and swimming to them, and made full use of the Tiber, which flowed by the Campus Martius, where the youth of the city were trained in martial exercises, and they were probably good swimmers, for the famous river is not broad and easy-flowing as the Nile, but often swift-flowing, with many currents, for the hills are not far away, and, swollen by rains, the river would swirl by with eddies and treacherous currents, and a swimmer who could successfully tackle the Tiber in flood was likely to be a good man.

Julius Cæsar himself was a great swimmer, and when in the field was never stopped by a river, and during his many campaigns made full use of his accomplishment.

Whilst at first the Romans were satisfied to bathe in the open river, they gradually accustomed themselves to the luxury and comfort of the closed-in bath, and hundreds of these, some of them of immense size, were at one time in existence in Rome. These baths were open to the people, for a very small fee, and bathing came to be looked upon as a daily duty for all, from the highest to the lowest.

The baths eventually came to be looked upon more as meeting-places than for serious swimming efforts, having large halls attached, for lectures and meetings, others for gymnastic exercises or ball games, or for training athletes. Grounds were laid out with trees and seats, dozens of slaves were on hand to attend to the bathers, but the swimming-bath itself became of less and less importance, the swimming-tank being often quite small.

The love of luxury, that later undermined the great Roman Empire, continued, and many of the baths were built of marble, surrounded by statues, complete with every luxury and comfort, where the wealthy bather was anointed with sweet oils and scents.

In our own country the importance of swimming, from a military point of view has long been recognised, and many references are made to the art in old manuscripts and books. In a book published during the sixteenth century, Sir Thomas Elyot writes: 'There is an exercise which is right profitable in extreme danger of wars, but because there seemeth to be some peril in the learning thereof, and also it hath not been of long time much used, perchance some readers will very little esteem it, I mean swimming. It is extremely necessary to a captain or man of arms.'

Swimming-races became fashionable in England just about the time that foot-racing obtained such a hold on the public fancy, but never attained the same popularity. In 1587 a very quaint book was published in Latin by Sir Everard Digby, and seventy years later another author, William Percy, gives much quaint advice, amongst other things a warning not to bathe at night, for 'toades, snakes, and other hurtful poisonous things' might be about, and he also, for some unexplained reason, considered it to be dangerous to take to the water 'at the changes of the moon.' It was a superstitious age, and possibly goblins and evil spirits were supposed to be abroad at such times.

'To excite you to this noble and self-saving exercise, modern examples I could give you a many, as not long since a gentleman in danger of drowning in the Thames did cry out, "A thousand pounds for him that could help him!" Had he spent but the tythe of that time he had employed in more vain recreations in learning this art, he might have saved himself and his money too,' says this writer; also, 'A man may swim with his face upwards, downwards, on his right side, on his left side; stand, sit, i.e. carry his clothes and other things safely, walk in the bottom of the waters, which no fishes nor other creatures can do.'

He also advised that should the swimmer be in danger of ships under sail, bears, lions, or fierce dogs lurking in

the river, he should turn over with both legs and arms upwards. In what way this is to be accounted a protection he unfortunately omits to state.

As a sport, swimming was not seriously taken up until well on in the last century. Facilities were few, and such baths as existed were not over-cleanly or comfortable. At last, in 1869, a meeting of swimmers was held, when it was decided that the various London Clubs should form an association to promote and encourage swimming, under the title of the Associated Metropolitan Swimming Clubs. The mile amateur swimming championship was instituted, and was swum in the Thames, until 1873, when it was transferred to still water. The Swimming Association of Great Britain was formed the following year, and included clubs all over the country, but owing to long and bitter quarrels on the old, old subject, amateurs and professionals, the Association was soon in a bad way, and it was not until 1881 that, supported almost entirely by London clubs, the Association seemed to be firmly established.

Unfortunately, in 1884 many clubs seceded, and it was not until two years later that all amateur swimmers joined forces and formed the Amateur Swimming Association, which has grown into a powerful body, framing the rules under which race meetings are held.

'Football in the water,' as water-polo was originally called, is quite a modern sport, and in the beginning was a modest affair, with some three players a-side, and was really instituted more than anything to amuse the spectators at swimming meetings.

From being a merry rough-and-tumble, during which the ball, usually the inside of a football, very often burst, the game gradually improved. The number of players has varied greatly, at one time being nine a-side. In 1885 the rules said 'not less than six players,' whilst the same year the Midland Association rules said 'each side shall be represented by eight players,' and later the number was fixed at seven.

A stroke found to be very useful in water-polo was the 'Trudgeon' stroke, which was popularised in England in 1873, and which has long been in use amongst the hardy islanders of far-away lands, who are used to swimming in a heavy surf, and by 1888, when the English Championship was instituted, most players were making use of it. The following year a big London League was formed, and in 1890 the first county match was played, England and Scotland meeting a few days later. Since then County Championship and International matches have taken place regularly.

W. Herbert Holloway.

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.
Illustrated by Frank Wright.

(Continued from page 283.)

AGAIN the crowd surged nearer. Again Santoo waved them back. He was shitting his responsibility as Louisa had guessed; but also she suspected he was enjoying her suspense. She sprang forward suddenly to speak in her turn, fear forgotten in indignation. She would tell these people who she was; they might believe.

'Listen,' cried Louisa, and so surprised were her audience that listen they did. They had thought her cowed and helpless, convinced of guilt, not still defiant. 'Listen,' she cried again, 'I am no witch. I——'

She stopped confused. Too like a fairy tale it sounded; too utterly impossible. Desperate, she whirled round on Santoo, and began at the ring.

'He tried to kill Surabhi,' she accused. 'And now he would kill me because I know. He loosened the stone on which Surabhi sat; his ring was found on the ground beside it. And I have sent the ring to the police. They know too what he has done, and they are coming.'

She had won a moment's respite at least. Santoo was staring at her fixedly as though he weighed his chances. And as he stared the crowd was swept apart. Between its ranks swayed Surabhi's palanquin with Maru panting beside. Behind came Dukhi whimpering. He dodged in front of the palanquin, and darted up to Louisa with hands outstretched.

'Give him to me,' sniffed Dukhi. 'It is not fair. The moment for killing has come. My great-aunt thought 'twould be to-morrow until I told her, and now she has come to save thee. It is not fair. Thou shouldest be dead. Die, or vanish. Give him to me I say. Give him to me.'

The curtains of the palanquin were rattling back, and Surabhi was looking out. Like a ghost she seemed, a kindly, gentle ghost. She smiled encouragingly at Louisa, then glanced at the broken parapet.

'I sent no message, wise woman,' said Surabhi, 'that I might help the more in the end. Didst thou think I did not care? I but feared they might prevent my coming.' She looked gravely at Santoo. 'I know thee now for what thou art, nephew,' she told him. 'I heard her speak, but I had guessed before. We had pieced the tale together, my faithful Maru and I. Not one coin of mine dost thou deserve, but thou art too strong for me, I know. I will buy my friend at a price, the price of all my wealth.'

She paused breathless, and Maru's arm went round her to lend support. Then——

'Does thou consent to the bargain?' asked Surabhi. And—

'I consent,' said Santoo, sullenly.

'But I,' said a voice, a new strange voice, 'I do not consent. I forbid this bargain. I have come to see justice done, and justice cannot be bought.'

The lane that Surabhi's palanquin had made was still open. Down it came a tall figure, a couple of orderlies following. Louisa looked and looked again. When last she had seen Mr. Barrington she had not thought him so attractive. Now she found she could not look at him enough.

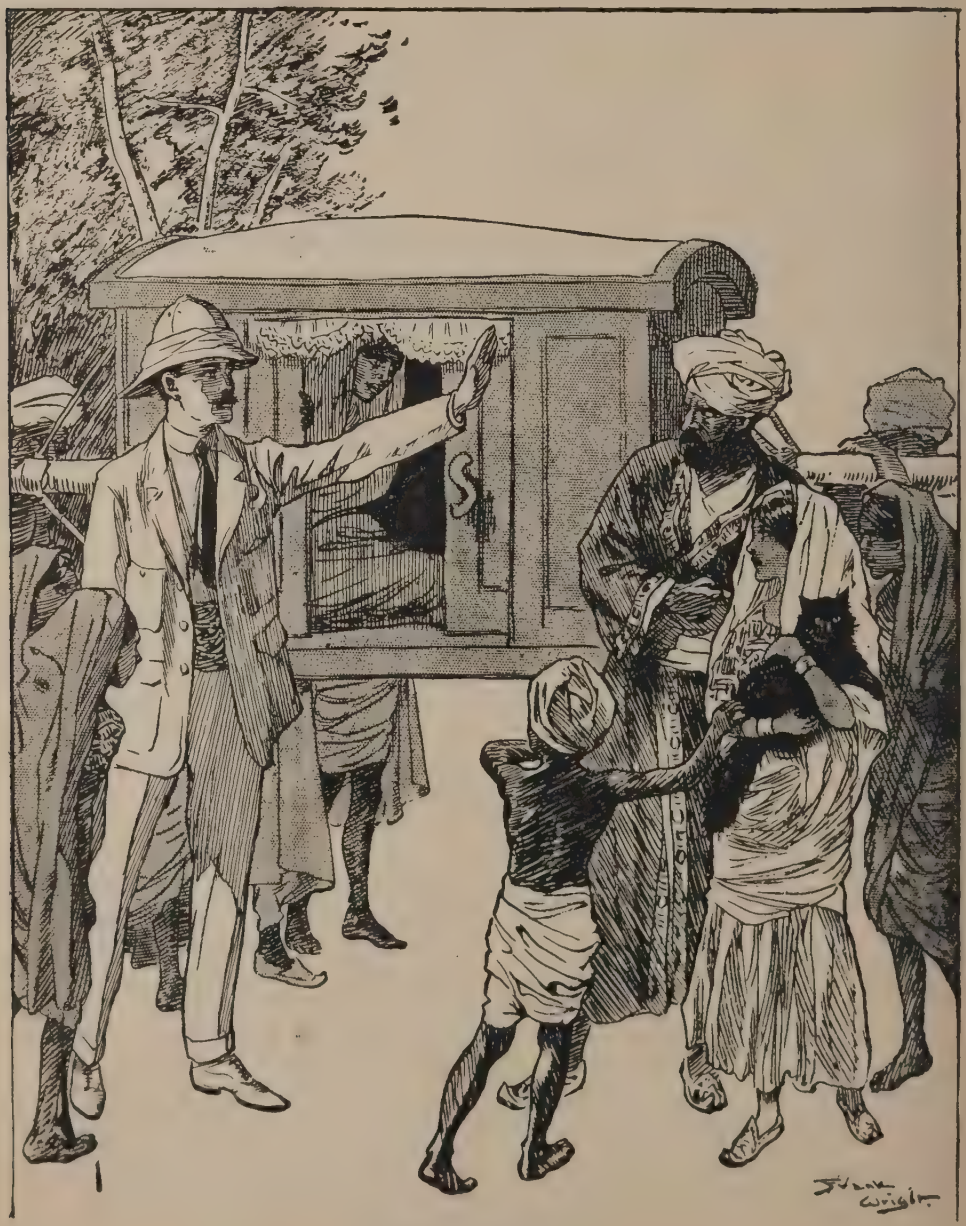
'Witch,' said Mr. Barrington in English, 'are you Louisa Lumsdale? And ——'

'Yes,' gasped Louisa; then found her voice. 'I didn't burn your bungalow,' she cried. 'Truly, I didn't. And ——'

'I know you didn't,' said Mr. Barrington, and laughed a little. 'You needn't have run away. I've been trying to get in touch with you, to thank you for that warning since the night of the fire; but I only got news of you to-day, an hour or two ago.'

He laughed again. 'Do you always warn people in so violent a fashion?' he asked. 'I strongly recommend a gentler method.'

(*Concluded on page* 298.)



"'I forbid this bargain.'"

"'Look here,' she said, 'I'll send you a cat.'"

LOUISA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.
Illustrated by Frank Wright.

(Concluded from page 295.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOUISA sat on her cushions and quilts, basking in the sunshine of Surabhi's garden. Life had been good when she came up from the well; it was even better now. The sky was not more cloudless than her own horizon. Soon she would return home—and return, as she had hoped, in triumph. Opposite her sat Mr. Barrington on Surabhi's best armchair—stiff, velvet-upholstered, and gilded. It was most uncomfortable, but he had to consider the feelings of his hostess. He was talking to Louisa, filling in for her the details she did not know as yet.

'We hadn't much to go on,' he told her; 'but just enough. Santoo had left his finger-prints on that bottle he gave the watchman. We had your finger-prints—rather muddy finger-prints, Louisa—on the outside of that letter of yours, and the two didn't match. It was lucky the letter was in the pocket of the coat I'd been wearing the night before, and which I snatched up when the fire started, or it might have been destroyed. But that's not all. There was a patch of soft plaster in the outer wall of the bungalow, near the roof where some repairing had been done. Santoo's ring pressed against it as he thrust the coal into the thatch, and left an impression, and that piece of the wall is still standing. It isn't a very good impression, but if it matches the ring you sent it will be useful. With your evidence, we'll get him—and his brother, too, as an accomplice—on one count or another. They are both under arrest.'

'How did you know I'd run away?' Louisa asked.

'We went to your bungalow, my wife and I, to thank you and to ask what you knew about the fire, more than once. We were always told you were out, but would soon return. Yesterday, your bearer came to me; he'd been dithering with fright since he found you had never reached Faridpur. He knew that you hadn't, as his daughter did not return, and he'd gone himself to see. When his sister let him know you and Kadru were prisoners, he came to the conclusion he must ask for my help. Her name is Kadru, isn't it? That girl who was with you?'

'The Sahib is right; that is my name,' said Kadru from the background meekly; but there was smug self-satisfaction in her voice. After all, there was credit to be gleaned from this affair—credit rightfully hers.

'Sahib,' said Kadru, still meekly, 'I let my aunt know of our danger. I thought it best.'

'But how?' Louisa questioned, and Kadru told her and reaped her due meed of praise. Perhaps, sometimes, in future, the Miss Sahib would now listen when warned of danger—would remember how wise was her counsellor. It was possible, at least.

'The motor will be ready very shortly,' said Mr. Barrington next, to Louisa. 'You had better say good-bye to Surabhi and Maru.'

And, with Maru and Surabhi, Louisa found Mangli's wife, already less cowed, less nervous. She had the air of one who had just emerged from prison. She looked gratefully at Louisa. 'Miss Sahib,' she said, 'for years I shall have freedom. You have my deepest gratitude.'

'And mine also,' said Surabhi. 'You have saved me from a great disaster. Child I know you now to be, yet 'tis as wise woman in my heart you will remain. Go, child, and grow into the part that thou didst play. I think, in truth, 'twas a disguise well chosen. Keep, I beseech thee, the poor gifts I gave. Look at them sometimes, and remember Surabhi.'

'I will,' Louisa promised; 'indeed, I will.' And at that it was Maru's turn. In her hand she held a little pair of slippers. The embroidery was even finer than on the slipper that was lost.

'For my mistress I made them,' said Maru. 'My eyes are old, but still I have some skill. Take them, I pray. Who would have worn them if thou hadst not come? Indeed, for us that was a lucky day.'

'It was not!' said Dukhi's voice, indignantly. He crawled out from underneath Surabhi's bed where he had taken shelter, dishevelled and tear-stained, sulky and indignant. 'Twas not lucky for me,' Dukhi protested. 'She is still alive. She has not vanished. I cannot have the cat. Ow-how, Ow-how! mourned Dukhi, and buried his face in Surabhi's lap.

Louisa caught at him and turned him over. 'Look here,' she said, 'I'll send you a cat; I'll find you a kitten just like Bulbo; as like him as it possibly can be.'

'You promise?' Dukhi questioned, and caught at the corner of Louisa's *sari* to mop his tears.

'I promise,' Louisa told him. Then, recklessly, she added, 'And you can teach it to do tricks. *Perhaps* in the end it will be cleverer than Bulbo.'

Dukhi sniffed. He rubbed his face all over. The future did not seem so dark—it had its ray of hope. 'It *will* be cleverer than Bulbo if 'tis I who do the teaching,' said Dukhi.

Outside the motor hooted, and Louisa sped away. Back towards the city went she and Kadru to meet and greet that other party on its way to rescue them. Back to the compound they had left five days before—five days into which so much had been compressed—five days which yet had passed unheeded by that compound's owner. Down the verandah went Louisa, and tip-toed to her father's open door.

Mr. Lumsdale looked up as her shadow fell across his book, and smiled affectionately. 'Good-morning, Louisa!' he said. 'I trust you slept well?' He rubbed his hair until it stood on end. 'There was something I wished to discuss with you,' he began. 'Dear, dear! I have forgotten. Ah, now I have it! Mrs. Barrington asked for you a day or two ago, and you could not be found. You were not in trouble, were you? You remembered what I said?'

'I remembered,' said Louisa, and smoothed his hair and kissed him.

'I was sure you would,' said Mr. Lumsdale, and kissed her in return.

THE END.

AMATEUR DETECTIVES.

(*Concluded from page* 276.)

ON my return journey I need not tell you that my head was full of speculation over the curious incident, and Lindsay and Galbraith, when they heard my story, were almost as excited as I was.

Our interest was increased by the fact that about

half-way home we were overtaken by two of our neighbours, though this time, owing to the fact that they were travelling at a great rate, all we saw of them was a cloud of white dust.

'But why didn't you tell the shopman that you believed you knew who had given the bad notes?' Galbraith asked.

'Because if I had, the matter would have been taken altogether out of our hands; I don't want that,' I answered.

'Nor do I,' Lindsay said. 'I'm going over to the cottage myself as soon as it is dark, to nose about till I find what these fellows are after.'

'I'll go with you,' I exclaimed.

'No, not this time,' Lindsay answered. 'It would be foolish, because, if anything happened, there must be some one to give the alarm.'

I reluctantly gave in.

As it was summer, it was not till nine o'clock that it was dark enough for Lindsay to set out on his expedition. He put on his darkest clothes and softest shoes. We accompanied him to the end of the rough track leading to the cottage.

Galbraith and I waited—how long I am not sure, but it seemed an eternity; minute by minute went by.

At last Galbraith could stand it no longer. 'I'm going to Nettlestow' (mentioning the nearest village) 'to get the police.'

'Shall I go, too?' I suggested.

'No, you had much better stay and keep guard here,' Galbraith answered.

Meanwhile Lindsay had had adventure enough to explain his delay. He had got up to the house unobserved. The great dog must have been less watchful than usual.

In a room at the front of the house was a light. When Lindsay crept round to the window he could see in through a crack in the curtains. He saw two men bending over a machine—a printing machine, for it was making curious marks on bits of paper; while in another part of the room another man was cutting crinkly paper into bits by the aid of another machine.

Forgetting caution, Lindsay bent forwards, and one of the men at the nearer machine, looking up, met his eyes. A moment later the alarm was given. Lindsay was a good runner. But a quicker than he was there. Before he had gone twenty yards he felt two strong hands laid on his shoulders.

He was dragged and pulled back to the house. What happened next he was not sure. He saw a circle of angry faces round him, and then he felt a sharp blow on his head. Some one must have struck him, for he remembered nothing, till about half-an-hour later he woke up to find himself bound and gagged.

After Galbraith's absence I could stand inaction no longer, and, following in Lindsay's footsteps, made my way to the cottage. I crept along as quietly as possible, and as I drew near I saw a group of men in front of the house. They were talking in low tones. I stole closer. Most certainly the watchdog must have been sleeping heavily that night.

'We must take the boy with us; it's the only sure way to keep his mouth shut.' ('The boy! It must be Lindsay,' I thought.) 'You go, John, and fetch him down,' the speaker continued, 'while Jones and I get the car ready.'

The car! That gave me an idea. My father had a car, and, as we had no regular chauffeur, we boys had to learn to understand its machinery thoroughly.

If I damaged their car, the men could not escape—and, more important still, could not kidnap Lindsay.

I knew the shed where the car was kept. I had seen it on my first visit.

The door was locked, but there was a tiny window, and I, being very slight, just managed to squeeze through it. Ten minutes later I had done my worst to the powerful grey car, and knew that it would take an hour or two—long before which time the police should be here—for its owners to get it in working order.

But I had not been too quick! Almost immediately I heard voices. The men were coming out of the house.

I got under the shadow of the hood as a hiding-place. The key grated in the lock of the door, and it was thrown open. By the light of a shaded candle one man peered down at the car. 'Here,' he said to his companion, 'get another lamp; something has gone wrong.'

I squeezed down in the folds of waterproof. For the moment, the semi-darkness hid me—but when the other lamp came! And Galbraith?

He had walked faster than he had ever walked before the two miles into Nettlestow. Would he be able to rouse the policeman—impress him with the seriousness of his mission? That was the question that he was asking himself all the way along. But other people as well as ourselves had grown suspicious of the curious strangers.

That very evening two detectives had arrived from London at Nettlestow, and they were only too eager to listen to Lindsay's story, and, like him, they realised the need for haste. Indeed, in a very few minutes Lindsay found himself between the two men in a fast-travelling police-car.

They had to go first to Strue Church, the county town, in order to get further help. It was four miles away, and they went at a terrific rate; but, even so, it was not fast enough for Galbraith.

What was happening to Lindsay? he kept wondering. At the time he fortunately did not know the danger I also was in.

'One minute more,' I thought, 'and I must be discovered. But in that minute much was to happen.

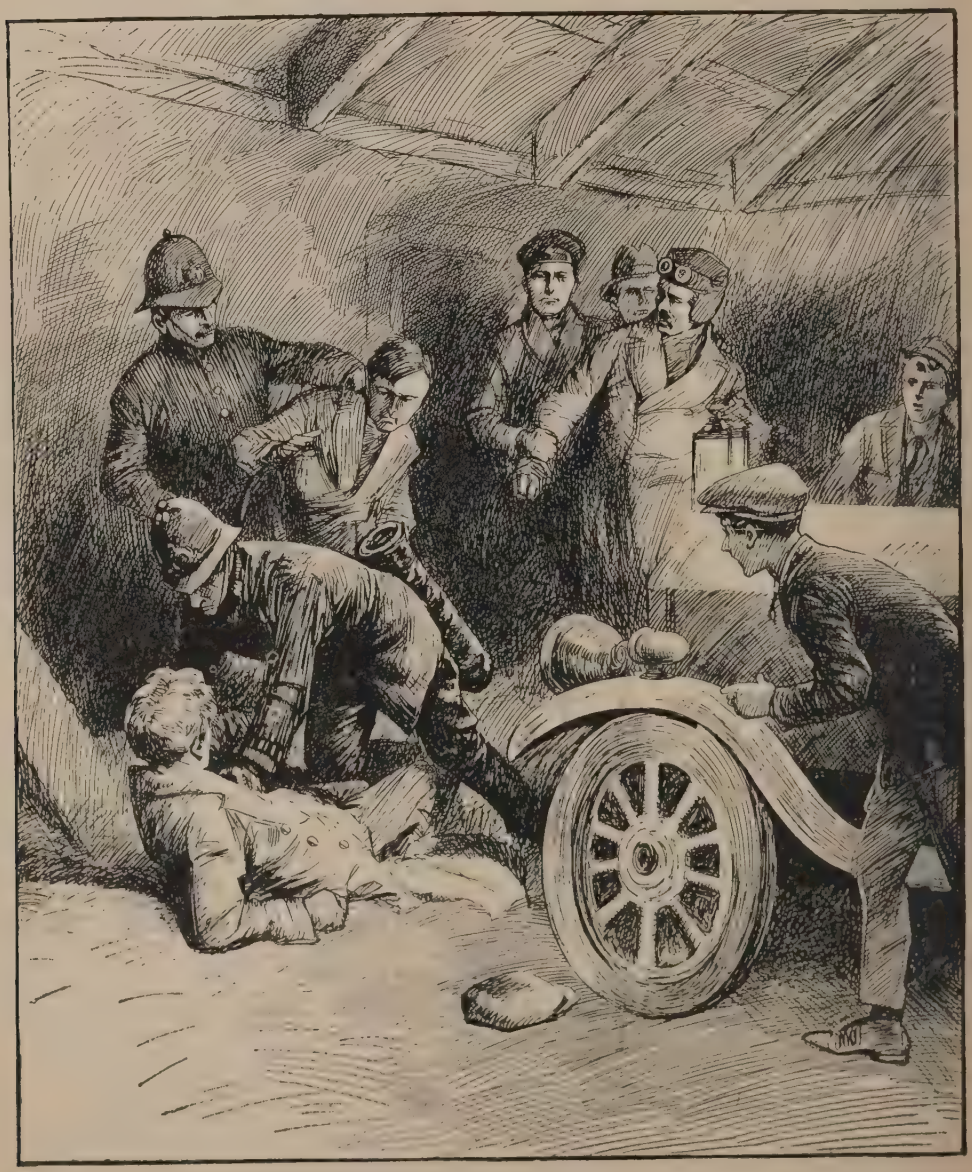
The detectives drew up their car at the end of the track leading to the cottage. Even at the risk of losing a few minutes, they felt they must make their arrival as noiseless as possible. And they succeeded.

From my hiding-place I heard three cries of rage, surprise, consternation. They came from the three mysterious men. One was firmly held by the policeman from Nettlestow, another by the detectives, while the third was in the grasp of a young constable from Struechurch, who, when he found his prisoner's pockets bulging with notes, believed he had laid hands on a stolen fortune. But he was wrong.

But our neighbours were no ordinary thieves; they were forgers—forgers of false notes; hence their elaborate machinery and their frequent visits to London—and, above all, their curious, solitary lives.

'Well, it's thanks to you we caught them so neatly,' one of the detectives said, nodding his head at us. 'When you want a job, just look me up at Scotland Yard.'

On the whole, it was Lindsay who had suffered most; but even he 'bucked up' wonderfully after the cheery remark just recorded.



"One was held by the policeman, another by the detectives."

"Stopping to see if she was following him."

BETTY'S RABBIT.

BETTY was inconsolable: Tim, her pet rabbit, was dead—quite dead. Last night, when she gave him his supper and put him to bed in his hutch, he seemed as well and happy as ever. She had shut his door and then put her hand through the bars to give him a final good-night pat, and he had nibbled at her fingers so prettily, as though begging her not to go just yet, that she had taken him out again and given him another run in the garden and a piece of lettuce into the bargain.

She was glad now she had given him that extra treat; he seemed to understand perfectly that it *was* extra and had hopped across the lawn so quickly, as if pretending to run away from her, stopping every now and again to look round and see if she was following him.

She had given him a whole quarter of an hour and then picked him up and carried him off to his hutch. He had protested vigorously at first, but she had stroked him tenderly and talked to him: 'No, Tim, it's long past your bed-time and you are a very lucky rabbit. I have to go to bed when Mother or Nurse tell me, and you must go when *I* tell *you*, because, you see, I'm your mother and nurse and everything, all in one.'

She wished now she had let him stay up half-an-hour extra, or even all night. She was sure she would have if only she had known it was to be his last night.

It was Mary, the housemaid, who first made her feel afraid that something dreadful had happened. She met her on the stairs when she was going down to breakfast and Mary hesitated as if she had something to tell her but didn't quite like to. 'I'm just going to give Tim his breakfast,' said Betty. 'I shan't be late; he can have his run afterwards.'

'Oh, I shouldn't, not if I was you, Miss Betty, leastways . . . not until you have had your own, I mean.'

'Why not, Mary? I always do and it won't take me more than two minutes. Besides, Tim hates to be kept waiting; he is always so hungry.'

'Well, I don't want to frighten you Miss Betty, but I don't like the looks of that rabbit this morning. No, that I don't and that's a fact.'

'Whatever do you mean, Mary? He's not ill is he?'

'I don't know,' said Mary, hastily; 'all that I know is that he's been lying in the same position ever since I came down this morning, and that's more'n an hour ago. I can see his hutch when I'm dusting the drawing-room and dining-room and I always gives a look every now and then just to see that he's all right, and in my opinion there ain't much all right about him this morning—no, that there ain't.'

Betty wanted to hear no more, but flew down the rest of the stairs and out into the garden where Tim's hutch stood. It was as Mary had said, he was lying quite still on the floor, all huddled up against the bars, and never moved when Betty spoke to him. She had never seen anything dead before and thought at first he was only asleep.

She picked him up very tenderly and lifted him out of the hutch and hugged him in her arms. 'Poor Tim,' she murmured, 'poor little Tim, wake up.' He felt so cold that she took him to the kitchen and laid him in a basket in front of the fire.

'It's warmth he wants,' she said to the cook.

'Yes, poor little dear,' replied the latter. 'I'll watch him for you while you go and have your breakfast, Miss Betty.'

But nothing would induce her to leave her pet. 'No, no, no,' she cried. 'I must stay here, he will want me when he wakes,' and she sat on the floor beside him, stroking him gently.

Presently her mother came in to look for her, wondering why she wasn't at the breakfast table! 'Betty, darling, come at once,' she began, then seeing the poor little animal in the basket, 'Why, Betty dear, whatever has happened?'

'Tim won't wake up,' said the child simply, continuing to stroke him, 'and he's so cold.' Then seeing her mother and the cook exchanging glances, she began to cry. 'Oh, I don't believe he's going to wake up any more *ever*,' she wailed, and threw herself into her mother's arms in an abandonment of grief.

Later on, when she had recovered a little and been persuaded to eat some breakfast, she sent for her next-door neighbour, Jack, who often came and played with her, and very tenderly they placed poor Tim in a box and buried him in the garden. No one could understand how he came by his untimely death; and the gardener thought he must somehow have picked up some poison or nibbled at the yew hedge.

'Never mind, Betty,' said Jack, as they walked back to the house. 'You'll forget soon.'

A few days later Jack came in again. 'I advise you to look at Tim's hutch,' he said. 'I noticed something funny about it as I came across the lawn.'

'What *could* you have noticed?' said Betty, running off.

When she got to the hutch she stood still, dumb with surprise and joy. There, sitting in the straw and looking out at her between the bars, was a large brown rabbit, with markings almost exactly like Tim. 'You darling,' she cried, 'Oh, you darling,' and took him out of the hutch, holding him tight in her arms. Then she looked round and saw Jack standing smiling behind her. 'You've done this; you've given him to me, I know you have,' she said, kissing him.

'I thought Tim might come back some day,' replied Jack, knowingly.

'He hasn't come back, but this one is almost exactly like him,' said Betty joyfully, 'only,' she added a little wistfully, 'you mustn't mind if I don't love him *quite* as much as I did Tim. There couldn't ever be another rabbit *really* like Tim.' BEATRICE WORTLEY.

WHAT BECOMES OF A CANDLE.

HAVE you ever wondered what becomes of the wax and the wick of a candle when it is burning? It is certain that they disappear, but we are told by the clever men of past centuries that 'no matter is ever destroyed,' so that these things must have altered their form, for we cannot see them after the candle has burnt.

Now, in quite a simple way you can find out how the candle has changed. Get a rather thin glass tumbler, and hold it over the flame of a burning candle. After a few seconds, you will notice that the sides of the glass become quite misty, and presently little drops of water begin to trickle down its sides. Now, if you could hold it long enough, and at the same time have kept the tumbler quite cold, you might have been able to collect a wineglass-full of water from your candle!

Just fancy water being given off by a burning candle.

Next get a stiff piece of cardboard, or the top of an empty matchbox (only be sure it is empty), and pass it over the candle, letting it rest a second or so on the flame, and you will notice that it has become quite black. This matter can be scraped off and collected, and is called 'carbon' of which charcoal and diamonds are other forms. Besides these two things, a gas called carbonic acid gas is also given off, so we find that the matter from our original candle is changed into this—water and carbon.

KING MONMOUTH.

By Helen M. Turner.

BECAUSE the rumour still goes round that my Lord the Duke of Monmouth did not die by the executioner's axe on Tower Hill, but let another suffer in his place, I, who perhaps alone know the exact truth of what happened, would put it down before it is too late. For I am an old man, nigh on seventy, and forty years have passed since that July day when James Scott faced death just as gallantly as did his grandfather, Charles I., some thirty-six years earlier.

But to understand my story, I must first explain my relationship with the man who for the last years of his life was to have such a fascination for me.

It was in the year 1682, when I had just turned twenty, that I first saw James Duke of Monmouth, and, by right of his wife, Duke of Buccleuch also.

My father, who was a prosperous nursery-gardener in the village of Marybone, a village some mile or so from London, proposed one afternoon walking as far as Whitehall.

'There will be fine doings to-day,' he said, 'for the Duke of Monmouth is but returned from his journey in the north and west countries, where he has been greeted as a royal prince.'

'But who is the Duke of Monmouth?' I asked. I had been from home for some years, since the death of my mother, with her relations in far-off Wales, and was woefully ignorant of the great city and the gossip of the Court.

'The Duke of Monmouth is the King's son,' my father answered, surprised by my ignorance.

'And will he be king when King Charles is dead?'

'Not so, for his mother was never queen. She was only a poor Welsh girl, who, men say, the King married before he was of age. She is dead these many years. No; the next king will be the Duke of York. Would it had been the Protestant Monmouth!' my father added.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and even to-day, after more than forty years, I remember the smell of the fresh hedges as we trod our way through the lanes towards London town. My heart beat high with excitement, for I had only paid one visit to the Strand and Whitehall since my return, and to-day my father had been right in saying that the town would be looking its best.

The Strand and Whitehall were bright with bunting, and the streets were crowded. 'Keep tight to my side,' my father cautioned me, 'else some rough fellow may have thy purse. London folk are not over-honest.'

I tried to obey him, but, as a matter of fact, soon all thought for myself and my own safety was forgotten.

'He is coming, he is coming!' the crowd shouted.

I looked up. A row of gentlemen were riding down the street, and at their head, wrapped in a scarlet cloak, his black curls falling to his shoulder, rode the Duke.

As I looked on him, my eyes grew wide with wonder and astonishment: not at his beauty and his grace, which have been spoken of by many courtiers and men of letters, but because his hazel eyes, warm, dark colouring, and clear-cut features seemed strangely familiar to me. How could this be so, for I had never seen him before? Then I knew. I seemed to be looking at my own face in a glass; for, though James of Monmouth was older (he was then thirty years old) and handsomer than I would be, he was yet ——

I looked towards my father. The same astonishment which I know was depicted on my face was on his also, though he tried to hide it, fearful of drawing other folk's attention on us.

'Pull thy hat down, and try and push thy way through the crowd, else it will suffocate us,' he said sharply.

Once by ourselves, however, I was determined that we should speak of the astonishing likeness that had struck us both. I therefore turned to my father. 'Thou sawest it also,' I said. 'Is it not astonishing?'

'And yet not so astonishing as thou thinkest, lad,' my father said, laying his hand on my arm, 'for thy mother was related to Lucy Walters, the Duke's mother. At home I have a ring that she sent to thy grandmother when she was in need of help not long before the Duke's birth. She was then in Holland. I will give it to thee.'

That evening he gave me the ring. It was a circle of thin gold, with the letters 'L.W.' scratched on it, as with a sharp pin. It was of little real value, though to me it was a wonderful possession, for in some sort of way it seemed to link me to this newly-found cousin of mine.

I slept with it under my pillow, and dreamt of him.

Not many months went by before I saw my cousin again, though on this occasion, as on the one recorded, he seemed as far from me as ever.

One afternoon in the following autumn I was with a friend of my father's in his lodging off the Strand. He was a seed-merchant, and once our business in the shop below was over, he took me to his living-room, two floors above.

The sights of the city streets were still full of interest to me, and I went to the window to look out.

Suddenly my attention was arrested. In a dark alley, leading off the street on to which I was looking, some half-a-dozen or so rough lads had set upon an old apple-woman, spilling her basket, seizing her fruit, and even dragging the good cloak off her back. In an instant I had turned, and, calling Mr. Smith, my host, to come after me, hurried downstairs to her assistance. But before I could reach the street other help had come, and from no less a person than the Duke of Monmouth, who happened at that instant to be strolling near the dark alley. He was unarmed (a rare thing for a gentleman in those troublous times), and had left his coach and servants some hundred yards behind him in the Strand. Regardless, however, of personal danger, he rushed to the old woman's help, using his fists to right and left, and to such very good purpose that the bullies were soon in hot flight. From the house door, which I had now reached, I watched the Duke pick up the fallen apples, place them in the basket, and finally restore them to the old woman.

'I can never thank thee, sir,' she began; and then, as his retainers, having heard the scuffle, crowded round the Duke, she became tongue-tied with confusion. But he turned to her with a rare smile. 'If thou art in trouble again come to Whitehall and ask for the Duke of Monmouth. The King, my father, will see justice done to all his subjects.'

Was it wonderful that the populace loved Monmouth?

(*Continued on page* 306.)

"He rushed to the old woman's help."

"A start of surprise passed down the company as they looked at me."

KING MONMOUTH.

(*Continued from page* 303.)

MEANTIME I continued to watch the scene in silence. I would have given all I possessed to have had the courage to dash forward, disclose my name and my relationship, and beg him to give me some post, however humble, about his person; but I dared not. And when I did pluck up courage and ran—scarlet and panting—after one of his attendants, who was following him to his coach, it was only to be rebuffed. 'You would take service with my Lord Duke?' the valet sneered; 'then first thou must learn to speak King's English'—he mimicked my country tongue—'and get clothes less like a ploughman.' He looked at my rough dress and heavy country boots. Indeed, so absorbed was he in the clumsiness of my dress and speech, that his eyes never reached my hazel eyes and dark complexion. Had he done so he might have noticed my strange resemblance to his Lord. As it was, he was visibly annoyed at my forwardness, and I returned to Mr. Smith's house full of chagrin that I had used so badly the opportunity of trying to gain the ear of my great cousin.

The next year, 1683—the year that was famous for the Rye House Plot and the death and banishment of so many great Whig gentlemen (including my Lords of Essex and Russell and Mr. Algernon Sidney) for complicity therein, my father and I crossed to Holland. Perhaps, being a Whig and a strong Protestant, my father feared to remain in his native land.

Moreover, six years earlier, when the Prince of Orange had come to England to wed the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, my father had sent flowers from his nursery-garden to decorate the Prince's room, and so pleased was his Highness by the attention that he paid my father a visit in person at Marybone, and moreover promised that should my father ever desire to study tulip culture he might be sure of a kindly welcome and a good home in the Netherlands.

I would have been loath to leave the proximity of Whitehall had I not known that the Duke of Monmouth was about to cross to the Low Countries. For though he had made a temporary peace with his father after the Rye House Plot (in which he was implicated, but not so wickedly as some would have us believe) he would never again occupy the important place he once had at Whitehall.

He went first to Brussels, but afterwards sought the hospitality of his cousin and her husband at the Hague.

To my chagrin my father decided to settle finally at Leyden, and not in the Dutch capital. Thus it was only from rumour that I heard how gay a part my Lord Duke was playing at the Dutch Court; how he was seen constantly dancing and skating with his fair cousin, whose eyes laughed and shone in reflection to his own; how even the stern, yellow-visaged Prince, her husband, unbent and showed favour to his English guest; and how the staid matrons and maids of the Hague had set themselves to learn English dances to win favour with the handsome Duke.

But, alas! James of Monmouth was not long to enjoy the hospitality of his cousins' palace. After the death of his father, the King (how my heart bled when I heard how great his sorrow had been at this event), the Prince of Orange, fearing the anger of his father-in-law, who was now King of England, asked Monmouth to seek a home elsewhere, which he did in the quiet country town of Gouda.

It was there that I believed him to be, when in a day in late May, 1685, I found myself in Amsterdam. My real object in going there was to view a garden in the outskirts of the town, where tulips finer than any in Holland were said to be grown.

'Thou wilt examine them carefully, and on thy return will tell me in what way they are better than our own blooms,' my father said to me, and I promised. But I never fulfilled my word, for much more exciting events than mere inspecting of tulips were to fill my time at Amsterdam.

A few hours after my arrival, I was sitting in a *café* near the 'Oude Kirk,' watching the tranquil, shining waters of the great canal, and letting my thoughts wander hither and thither. Suddenly they were brought to an abrupt standstill.

'It is not safe for my lord to expose himself in such a manner,' some one whispered in my ear, and, looking round, I gazed into the face of him who I afterwards learnt was Fletcher of Saltoun, and as he met my brown eyes directly he saw that I was not the man he believed me to be, his face became transfused with colour, and he would have turned away. But this time I was determined to let slip no link that might draw me to my cousin.

'I am not the Duke of Monmouth,'—he would have covered my mouth,—'but I would know where he is? I am his cousin.'

The stranger hesitated.

'Oh, please, take me to him!' I pleaded. 'For the last three years I have longed to be of service to him.'

'But I must have some proof of your loyalty,' Fletcher objected. Then from off my neck, round which I always carried it, I took Lucy Walter's ring.

He looked at it curiously. 'Yes,' he said, 'yes, that seems to prove your case, and Heaven knows we want more loyal men.' He spoke as if to himself. Then he turned to me. 'But if what you say is not true, if you ever prove traitor, then this sword will kill thee.' He touched his sword.

I bowed. 'So be it,' I said.

We went together across the canal to the Vischmarkt, and then along a narrow dark street.

In front of a tall house we stopped, and proceeded to climb three flights of stairs. On the top landing we stopped. Again Fletcher eyed me curiously, but I must have satisfied him, for he opened the door of a room and we passed within.

Never shall I forget the scene in that room. The dark oaken panelling and furniture, the rows of earnest eager faces with their watchful anxious eyes. It would have needed a Rembrandt to do it justice.

At the end of the room sat the Duke of Monmouth, and as I gazed at him he seemed to throw a stronger spell over me than ever before. It was not that he was handsomer and more graceful than other man of my acquaintance; no, Monmouth's power over me lay in the fact that some invisible chain seemed to bind us the one to the other.

All eyes were turned on Fletcher and on me as we entered, and an involuntary start of surprise passed down the company as they looked at me. They also saw the likeness between me and their lord. He himself confessed afterwards that it seemed as if some unknown brother had entered the room.

At the time, however, he merely asked me my business, and if I had a proof of my good faith.

When his mother's ring lay in his hand he nearly dropped it with emotion. For whatever were James of Monmouth's faults, lack of natural affection was not one of them.

(*Concluded on page* 314.)

THE TOY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

XII.—THE END AND THE BEGINNING.

IT would be incorrect to describe the contents of this final chapter as the 'finishing touches' to the whole show, for, in truth, there is no finish. There is a completion of the thing in a general sense of the word inasmuch as one is enabled to *use* the theatre at this juncture, and give definite shows with the materials now on hand; but the work is by no means finished. New scenes will be made, new properties added to the list, fresh effects of lighting will be tried out and adopted, and a whole host of other things will from time to time, come before the producer, like candidates for a situation, to be considered and accepted or rejected, as the case may be.

A very important point that must immediately be seen to is that of screening the operators from the audience during a performance. There are many ways of doing this, and each stage manager will choose his or her own favourite method. A three-fold screen can be set up on either side of the proscenium, and, if full-size screens are not available, a pair of small fire screens can be set up on the table beside the show, though the danger of knocking these screens over must, of course, be taken into consideration. A further simple method is to fix two screw-eyes into the back of the proscenium, right at the top (fig. 1), and run a brass or cane rod through these, the rod being long enough to stick out at least a foot on each side of the proscenium. Then hang some plain grey or dull black curtains straight down from the protruding ends of the rod (fig. 1). If the curtains are to hang by means of brass rings, it will be necessary to fix some sort of a block or fancy nob at the extreme end of the rod so as to prevent the rings from slipping off.

Another method is to make two more wooden side panels, and either hinge them permanently to the front so that they will fold flat against the front when not in use, or fix pairs of hooks (top and bottom) on the panels and corresponding pairs of screw-eyes on the side edges of the proscenium, and then the panels can be taken off if so desired (fig. 2). These can either be kept quite plain, or decorated with flat card pieces in the same style as the stage-front.

So much for the theatre front. The only thing now required to complete the original show is the curtain (the 'act drop' as it is also termed): but, as there are yet one or two other little points to be overhauled, the curtain can remain in suspense for a while until we are ready for it.

As the show now stands the proper thing to do is just to 'look over' everything, and see if any little additional touches are required in one place or another like an artist with a masterpiece intended for a great exhibition.

For example, the puppets, those sixpenny dolls we have put life into, will require wigs in all probability, or 'something that will suggest hair' to the audience. It will never do to let them 'make their exits and their entrances' exactly as they are now, with their round, ball-like, shiny black heads. And the key of the whole thing is found in the words above, something that will *suggest* hair. Plaited wool will do this; loose wool will also do it; crocheted silk makes braided hair and lambs' wool or imitation astrakhan makes a good woolly head for a negro or a Zulu. Dolls' wigs in plenty can be bought quite cheaply at any toy-shop, and a thousand and one other things will suggest themselves as the craftsman proceeds with the work. These wigs, of whatever substance they are made, should always be bright and definite in colour, so that they will not look grubby and dull under the artificial light; and they can easily be fixed to the puppet's head by means of glue. In order to assist the would-be *perruquier* or wig-maker when tackling this important subject there are shown (in fig. 3) some styles of hair-dressing and wigs that will serve as guides or copies from which actual models can be made.

A special operating bridge for the puppet-show can also be made in a very simple way. It consists of three pieces of half-inch thick wood, about two inches wide, joined to represent three sides of a box (fig. 4). The two uprights should be at least twenty inches high, and the strip along the top—the actual rest—should be about four inches shorter than the inside width of the stage. Angle and cross strips can be nailed at each top corner and side for additional strength, and foot strips about six inches wide can be fixed at the base of each upright as extra support and preventive of rocking. This bridge can also have scene-slots on the front and back of each upright the same height up as the ordinary scenic bridges. But the scenes for this puppet bridge should be the same width as the bridge itself.

It will now be seen that when the operator is using this bridge, he can bring on his dolls at the open space on either side of the bridge, and so save the trouble of lifting them up and over the scenery (fig. 4, plan).

If the producer builds his theatre with a very high proscenium, he can have his bridge even higher still than the one just mentioned, and, as puppets usually have long strings, this is an advantage.

Another stage 'effect' that must not be overlooked is the famous 'Noise without,' which can be anything from an imitation of a battle in the next street to the sweet song of a clockwork canary. On the actual stage 'noises without' are produced by a great variety of methods, some of which are the last word in simplicity, whilst others entail most highly elaborate and complicated machinery. Amongst the 'effects' that can be both simply and easily obtained come 'horses' hoofs,' which sound is usually obtained by clattering two empty half cocoa-nut shells on a piece of slate or stone. Bird noises may be produced in quite a number of ways, and there are a whole lot of cheap toys and bird-whistles which are specially designed to give forth nightingale-like chirrupings. There are, of course, very elaborate mechanical song-birds; but their cost is so great as to knock on the head the idea of purchasing one.

In complete contrast to the piping songs of birds is the noise which makes the audience turn their collars up and wish they had brought their umbrellas—the ominous, rolling sound of distant but rapidly approaching thunder. When *this* sound is heard, the lights on the stage go out, one by one, until all is dark, save for

sudden flashes of vivid lightning, followed by that low, rumbling noise which grows louder and heavier as the lightning gets more vivid. No wonder the audience shivers and gets all 'nervy'; no wonder that all eyes are firmly fixed on the stage and the crowd sit rooted to the spot waiting for the *big* crash to come. Yet behind the stage all is calm and bright, and the cause of all the 'nerves'—the property-man—goes rolling a keg of sand across the stage, or rattling a long, thin sheet of iron or copper, from which those dreadful sounds arise.

Most thunderstorms are accompanied by a great deal of wind, especially those on the stage, and the instrument for producing this noise consists of a drum or

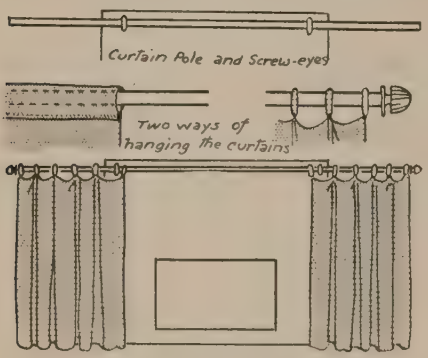


Fig. 1.—Front Screen Curtains.

cylinder, usually of wood, with a series of slats or lathes fixed at intervals along its sides. This drum is fixed into a wooden frame, and made to revolve by means of a handle, something like a one-roller mangle. As the

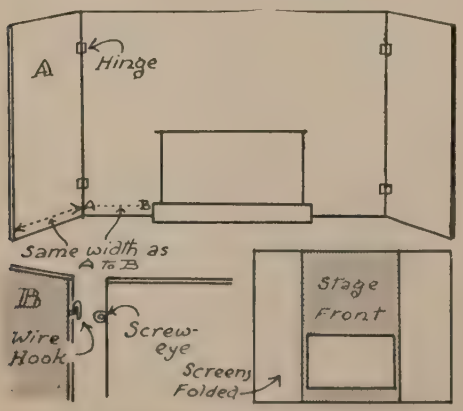


Fig. 2.—Front Screen Panels.

drum is turned, its slatted sides rub against a sheet of canvas or silk so fixed for this purpose (fig. 5). The result is 'wind' of all varieties, from a gentle, sighing breeze that speaks of sunny Spain to a roaring, tearing blizzard from the region of the North Pole.

Crashes and broken windows are effected by means of a little bag or sack filled with odd pieces of broken glass which is either let drop on to the floor or hit with a stick. Rifle fire can be obtained by hitting a leather cushion with a thin cane, and many other wonderfully realistic noises can be made by similarly simple means. The one great and all-important thing to remember is—*never overdo* these sounds, but just attain the effect required and so keep the onlookers alive to a sense of true realism, without making them think you have opened a carpet-beating factory, or are busily sand-papering a scene before you let them see it.

And now we come to the 'last scene of all which ends this strange, eventful history'—the fall of the curtain with the audience rising as one man, each with some missile or other in his hand, shouting out 'Author!' But it is impos-ible to let a curtain fall until it is put up; so now, once more to the work.

The curtain itself should be made of some soft straight-hanging material. On a big stage, plush or thin velvet is used, but the better material is fine casement cloth or arras, and this material can also be used on the small model stage we have just completed. For colour the choice should rest upon some simple unpretentious tint such as pale grey, or buff, or even dead black. The pale grey looks very nice, especially if the proscenium is coloured to agree in tone with it. The material must be of full length and should, when hung, rest well upon the stage itself. The method of hanging is perfectly simple. The first thing to do is to put in a pair of screw-eyes, and get a curtain rod from a store to slip through the holes of the screw-eyes exactly as previously

Fig. 3.—Hair and Headdresses.

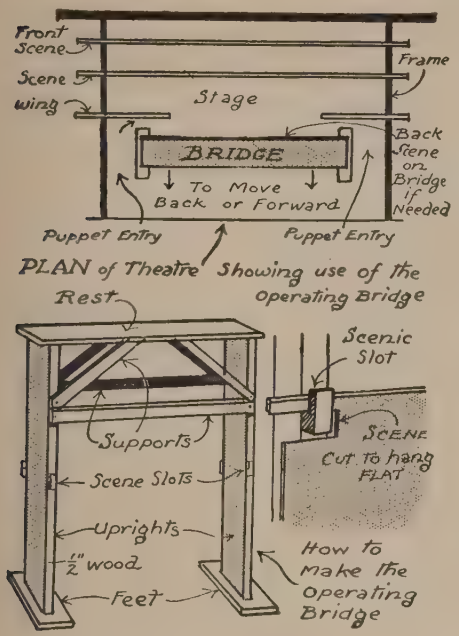


Fig. 4.—How to use the Bridge.

described in the commencement of this chapter. Either bone or brass curtain rings may be obtained at the same stores and should cost but a few pence. The best method of hanging the curtain can be seen in fig. 6. In that there will be seen two fixed rings, F F. These must be tightly secured to the curtain pole. There is but one cord and

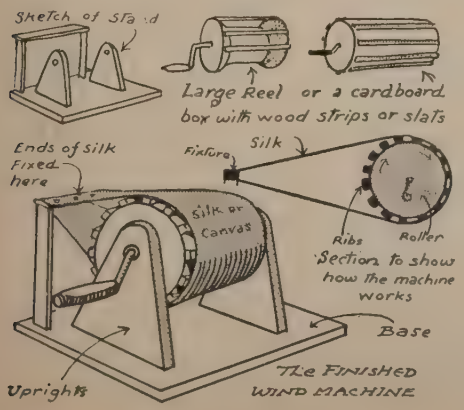
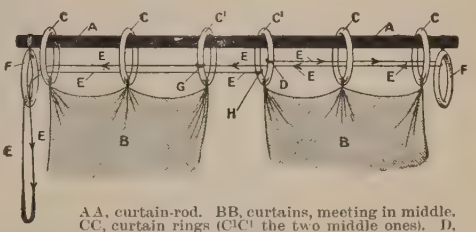


Fig. 5.—A few Noises.

it is a continuous one, E E. It is looped round the right-hand fixed ring, F, and its two ends are fixed to the centre ring of the right half curtain (H and D fixed to C'); so that the cord actually starts at D, follows through all the right-hand curtain rings to F, which it is looped around, passes back through the same rings and upon reaching the centre ring of the left-hand curtain is twisted round or fixed to the side of it as shown (G), continues through the rings and returns through them again to be joined to the right centre ring again at H. By this method, which is the best and quickest, the curtains move apart horizontally and without being drawn up at the sides or centre. It allows the audience to get a far better first impression of a scene than when



A A, curtain-rod. B B, curtains, meeting in middle. C C, curtain rings (C¹C¹ the two middle ones). D, one end of cord, fastened to middle ring C¹. E E, direction in which cord runs to *open* curtain. F F, fixed rings or eyelets at each end of rod. G, point at which cord is fastened to the other middle ring C¹. H, other end of cord, fastened to first ring C¹. The rings must all fit and run easily.

Fig. 6.—Single-cord Curtain.

the curtain rises perpendicularly and reveals the scene as it were from the ground up, feet first and heads last.

In addition to the main curtain several little 'sky' curtains might be made to drop in on to the scenic frames after the manner of the top pieces (fig. 7) and it is a good plan to make also quite a distinct curtain archway, as shown in fig. 7; it is just two little side curtains with a top piece like those in use on country cottage windows.

So the curtain falls, the lights go out, the audience dwindles away, for the show is over, and the little actors become but lumps of wood and lifeless things

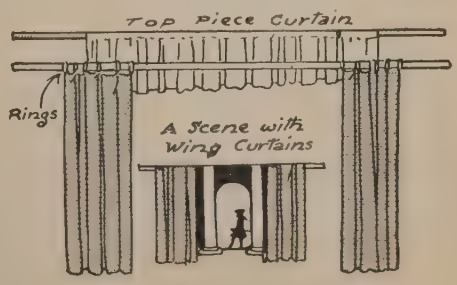


Fig. 7.—A top piece and an inset scene.

again. But, believe me, if the producer of the show has carefully read this book, and done his level best to make the whole of it a thoroughly simple, clean, and

artistic affair, has followed all the instructions, and, more than that, taken hints from other books like the *Bankside Shakespeare* and costume books, *that* audience will be back again to-morrow, anxious to see it all again, and, one can rest assured on this, they will be bringing their friends with them.

Dressing the puppets will, of course, be a very important consideration from a 'costume' point of view. For fantastic plays a good deal can be left to the taste or imagination of whoever has the task of suggesting or designing the costumes. But for a definitely historical or localised subject it will be worse than unwise to 'play about' with the designs. There is only one way to get accuracy in dress, and that is by reference either to prints and pictures contemporary with the story of the play or through the medium of a first-class costume book. These books, however, are, as a rule, somewhat costly, and at public libraries are not always obtainable. The difficulty that thus arises is but a small one, because the publishers of this book have also published a remarkably good work on the subject, entitled the *Bankside Costume Book* (see Appendix at the end). This little book, by Melicent Stone, which only costs three-and-sixpence, will give the worker not only thoroughly accurate historical data, but also abounds in wonderfully useful hints on cutting-out and making-up the clothes as required. In addition to such a book, the producer should be sure to collect up all reliable cuttings and pictures dealing with this most important subject of dress, and carefully mount them up, either on sheets of brown paper to be kept in a folder or in a proper scrap-book.

H. W. Whanslaw.

SOME POPULAR MISQUOTATIONS.

THERE are some errors which have been repeated so often by public speakers and writers for the Press that they frequently pass unnoticed. One of the common mistakes is the misuse of the quotation—

'A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.'

This of course is sheer nonsense, for a person whose mind is not open to correction cannot be persuaded that he is mistaken. No one can be convinced against his will, but he can be compelled to do things he disapproves of or contrary to his inclination. The quotation should read—

'A man constrained against his will
Is of the same opinion still.'

That a political opponent is 'raising up a Frankenstein which will ultimately destroy him' is a warning frequently uttered. This is a blundering allusion to a famous novel called *Frankenstein*, the name of an inventor, the hero of the story, who created a soulless monster which killed him. The monster was a nameless creature; the mistake consists of confusing him with the name of the man who made him.

'All that glitters is not gold' is a comparatively slight misquotation of the original proverb, which does not, however, alter its meaning: it should be 'All that glisters is not gold,' but to glitter, to glister, or to glisten have precisely the same significance.

The most famous error of all, though, is an error of translation, which is now so firmly established that it can never be corrected. Nothing will induce us to part Cinderella from her little 'glass slipper,' although, when you come to think of it, a pair of glass slippers must have been very uncomfortable for the poor child to dance in. The fact is that this tale, now so essentially English, was originally taken from the French, and the slippers in question were made of fur, not glass, in the days when articles trimmed with fur could only be worn by the nobility. The translator, misled by the pronunciation, confused an obsolete French word, *vair* (used to describe ermine) with *verre*, glass; and that is how Cinderella got her crystal slippers.

G. D. Lynch.

A FREE DINNER.

A CELEBRATED French architect was superintending the building of the bridge of the Tuileries when he noticed a young man standing near, looking very attentively at the work. He seemed deeply interested in it, and had the air of a connoisseur. The architect watched him good-humouredly, and was interested in spite of himself. The young man presently began measuring what had already been erected, walking to and fro with an air of great gravity, and seeming absorbed in an elaborate criticism of the whole work.

The architect did not know it, but the young man was exceedingly hungry, and determined to dine at the other's expense!

Having finished his investigations, apparently to his satisfaction, he approached the architect, and began to address him in a hesitating manner.

'Friend,' he said, 'you may ridicule the idea, but I have some important information to communicate to you about the bridge.'

'I do not ridicule it at all,' replied the other in a friendly tone. 'I have been watching you with interest for some time, and should very much like to know the purport of your information.'

'That you shall soon do; but if you will excuse me, I am very hungry and must dine first.'

The architect immediately offered him a dinner, which, needless to say, the young man accepted at once. Directly it was over, his host led him back impatiently to the bridge.

'Now,' he said, 'you must not keep me in suspense any longer.'

The young man walked up and down for several minutes; then, turning to the architect, observed: 'My friend, you have done wisely in building the bridge *across* the river, for if you had tried to build it the long way it would never have succeeded. Good-night!'

MAGGIE'S GHOST.

I DO not think either of us would have paid much attention to Maggie's story had we not happened to be longing for some change or adventure. Even a seaside holiday can grow dull and monotonous if the weather becomes bad, and rain falls almost incessantly from morning to night.

For the first week of our stay we had thought Old Harbour the most delightful place to which we had ever come. It was so out of the world and small. We climbed the rocks, prawned in the pools, bathed in the sea with only a few other boys and girls to share the joys with us. Then the rain came, and at once the days seemed to grow long, and the sand and the sea to become cold and cheerless.

It was at the end of the fourth day of bad weather, when in our hearts we almost longed for our nice house at home so full of indoor amusements and recreations, that Maggie told us her story.

Before I proceed further, perhaps I had better explain who Maggie was. Long ago she had been our under-nurse, but now that we were too old to have an under-nurse, or even a nurse, she became our sister's maid—(girls always seem to require so much more attention and looking after than boys!).

Indeed, Maggie had just finished helping Mary and Ruth to bed when she told us of her experience of the night before.

'What would you think, Maister Jock and Maister Michael, if I were to tell ye I had seen a ghost?'

Maggie is Scottish—a fact her speech betrays.

'I would tell you ye were havering,' Michael said, mimicking her accent. 'There are no such things as ghosts.'

'Well, so I thought till last nicht——' Maggie stipulated.

'Oh, please, tell us!' I said, breathlessly. I was two years younger than Michael, and not so unbelieving.

'Well, after all you bairns were in your beds last night I took a walk along the cliffs. The rain had gone, and the moon was shining grand, so I could see everything about him, even to the hair on his head.'

'The hair on whose head?' Michael asked, for, though he would not have owned it, he was nearly as interested in the story as I was.

'Well, him that I have been telling you about. At first I thought he was just an ordinary man; he walked just like any one else, and then suddenly he just disappeared.'

'Disappeared?' I panted.

'Yes; just disappeared as if he'd gone off in smoke—right on the top o' the cliff, too, where there's not a path or road anywhere.'

'Perhaps he fell over,' I hazarded.

But Maggie shook her head. 'No,' she said; 'I looked over myself.'

'It certainly sounds very odd,' I said to Michael when we were alone.

'I expect she just imagined the whole thing,' he suggested.

'That wouldn't be like Maggie. You know how matter-of-fact she always was—how she didn't even like us to make up too much in our games.'

Yes, Michael remembered, and the remembrance convinced him, as it had already done me, that there was something in Maggie's story. Indeed, a moment later he suggested that the following night we should go to the scene of her adventure. 'For, if there's anything, it's sure to come out again; but remember, whatever it is, I'm certain that it isn't a ghost.'

The next evening found us walking on the cliffs at an hour when our parents and Maggie believed us to be in bed. At first there was nothing nor nobody to be seen, but as we had come so far we were determined not to hurry home too soon.

We crouched behind some tamarisk bushes. 'In case Maggie's ghost is frightened by us,' Michael laughed: he still regarded it as just a lark. A few minutes later he was to find that he had been too incredulous. Suddenly from the ground, some fifty yards away, a man appeared—first his head, then his body, then his legs.

I gripped Michael's arm, and I felt it trembling.

Yet we waited and watched Maggie's ghost till he was entirely visible. Though we saw his face, he was too far away for us to see his features distinctly, and almost at once he turned and walked quickly in the opposite direction.

'You see, Maggie was right,' I whispered excitedly to Michael.

'No, she wasn't,' he answered, 'for it's not a ghost, it's just a man. Let's come and see if we can discover his hiding-hole. I believe he came out of one of those passages old Angus, the fisherman, was telling us about last night, the hidden paths and stairs the smugglers made long ago between the caves in the cliff and the ground up above.'

I hesitated. 'If he comes back and finds us in his hiding-hole?' I said.

'Oh, that's all right; he looks as if he were off on a pretty long spin.'

Thus we were presently groping about between the tamarisk and gorse-bushes which dotted the top of the cliff, looking for the hole out of which the mysterious stranger had appeared.

At last Michael gave a cry of joy. 'I've found it!' he said, pushing aside a tamarisk-bush. 'I'll go first, and you come on after.'

We began our descent into the heart of the earth—or, perhaps I should say, rock. It was not quite as rough 'going' as we had expected, because there were actually steps cut down into the rock, and as Michael had brought his electric torch with him we were not altogether in darkness.

Down, down we went. It seemed as if we should never reach the bottom. But at last, quite unexpectedly, the staircase widened into a fair-sized cave, with its mouth open to the shore; and by the light of the moon, which was now shining, we saw the oddest collection of things—casks, barrels, life-belts, even a flat-bottomed, curiously square-built boat.

I looked round in wonder. 'What a funny lot of things!' I gasped. 'Whatever do you think they are all for?'

'Take my word for it, that man is a spy,' Michael said, solemnly.

'But the war has been over ages!' I objected.

'Well, it's not only Germans that are spies; he may be an anarchist, or anything. I knew he was up to no good skulking round like that.'

But at that moment I heard a noise. Some one was coming down the staircase—the man was returning. 'Oh!' I gasped. I felt like a mouse caught in a trap.

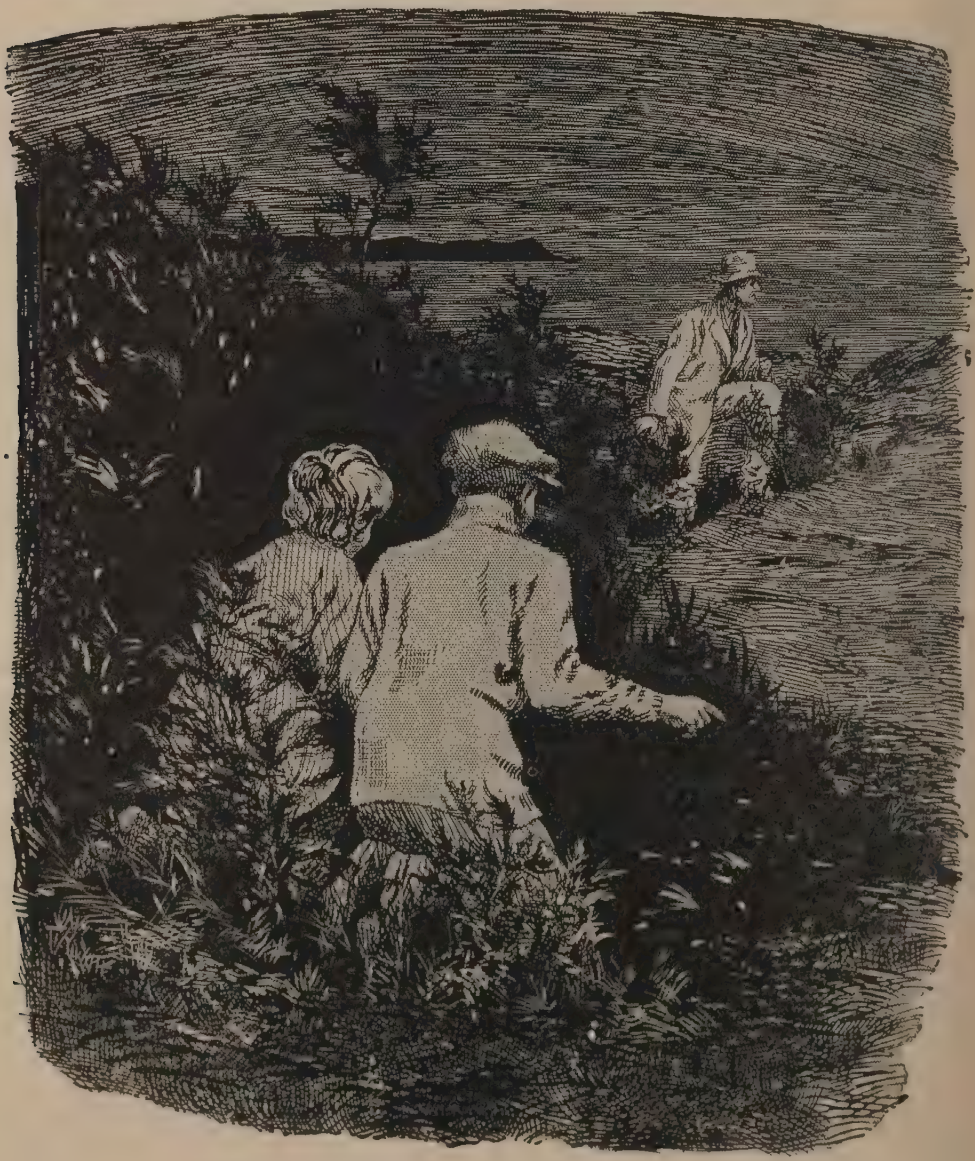
'Quick! in there, kid,' Michael said, pushing me into a dark corner and himself finding a hiding-place a few feet further up the stairs.

I have rarely been more afraid. On the footsteps came. It seemed as if the man must touch us, find us. We saw his electric torch peering here and there in the darkness, coming nearer and nearer. A moment more and its light might illumine Michael's white face or my trembling hands.

But by a miracle it passed us by, leaving our hiding-places still undiscovered.

'Quick!' Michael panted, and in a minute we were stumbling up in the darkness—up, up. The man below must have heard us, but perhaps he thought the noise had merely been made by some animals or birds—anyway, he did not follow.

(*Concluded on page* 314.)



"He was too far away for us to see his features distinctly."

"'The wreck is over there,' said Captain Hope, peering through his glasses."

MAGGIE'S GHOST.

(*Concluded from page* 311.)

AS soon as we found ourselves above ground we took to our heels—and how we ran! The mile to the village was covered in lightning pace, and we only checked our steps in order to make our entry into the bungalow as little disturbing as possible to the other inmates.

'Will you tell the police about him to-morrow?' I said, when we were once in our own room.

But Michael shook his head. 'That's all you know about the police. Why, they would just laugh at us, and do nothing. We must prove the man is dangerous first.'

'But how will you do that?'

'By examining his things.'

'But will he let you?' I gasped.

'Silly, we shall have either to do it when he's not there, or bind him up,' Michael said boldly.

'But we cannot do that by ourselves——'

'Perhaps not by ourselves, but if we could get the help of Jim and Alastair Graham" Jim and Alastair Graham were about Michael's age, and occupied a bungalow quite near ours.

The next day Michael told them of our adventure, and unfolded to them our plan, and they consented willingly to join our somewhat perilous expedition. We began making our preparations.

We each armed ourselves with a stout stick. Michael even went further. He took an old gun that was hanging up in the hall, the relic of some bygone occupier of the bungalow.

'But you've nothing to load it with, and even if you had you wouldn't know how to fire the thing,' I objected.

'Well, the fellow's not to know that. He will get the fright of his life when he sees it,' Michael answered with satisfaction.

Thus once again, when our unsuspicious family thought we were safely in bed, we sallied forth in search of adventure. As before, we had to wait behind some tamarisk bushes till the strange man appeared; but again, no sooner had he reached the level of the cliff, than he turned sharply round and walked in the direction of the village.

'If we can get down to the cave while he's away, we can have a jolly good look at his things, and give him a hot welcome on his return,' Michael commented.

This time we found the entrance to the staircase without difficulty, and were soon groping our way down. My heart beat as we descended lower and lower—I had none of Michael's boldness, and I doubted the success of our plan, though Michael had planned it most carefully.

'James and I will trip him up, if you fellows can tie his hands together,' he had said earlier in the day, and even had provided us with some string. 'But mind you are sharp about it,' he continued, 'for the fellow is sure to have a pistol concealed about him somewhere.'

A pistol! My thoughts played round the word as I advanced into the cave.

'We will search the things first,' Michael said; but he had hardly uttered the words, when, as on the evening before, we were surprised by the stranger's unexpected return. Thud, thud, thud! his footsteps came down the stairs, and this time, as I thought ruefully, we were not even going to try and hide ourselves.

'Now!' Michael shouted. The electric torches with which we had provided ourselves flashed out, and we darted forward. A moment later we fell back in surprise, for the face that the sudden light revealed to us was not unknown. It belonged to a certain Captain Hope, the stories of whose bravery and resource in rescuing drowning and shipwrecked folk along the dangerous coast had filled us with admiration.

'I am very sorry, sir; we mistook you for some one else,' Michael blurted out.

'Who did you mistake me for?' Captain Hope laughed.

'I'm afraid it was a spy,' Michael hesitated, but, as Captain Hope looked at him wonderingly, he tried to explain about Maggie's ghost and our designs for trying to capture him.

'I'm so sorry to have spoilt such an exciting adventure,' Captain Hope began, but at that moment a loud sound rent the air. It was like the firing of a cannon. 'Well, if I spoilt one adventure for you, here's another,' Captain Hope said, quickly. 'That means there's a boat on the rocks. I'm not surprised—the mist was thick half an hour ago. You boys will have to try and help me to save the men, for John Brown, who as a rule takes an oar, is away in the village.'

A few minutes later we were pushing Captain Hope's curiously-shaped boat down to the water, and were filling it with life-belts, oil-skins, and flasks.

'The wreck is over there,' Captain Hope said, peering through his glasses. 'I can just see its masts. It won't take us long to get to it. It's just a fishing-boat, I think—the men must be strangers to these parts. Here, hurry up!' he called to Michael. 'Have you got the oars? I'll take one of you to help me row.'

'May I go?' Michael said, and Captain Hope nodded.

In a second or two the boat was launched and had soon disappeared into the darkness.

We waited anxiously for its return; the minutes seemed so long. At last we saw its bow pushing through the darkness, and several heads appeared above it, for it was heavily loaded and the gunwales almost touched the water's edge.

Later we learnt from Michael that he and Mr. Hope had just been in time to save the four fishermen's lives. Their boat had broken in two on the rocks, and it was too far for any of the men to swim to shore.

'The lifeboat from Dover would never have reached them in time,' Michael added; it's a good twenty miles away—that's why Captain Hope keeps things ready to start at a moment's notice. He comes down to the cave at least once and generally twice every evening in bad weather just to see everything's all right.'

And so, though our adventure did not turn out as we had intended, it was quite as exciting, and much more satisfactory. For, as Captain Hope said afterwards, it is better to save men's lives than to take them prisoners.

KING MONMOUTH.

(*Concluded from page* 307.)

BUT I must hurry on lest my readers grow weary, and there is still much to tell. In that upper room in the street looking on to the old Vischmarkt a plot was being hatched that was to spread its tentacles across the Channel and embrace two kingdoms. Already it had been arranged that the Earl of Argyle was to set

sail within the next few days to invade Scotland, while almost immediately the Duke of Monmouth was to try his luck in the south-west of England. These plotters hoped within a few weeks to raise the people of his two kingdoms against James II.

'And are you ready to risk all, cousin, for my sake,' Monmouth turned to me. Overcome with emotion I knelt down. 'I would die the hardest death for thee gladly,' I said, little dreaming how nearly I was to keep my promise.

I determined that I would not return home and ask my father's permission to go with the Duke, I knew his careful nature, and feared he might refuse his consent.

All the world knows the story of the Duke of Monmouth's ill-fated expedition—the tale of the stormy crossing, the landing at Lyme, the flocking of the country-folk to his standard, the coldness of the gentry, his proclamation of kingship at Taunton, and finally his defeat at Sedgmoor. My lord had hoped on that day to surprise and overcome the King's forces under the Earl of Feversham. Instead, his own people's advance was obstructed by a narrow stream (hardly more than a deep drain), and they were mowed down like flies by the royal artillery. Many were killed, many more wounded. I was among the latter.

Ever since our landing I had tried to keep as near my lord's side as possible; in some manner I felt myself responsible for his safety, but on that day when he needed my help the most, I was laid helpless and unconscious by a bullet. I knew nothing of what happened during the battle until I recovered consciousness, many hours after it was over, in a herdsman's cottage. Some friend must have taken pity on my helpless state, and dragged me into shelter before he sought safety in flight.

I heard voices in the hut. At first I was too confused to take in what they were saying, but gradually my intellect cleared, and I understood the speakers' conversation. The Duke had fled, leaving his friends and followers to the mercy of his enemies.

I could hardly credit such news, knowing on occasion how brave he could be, but then my lord was made up of a mass of contradictions, and we who loved him did not love him any the less for these weaknesses.

The voices ceased; some one came towards me, and, lifting me up, gave me a drink. It was the herdsman, who was to me a kind Samaritan.

For two days more I lay in the hut, my kind host tending me while I slowly gained strength.

Then I overheard something that determined me, weak and ill as I was, to play the invalid no longer. He had been caught—Monmouth, my Duke, had been caught, disguised as a shepherd, on the borders of the New Forest, and even now, with Lord Grey, was being taken to London.

'He will die on Tower Hill without a doubt. The King has been frightened to death, and fear makes men cruel,' a voice (it must have belonged to some one better educated than the shepherd) said. But who the speaker was I heeded not; my business lay with the words he had uttered, not with him.

As soon as the hut was quiet again I got up. My clothes were crushed and covered with stains, and I had two days' growth of beard on my chin; but I minded not, nor yet that my cheeks were drawn and bloodless. Somehow or other, my strength must hold out till I got to London; somehow or other I must save my lord!

To reach London was no easy task, when a thorough search was being made north, south, east, and west for 'King Monmouth's' followers. Nevertheless, by the aid of a great lord (whose name I cannot mention), who, though lacking the courage to join our army, yet loved my Lord Duke well), I was able to obtain a disguise and a horse, and on the fourteenth of July, just eight days after the Battle of Sedgmoor, found myself again in London. There the news I dreaded greeted me. My lord was in the Tower, and was to die the next day. In vain he had pleaded with his uncle for his life. Do not judge him too harshly. It is strange how some men at the end cling to life; and if my lord loved his so well, and more than ever I felt, I must leave no stone unturned to preserve it for him.

I knelt down in the little stone room, where I had found a humble lodging, and prayed that I might have strength and courage to carry out my plan. Then, with my face carefully wrapped round in my cloak, I went out.

That afternoon the Duchess of Monmouth and her children were to go to the Tower and bid the Duke 'good-bye.' I was determined to go with them. The Duchess, with her woman's cunning, would find some way to pass me into the Tower. She did: I went as her waiting-woman.

Further, she bribed the guards to such an extent that they left us alone with the prisoner; in order that I might change clothes with the Duke, and so carry out my plan. For he was to pass out as his wife's waiting-woman, while I—well, at the last, the curious likeness between us would fulfil its mission.

Men have said that the Duchess of Monmouth did not love the Duke, and had good cause for not doing so; but when the shadow of death seemed to fall across him, she forgot the past, and, falling down, begged her husband to take the chance of life that was offered him. 'Nobody will suspect—the likeness is extraordinary,' she pleaded. 'Even I mistook thy cousin for thee.'

Just for a moment it seemed as if James of Monmouth would give in. He even took off his coat and handed it to me. Then he paused.

'Haste, my lord!' I pleaded. 'The officers may return at any minute.'

But he refused. 'God forgive me! I have been a coward long enough. I will be one no longer.' He smiled almost gaily; it seemed as if the bitterness of death were already passed!

At that moment the guards returned. My chance was over. I turned and followed the Duchess sadly from the room. I was no hero, but love can make most men willing to do a courageous action.

Next day, on July 15, 1685, James of Monmouth was beheaded on Tower Hill, and within a few days I was safe in Holland, though I only escaped thither by the skin of my teeth, and because the Duchess had many powerful friends. The Duchess's waiting-woman had been suspected. Had some one seen, under my disguise, the likeness I bore to the Duke?

And, after all, my plan for his rescue was not original. I was not the first man who has tried to save a dear friend or master's life by masquerading in his clothes.

But where rumour outran fact was in that it failed to give James of Monmouth credit for courage to refuse the life that was so willingly offered in place of his own!

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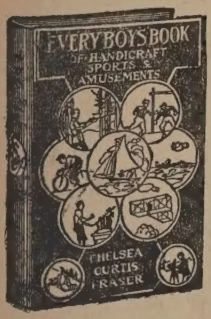

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